NOTES OF A WANDERER.

VOL. II.



Dancing Dervish, vol. II p 150

NOTES OF A WANDERER,

IN SEARCH OF HEALTH,

THROUGH

ITALY, EGYPT, GREECE, TURKEY,

UP THE DANUBE, AND DOWN THE RHINE.

BY

W. F. CUMMING, M. D.

LATE BENGAL MEDICAL ESTABLISHMENT, MEMBER OF THE ROYAL PHYSICAL SOCIETY OF EDINBURGH, ASSOCIATE MEMBER OF THE EGYPTIAN SOCIETY OF CAIRO, AND CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE MEDICAL SOCIETY OF ATHENS.

O beata Sanitas te præsenti amœnum
Ver floret gratiis—absque te nemo beatus!

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

SECOND EDITION.

REVISED AND CORRECTED.

LONDON,
SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET:
BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH.
1840.

PRINTED BY NEILL AND CO., OLD FISHMARKET, EDINBURGH.

TO

W. F. CAMPBELL, Esq., M.P., of Islay, &c. &c.

My Dear Islay,

Permit me to inscribe to you this Volume of my Wanderings. There is no man to whom I would more willingly bear testimony of grateful attachment and sincere regard.

In all times and seasons, I have found you a Friend; and need I say with what pleasure I embrace this opportunity of expressing my obligations, and assuring you that I ever am,

My Dear Islay,

Faithfully and affectionately yours,

W. F. Cumming.

Edinburgh, *February* 1839.

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February—March 1837.

PART III.

GREECE, TURKEY, AND THE DANUBE.

April—October 1837.



EGYPT,

(CONTINUED).

Cairo, *February* 24.—I have taken up my abode at Mrs Basilikki's, an Englishwoman, widow of a Greek, who has a few rooms to let, and who cooks for her lodgers. I am here more quiet than at the hotel. The charge for bed-room and parlour is nine piastres per day.

There is a sparrow's nest under one of the joists that support the ceiling over my head. The poor birds uttered grievous lamentations on my encroaching on their domain. The window by which they entered had no glass when I first came, but feeling the cold inconvenient, I caused a glass frame to be put up. It was interesting to see the dismay of the little birds at being thus shut out from their young. They fluttered about for a long time outside the window, until they found a hole in one of the panes, by which they now enter. Had there

been no access in this way, parental instinct would probably have taught them to come in by the door. It is a great pleasure and amusement to me to watch their proceedings. At first, they were shy and distrustful of their fellow-lodger, but I have gradually weaned them from their fears, and they now come and pick up crumbs which I throw to them at meals, flying up immediately to feed their young, whose weak wailings I fancy I can distinctly hear. In a few days more, I hope to make them familiar enough to eat from my table. I have a strong liking for the sparrow; for although without music in its soul, and of plain and dingy plumage, it reminds me of home. There is probably no bird (the crow alone excepted), so universal a denizen of the world. It is to be found in all climates and regions: retaining the same character and colour, from the sands of Egypt to the snows of Canada. We are told besides, "that it falleth not to the ground" without the knowledge of a special Providence.

My first visit on arriving at Cairo, was to Colonel Campbell, to learn what steps he had taken in regard to the seizure of my boat. I was gratified to learn that he had succeeded in causing the Captain of the Port to be soundly bastinadoed. This is ample satisfaction; and all dishonour is now wiped away from my little flag.

Had it been otherwise, I should most assuredly have torn it to tatters.

The information I have received respecting the journey to Jerusalem, has caused me to abandon my favourite project of visiting the Holy City. It appears there is a quarantine of fifteen days, whether Syria be entered by land or by sea. The journey by the desert is too long and fatiguing, and the Lazarets are of the worst description; hence, as my chief object in coming here was to gain health, it would be folly to incur the risk of losing what has been granted to me in this fair clime. I have written to Alexandria, to know if there be any likelihood of a vessel from that port to Greece. Should a desirable opportunity offer, I shall probably embrace it. A fortnight of Athens would satisfy me. I long to see its far-famed ruins, to compare the works of the *pupil* with those of the *master*, while the latter are fresh in my memory.

The "Hugh Lindsay" arrived at Suez on the 19th, bringing a great number of passengers; all of whom were exceedingly dissatisfied with the entertainment on board. They have unanimously subscribed a letter complaining to the Secretary of Government at Bombay, of the insufficiency of the table, and the dirt of the vessel. It is indeed too bad, that, paying about the rate of five guineas a-day (the passage-money is £80, and the number of

days from fifteen to sixteen), things should have been as thus represented.

On the 22d, I finally settled with my Raïs. My boat in all has cost me £19, with the addition of £1, which I gave on different occasions as *buckshish* to the crew. This is no great sum for a period of three months. It was with a feeling of deep regret that I turned my back on the "Findhorn," for it had been a tranquil home to me during a long and delightful voyage on the most interesting river in the world. The sacred Ganges—the gorgeous Hudson—and the majestic St Lawrence, must all yield in interest, if not in beauty, to this beneficent parent of fertility and plenty. The Nile has many peculiarities which distinguish it from all other great rivers. The foremost of these is the mystery that still hangs over its source, and veils the first dawnings of its mighty flood from the curiosity of man. It is universally admitted that the "Bahr el Abiad," is the larger of the two branches, which unite below Senäar to form the Nile. Even Bruce himself, with a candour that does honour to his memory, admits this to be the case; hence, he arrived only at one of the sources, and that not the principal one. Again, the Nile for 1500 miles of its course, receives no tributary stream, but onward rolls in lonely majesty—type of its great Creator, distributing its blessings at every step of its course,

both to those who ask, and those who ask not, yet losing nothing of its fulness. Its rich waters are to the soil that they gladden, what the Spirit of God is to the heart of man; wherever they penetrate *there* is abundance, fertility, and happiness; beyond their influence is the lifeless and unproductive desert, resembling the cold heart of the unbeliever, where there is no joy for the present, no hope for the future.

There is a third peculiarity of the Nile connected with its annual inundation. The Ganges, and many other great rivers, have periodical overflowings, but they have also periodical rains, which, falling with almost ceaseless violence for months at a time, readily account for the increase of their waters. Here, on the contrary, and for 1500 miles of its course above Cairo, rain is a phenomenon of rare occurrence; hence, in Nubia and Egypt, the cause of the inundation being unseen, the effect may almost be regarded as miraculous.

Fourthly, I know of no river that flows through such a continued tract of desolation as the Nile, its whole course from the confines of Abyssinia to the the sea, being through the lifeless desert of Lybia on the one side, and of Arabia on the other. There are portions of the great Mississippi probably as desolate as the shores of the Nile; but *there* it is the desolation of the forest, the prairie, or the

swamp, where nature rules unmolested in the mean time, but where man will one day dispute her sovereignty, and establish his abode. The energies of a vast and growing population, will soon bow down the pine of the forest, cultivate the luxuriant prairie, and drain the noxious swamp, rendering all of them subservient to the uses and support of man: but the parched, and naked, and burning desert, has sworn an everlasting hostility to the human race. Nothing short of another Nile can change the aspect of its bleak domain. Herodotus calls Egypt the "Gift of the Nile." This is most true; for, let it cease to flow, or even to *over*flow, for a single season, and its now fertile valley would relapse into the desert from which it has been called. I have somewhere read or heard, that a King of Abyssinia having cause of complaint against the Beys of Egypt, threatened to take vengeance on them, by diverting the sole source of their wealth and subsistence into the Red Sea. This was a bold and original idea of revenge, and one that, I believe, might still be carried into effect.

Fifthly, Among the peculiarities of the Nile, is the almost constant blowing of the wind up its stream; for full nine months of the year such is the case; and during the inundation, when the current is of prodigious velocity, the wind is the strongest. Thus, by an admirable provision of Pro-

vidence, the facilities of communication, and the advantages of commerce, are equal in both directions. Philosophers may expend all their ingenuity in endeavouring to account by natural causes for the constant prevalence of the north wind in the valley of Egypt. For myself, I fully believe that it was purposely so ordained, as a boon to man.

Sixthly, The country watered by the Nile was in ancient times the seat of all that was great, enlightened, and powerful. From Egypt the tide of civilization flowed over Europe; yet this same land, once so renowned, is now sunk to the lowest degradation—thus deriving an additional interest from the contrast between the past and the present. The prophecy of Ezekiel is indeed fulfilled,—"I will make the land of Egypt desolate, and the country shall be desolate of that whereof it was full,—it shall be the basest of kingdoms: I will make the land waste, and all that is therein, by the hand of strangers: I the Lord have spoken it, and there shall be no more a prince of the land of Egypt."

Volney accounts for the early pre-eminence of the Egyptians in the following beautiful terms:—"Lorsqu'on y rencontre à la fois une zone du ciel voisine du Tropique, également purgée des pluies de l'Equateur, et des brumes du Nord; lorsqu'on y trouve le point central de la sphère antique, un

climat salubre, un fleuve immense et cependant docile; une terre fertile sans art, sans fatigue, inondée sans exhalaisons morbifiques; placée entre deux mers qui touchent aux contrées les plus riches, on conçoit que l'habitant du Nil—*Agricole* par la nature de son sol—*Géomètre* par le besoin annuel de mesurer ses possessions—*Commerçant* par la facilité de ses communications—*Astronome* enfin par l'état de son ciel sans cesse ouvert à l'observation, dût le premier passer de la condition sauvage à l'état social, et par conséquent arriver aux connaissances physiques et morales qui sont propres à l'homme civilisé." But the chief interest which the Nile possesses, is in its sacred associations. This noble river is associated with a great part of Bible history. It is impossible to sail on its tranquil waters, without reflecting that we are travelling in the wake of the Patriarchs of old,—of Abraham, and of Joseph, and of the aged Israel. The infant Moses, too (destined as the instrument in the hand of Heaven, of humbling the pride of the Pharaoh, and of redeeming the people of Israel from a cruel bondage), was cradled among the reeds of the Nile. Here were inflicted the judgments of the Most High; and this same river, now flowing with soft and delicious waters, for seven days ran blood.

Byron speaks of the delight of reading the Iliad on the plains of Troy: and I can fully enter into his

feeling; but there is something more than mere pleasure in reading the Pentateuch on the bosom of the Nile. In times less remote, the Nile has been the witness of invasion, and conquest, and ruin; and even to this day, there is no settled prospect of tranquillity or peace. All the glories of Egypt are in the *past;* the *present* is replete with poverty, misery, and oppression. As to the future, "shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it."

February 26.—The weather continues delightful; indeed, it is impossible to imagine any thing more divine than the climate of Egypt; were the elements under my control, I could not improve it; the sky is bright and cloudless, and the atmosphere pure and transparent as crystal: here are no soul-subduing fogs, nor vapour-giving rains; no grim frosts, nor ghastly snows. The sun rules supreme, yet without despotic sway; hitherto I have braved with impunity even his direct rays. I feel convinced that the climate of Egypt has only to be known, in order to be appreciated and resorted to by the pectoral invalid. In what part of Europe will he find such a winter? I boldly assert, in none. That there are many disadvantages and drawbacks, cannot be denied; nor is Egypt at all adapted to the invalid whose malady is *far* advanced: when the cough is confirmed, the body wasted, the expectoration purulent, and

the hectic on the cheek, he should by all means stay at home, for Egypt will not work miracles. But let him who is of a phthisical disposition, who is susceptible of catching cold on the slightest exposure to damp, who has occasional slight febrile paroxysms, with hard dry cough, and tendency to emaciate; let him, I say, come out to the Nile, and he will be almost certain to ward off the dart that is aimed against him. Tubercles once formed, the Nile will not cure them, but it will in many cases prevent their formation, and even when deposited, cause them to remain inert.

In England we are apt to associate pestilence and death with the very name of Egypt; but this vulgar prejudice must vanish before the omnipotence of truth. The invalid who comes here for the winter, should not be later of arriving at Alexandria, than the middle or end of October; he should lose no time in pushing for Cairo, nor remain there beyond the end of November. The higher he proceeds, the drier and milder the climate becomes. He should bring with him from Europe a plentiful supply of warm clothing, a good stock of appropriate books, a pair of pistols and gun, and a canteen for two persons. If he have a bosom friend, so much the better, let him bring him also; but he must beware of uniting himself to the stranger, however much prepossessed in his favour. Two

men slightly acquainted, may travel very well together in Europe, where they have daily sources of excitement and novelty, and where, if they should quarrel, nothing is easier than to part. Not so on the Nile; once embark with a companion at Cairo, and with him you must remain, "for better and for worse," till your return. Like the Siamese twins,—the one cannot shake himself free of the other; and what pleasure can even the splendid ruins of Egypt afford to two men for ever differing on trifles, irritated by petty animosities,—the one eager to push on, the other to linger on his way. True, the advantages and comfort of an intelligent companion are great; but it is scarcely possible to find two persons, cast so entirely in the same mould, as not to tire of each other on a voyage up the Nile, *i. e.* if both are to maintain an equal and independent footing; one of two things will happen, either the one will fall into the leading strings of the other, and be guided entirely by his will, (and here there will be humiliation, but no disagreement), or both will be for ever bickering and disputing about trifles. The management of the crew is always a fertile source of disagreement,—the one goes to thrash the men—the other interposes to prevent him. In short, unless you thoroughly understand your man, by all means go alone; *then* you are as independent as the wind, and free to indulge with-

out restraint or fear of rebuke in all your wayward fancies and eccentricities. The invalid must also bring to Egypt a large stock of patience, and a determination to put up with the various annoyances of filth, vermin, &c. He who goes into fits at the sight of a bug or a louse, must not come here, for with all the precautions in the world, it will be impossible for him to keep entirely free of such company.—He must also prepare himself for two months of almost total solitude, and grumble at nothing, so long as he finds the object of his search, to-wit a pure, a dry, and delightful atmosphere; all minor annoyances must merge in this grand desideratum.

In regard to the management of his crew, I would recommend a tight rein, particularly in the first instance. It is surprising with what quick discernment the rogues appreciate the character of their master, whose bearing during the first three days decides, whether he or they shall have the upper hand during the voyage. A command once given, he should never shrink from its enforcement, how unreasonable soever it may be, unless he have first of all fairly established his supremacy, and let him by all means punish the men himself, rather than drag them before the Sheik of the nearest village to be bastinadoed. They cannot bear this, and they conceive a mortal hatred at their master for the vindictive spirit he displays; whereas if he

take the law in his own hand, and deal out his chastisement the moment the offence is committed, the delinquent will make a wry face for the time, but bear no *enduring* grudge. The Arab boatmen are certainly disposed to be indolent and unruly; but if treated with a proper mixture of the *fortiter* and *suaviter*, the traveller will find them blunt, cheerful, obliging, tolerably tractable, and even susceptible of attachment. The voyager on the Nile should not be unreasonable in his demands on the labour of his men, and should never insist on their towing the boat longer than from sunrise till evening; neither should he be sparing of a buckshish—either of a sheep, or a nine-piastre-piece, when they conduct themselves well; but he must never give any thing if it be asked for, or even a hint thrown out.

A Scotch lawyer who went up the Nile this year, asked me at Cairo what he was to do if his men were rebellious; I advised him to punish them severely on the first transgression. His reply was sufficiently characteristic: "I have no *right* to punish the men." Accordingly he started, and instead of reaching the second cataract as he had intended, he got only to Assouan, from which I met him returning in great disgust, and even apprehension. He assured me that he had not had a day's peace since leaving Cairo; that his men were utterly un-

manageable, and laughed at his orders. At length after patiently submitting for three weeks to their unruly conduct, he mustered resolution (in defiance of the law) to attack the Raïs; but the fellow retorted, struck his master on the face, and even drew a knife upon him. His servant at length interposed to save him. Had he "killed the cat the first night," or in other words, made use of the "argumentum baculinum" on the first transgression, instead of appealing to their feelings, and quoting Blackstone's Commentaries, (which this eccentric limb of the law was very fond of doing), he would never have experienced an instance of the *lex talionis* in his own person.

As for the expense, much must depend on the style of boat, fitting up, provisions, &c.: but £100 from landing in Egypt to quitting it, including a voyage to the second cataract, and a five months' residence, is a large and liberal allowance.

It has often occurred to me, that few speculations would be more likely to succeed than the establishment of a Sanatarium at Thebes, for the accommodation of Indian and European invalids.

Now that the facilities of navigating the Red Sea and the Mediterranean are so great, (and with a certainty of their daily increasing), what would be more feasible than the erection of a large wooden edifice, with twenty or twenty-five chambers, capable of

accommodating thirty or forty persons? In such a climate, few comforts are required, and no other articles of furniture than bed, table, chair, and chest of drawers, would be necessary for each apartment.—Supposing such an establishment to exist, the invalid would leave Bombay on the 1st, arrive on the 12th at Cosseir, and in three days more, would find himself in the Sanatarium at Thebes, where he might either remain for the winter, studying its ancient treasures, and amusing himself with his gun, (there is abundance of hares, and I believe also of partridges), or make an excursion to the cataracts, or even to Cairo.

During his absence from the Company's dominions, he would retain his staff-appointment, and draw his full pay, and the time would reckon as actual service in India,—all which advantages he must sacrifice by returning to England.

The invalid embarking at Falmouth on the 1st, would reach Alexandria on the 20th, and in twenty days more, by using dispatch, he might be at Thebes.—But it is not the invalid only who would benefit by such an establishment. What more delightful than for two friends, the one in India, the other in Europe, to meet at Thebes, renew their intercourse, and rekindle their affections, and all this to be effected at so small a sacrifice of time and comfort? To officers returning to and from

India, the advantages would be great. The former, instead of crossing from Cairo to Suez, would go up the Nile to Thebes, from thence cross to Cosseir, and there embark for Bombay; while the latter, rather than complete the voyage to Suez, would stop at Cosseir—pass a week at Thebes, and descend the Nile to Cairo. Young artists too, from Europe, would repair in numbers to expand their ideas, and improve their taste by the study of Egyptian architecture. Were Mr Waghorn, or any other person equally enterprising and acquainted with this country, to form such an establishment, there could be little doubt of its success to the speculator, and none whatever of its advantages to the Indian community, and also to the invalid from Europe.

February 28.—I had a note from Mr Piozin this evening, announcing the arrival of the British Packet at Alexandria, at five o'clock to-day. The telegraph brought the intelligence in an hour. I have paid several visits to the library of the Egyptian Society, of which I am now an associate member. Without access to the library, Cairo would be but a dull abode. *There* only can books relating to Egypt be found. The number is yet but limited, though daily increasing by the donations of members, and purchases from Europe. I have no doubt that the society will continue to flourish,

although scarcely twelve months have elapsed since its establishment, it already numbers between forty and fifty members. Among these are several distinguished names connected with the history and antiquities of Egypt, some of whom will probably enrich the library by donations of books from England.

On the 24th, I made the acquaintance of Clot Bey, a distinguished French physician in the service of the Pacha, and founder of the Arab School of Medicine at Abou-Zabel. I passed a very agreeable hour in his house, discussing the plague and various other diseases more especially belonging to Egypt. Clot Bey signalized himself by his zeal and unremitting attentions to all classes afflicted with this dreadful scourge at Cairo. He is a non-contagionist, and even went so far as to inoculate himself on several parts of the body with matter from the bubo of a plague patient, and also with recently drawn blood. No consequences followed either of these experiments; but what does this prove? Simply that Clot Bey, a single individual, resisted the infection. Dr White, who made a similar experiment on himself, paid the penalty of his rashness; and I observed to his Beyship, that *he* almost deserved a similar fate. There is no greater folly than in such experiments, and very little philosophy in deducing general and sweeping conclusions from isolated

facts, however striking. To me it is proof only that the person thus wantonly exposing himself to danger is perfectly sincere in his own belief in the correctness of his own particular opinions; besides, the experiment is liable to fallacy. The individual from whom the *pus* had been taken, might have passed the crisis of the disease: hence, matter collected from the bubo while in what the French call "la période de réparation," would produce no worse consequences than the *pus* of healthy suppuration. I advanced this objection to Clot Bey, which entailed a long argument, ending without satisfaction to either party. He shewed me a great number of *post mortem* drawings, exhibiting petechial spots and softening of almost all the important organs. In a word, he considers the plague as a malignant typhus, not requiring the presence of buboes to constitute its character, as the pustules of the small-pox characterize that disease, and originating in, and caused by, a particular condition of the atmosphere, the nature of which is unknown. He admits, however, that, from neglect of ventilation, and other precautionary measures, it *may* be propagated by contagion. In short, he is like every one else, a contagionist and non-contagionist, at the same time. Before taking leave, he had the kindness to present me with several of his own works, detailing some of the capital opera-

tions in surgery—such as ligature of the external iliac, amputation at the hip-joint, and extirpation of some enormous elephantiac scrotal tumours, one in particular weighing 110 lb. The results of all these were successful, except the coxo-femoral operation. He gave me also a most interesting memoir on the cholera epidemic, which made such dreadful havoc in Egypt, in August and September 1831. I do not suppose that in any part of the world, it ever raged with similar fatality. In the short space of twenty-nine days, 60,000 persons in the city of Cairo alone, fell victims. Clot Bey gives a painfully interesting account of the aspect of the city during the first few days of the malady. It appears that the Turks and Mussulmans now, for the first time, renounced their ideas of fatalism. All who had the means of escape, hastened out of the doomed city—camels laden with furniture blocked up the narrow streets—at every step poor wretches stricken with the disease were seen to fall on the ground, and to die without other relief than a cup of water, afforded by some charitable passer-by. Even the medical men attached to the hospitals and regiments, with a few honourable exceptions, disgraced themselves by abandoning their sacred posts. The wealthy Turks who remained in the city, for the first time entrenched themselves within a rigorous quarantine. All the shops were shut—the various

consulates also—and business of every sort was suspended. There being only *one* hospital, and that a military one, the wretched citizens had no asylum to shelter them. Clot Bey, and his brave band of associates, only six in number, were unremitting in their attendance on the sick, not in the hospital only, but in the streets and highways, and wherever the afflicted were to be found. Almost every person attacked during the first few days of the epidemic died. The resources of art were useless. I observed the very same thing during an epidemic cholera at Berhampore, in March 1829, in his Majesty's 49th Regiment, to which I was then attached. We lost every man who entered the hospital during the first three or four days, while nearly all recovered who were admitted after the eighth day. I believe that this is generally observed in epidemics of cholera; and I have known instances of men attributing to a change of treatment the success that followed their practice towards the decline of the disease, when the real cause was to be found in the diminished malignity of the cases. Clot Bey, from a number of autopsies made by himself and colleagues, infers that the cholera is a "véritable gastro-enterite," and accordingly the antiphlogistic treatment was always the one adopted. Bleeding at the arm in the first instance, frictions, opiates, &c.

In the stage of collapse, he employed hot blankets, warm drinks, especially tea, sinapisms, &c. If he succeeded in producing reaction, he then had recourse to the lancet to moderate the extent, and he says almost invariably with the best effects. I believe this to be as rational a treatment as any that has been practised. The scruple doses of calomel, so much given in India, are of very doubtful efficacy. Indeed, I have frequently been able, after death, to collect the calomel in the stomach precisely in the state in which it was administered, not having come in contact even with the inner coat of that organ, in consequence of a viscid secretion lining the mucous membrane. I have not the same high opinion of the lancet, however, even when employed at the very outset; cases having occurred to me where the period of collapse appeared decidedly hastened by a free bleeding. Clot Bey mentions that so prevalent was the belief in the efficacy of the lancet at Cairo, that the citizens were in the habit of causing themselves to be bled the moment they were attacked; and he mentions the instance of the Colonel of a regiment of Artillery, whose surgeon had abandoned his post, having himself bled above a hundred soldiers on the début of the disease, nearly all of whom recovered. The enormous and unparalleled mortality he ascribes, and with good cause, I think, to the extreme

poverty and misery of the population, as well as to the passive resignation which their religion enjoins, and to which the majority abandoned themselves. Add to these causes, the total want of medicines, attendance, or even shelter. He does not believe that the disease is contagious, or that it was brought into Egypt by the pilgrims from Mecca, because it had appeared at Suez long before the arrival of the caravan—because it was nearly simultaneous in its appearance through the whole of Egypt —because it penetrated into the Harems—into families observing the most rigid quarantine, and into boats on the Nile holding no communication with the shore—because it attacked the crews of the Pacha's fleet in the harbour of Alexandria, and even of the ship in which his Highness had taken refuge—because it carried off a hundred and twenty persons of an encampment of Bedouins, far in the desert, who had had no intercourse with the Hajis or other persons—because among the great number of employés of the military hospital, none were attacked, although constantly engaged in attending and handling the sick. These are his chief reasons. In India, I never knew a medical man consider the cholera as contagious. Previous to, and during the prevalence of, the epidemic, he states that the air during the day was excessively hot and damp; that the thermometer was between 25° and 27° of Reau-

mur (88° and 94° Fahrenheit), while the nights were extremely fresh; and concludes by adding, "Le ciel était constamment couvert d'un voile grisâtre, la lumière du soleil était pendant le jour pâle et blafarde, et verte à son coucher, au-quel succèdait un longue crépuscule rougeâtre dont la clarté lugubre éclairait l'horizon pendant plusieurs heures; cet état singulier de l'atmosphère a précédé l'épidémie de quelques jours, et a fini avec elle."

Clot-Bey is in high and, I believe, deserved favour with the Pacha. He has exerted his influence in the cause of science and humanity, by founding a school of Anatomy and Medicine, on a great scale, at Abou-Zabel, where young Arabs are educated as surgeons and physicians, under the eye of European teachers. The most popular works on the various branches of medical knowledge are translated into the Arabic language, and degrees are granted to young men, who are immediately dispatched to the armies of the Pacha. Clot-Bey has promised to introduce me to this institution, which I shall certainly visit. It is an interesting as well as laudable experiment, to attempt the revival of medicine in the land where it was originally cradled, and where at one period it flourished almost exclusively. The title of Bey, which the Pacha has conferred on Mons. Clot for his services,

gives him the rank of a general, with a salary of about £1800 per annum. He always wears the Turkish dress, and carries on his breast the diamond decoration of the order: but he has not purchased this honour by abjuring either his country or religion; for although an Egyptian Bey, he is still a Frenchman and a Christian.

The weather is rather uncomfortably cold, the thermometer seldom standing above 62° Fahrenheit. With the month of March the heat usually commences, and a few days will probably produce a great elevation of temperature: although the air be cool, it is pure and dry, and delicious to breathe. There has been but one exception since my arrival from the upper country. During the whole day on the 23d, the sun was darkened by thick black clouds, which hovered over the city, as if threatening to unlock their sluices, and deluge it with rain; but it was merely a threat; for the following morning all had disappeared, and the atmosphere had resumed its wonted transparency. I have done little in the way of lionizing, having seen nearly all that is remarkable in Cairo. My chief amusement is in wandering through the bazaars, and streets, and alleys, of this strange city. These last constitute by far the greater portion of Cairo, and in them there is but little thoroughfare. It is only in the bazaars and two or three principal streets that

the motley and moving tide of humanity is seen to flow. Judging merely from these, the traveller would carry away very exaggerated notions of the population of Cairo. Each article of dress has a bazaar to itself. There is the shoe bazaar—the cloth bazaar—the linen bazaar—the carpet bazaar, and even a bazaar for perfumes. This last is only a few feet in breadth, with a number of stalls on either side, where all sorts of scents may be bought. From the sickly aspect of the shopkeepers, and my own unpleasant sensations, I should imagine this to be a very unhealthy locality. There is but little appearance of wealth in any of these bazaars. I have seen no valuable Eastern stuffs exposed for sale, nor do I imagine that the shawls of Cashmere and other Indian articles are to be purchased. The houses in the narrow lanes and alleys, almost touch each other in the upper stories through the medium of projecting balconies of wood, with quaintly carved holes for the admission of light and air. These stand out from the houses on either side, so as almost to touch; thus offering an easy means of communication and intrigue between persons residing on opposite sides of the street. There is little beauty in the general architecture of the houses—the mosques with their minarets, and a few of the city gates being all that are remarkable for elegance of design or execution. Many of

these are certainly beautiful, and the more striking that they belong to an order of architecture not seen in Europe.

To-day I rode up to the citadel in order to enjoy the prospect from its summit. This is the finest view in Egypt, and surpasses, in my eyes, the far-famed Bay of Naples, or the view of Edinburgh from the Calton Hill. Both these have a greater variety of features, but they are of a different and more common-place order,—rocks, and mountains, and spires, and arms of the sea, are every where to be seen; but the Pyramids belong exclusively to Egypt. It is true that *they* are not beautiful; but they charm the imagination, while there is abundance of beauty for the eye in the Nile, with its carpet of verdant shores—in the graceful minarets—the picturesque Tombs of the Caliphs, and above all, in the bright azure of an ever cloudless sky.

Rapid progress has been made with the Mosque of Mehemet Ali: hundreds of persons were at work of all sexes: there were bands of young girls from nine to thirteen years of age, divided into squads of about thirty—marshalled by a fellow with a koorbash in his hand, of which he made no sparing use. The girls and boys were carrying rubbish from the deep basin in the centre of the building destined to receive the body of the Pacha. The

baskets being filled, and placed on their heads—they were marched to the place where the earth was to be deposited, being all the while obliged to sing in chorus; but it was evident from the jaded look and reluctant step, that, though music was on the lip, there was little joy in the heart. The only beauty of this mosque, is in the slabs of alabaster that line the interior of the walls. It is of a mottled white and yellow colour; but on close inspection, the stone is far from pure; being everywhere studded with small holes, containing an earthy matter impregnated with iron. The quarry from which the alabaster is taken, lies about two days' journey in the desert, on the east bank of the Nile, near Benisoueff.

It was within the walls of this very citadel, and a hundred yards distant from where his body is to repose and rot, that Mehemet Ali caused the whole body of the Mamelukes, to be treacherously massacred. Jealous of their power, and foiled by them in his schemes of ambition, he determined to rid himself, at "one fell swoop," of the whole body of Egypt's chivalry. Accordingly, he invited them all to be present at a festival, to be celebrated in the citadel in honour of one of his sons. They accepted the invitation, little suspecting the treachery that was in store for them. He received them in his palace with smiles, and dismissed them with

every token of regard. While descending the narrow defile conducting to the city gate, mounted on their steeds splendidly caparisoned, and arrayed in their gayest apparel, on a signal given from the palace the gate was shut; and the whole body, amounting to several hundreds, thus hemmed in on all sides, were exposed to a murderous fire from companies of soldiers concealed on the ramparts. The wretched men had neither the means of escape, nor of selling dearly their lives. One only came alive from that scene of horrid carnage. Stung to frenzy by the foul treachery that was laying his companions dead at his feet, he forced his noble courser up an almost perpendicular wall, from whose summit he plunged to the foot of a yawning precipice. The horse was killed on the spot; but wonderful to relate, the rider escaped unhurt. In the confusion that followed, he contrived to get into the desert, and make his way to Syria, where he lives to this day; and yet the admirers of the Pacha extol his humanity! Yes! The tiger is humane when gorged to the teeth. Mehemet Ali, now that he is secure in power, does not slay men for his amusement; hence, he is, perhaps, more humane than Nero or Caligula; but let a man come between him and his "vaulting ambition," and where will *then* be his humanity! Every step of his rise to power, has been traced in blood; and I

grieve to think that he does not endeavour to wipe out these stains by ameliorating the condition of his people, and appropriating his surplus revenues to more useful and benevolent purposes, than in the building of mosques for his own vile carcass. It might naturally have been supposed, that, after the two dreadful epidemics of cholera and plague, during both of which thousands of his subjects perished in the streets for want of shelter, his first care would have been to provide against similar calamities in future, by the erection of one or more hospitals for their reception and relief; but he has done nothing of the kind. Away then with the twaddle about the humanity of the man who leaves his subjects to die in the streets; and who squanders thousands upon thousands, wrung from their hard necessities, in order that his own ashes may repose in mock magnificence in a mausoleum of alabaster.

Mehemet Ali has the reputation of being a man of great talent, and certainly as a successful political intriguer he stands unrivalled. Even the wily Talleyrand, or the devil himself, would not outwit the Pacha. In proof of this, Mr Prisse narrated to me a striking example.

The jealousy of the Ottoman Government of the power and ambitious views of its vassal is well known. Indeed, although *de jure* a vassal, and

continuing to pay the tribute, (about L.90,000 a-year), he is, *de facto*, altogether independent of the Sultan. The latter being too feeble to pull down the Pacha by force, it was resolved in secret divan at Constantinople, to get rid of him by treachery. Accordingly, a Capudan Pacha was dispatched to Egypt, the ostensible bearer of compliments and instructions for Mehemet Ali on the part of his Sublime Highness; but in reality to seize a favourable moment for putting him to death, and declaring himself his successor. It appears that the Pacha knows, to the most minute particular, all that transpires in the divan at Constantinople, by means of bribes to men high in the confidence of the Sultan. Through this channel he had received notice of the real object of the envoy's mission; and he prepared himself accordingly. It was concerted between him and his son Ibrahim, that the former should go to Cairo on the ground of delicate health, while the latter only remained at Alexandria to receive the envoy of the Porte. The great man duly arrived. His landing was announced by roars of cannon, and body guards of troops were appointed to do him honour. He was lodged in the palace of the Pacha, and waited on with humble assiduity by Ibrahim, who expressed the regrets of his father at not being able to receive, on his landing, so

distinguished a guest, and attributed his absence to the advice of his physicians. In a few days the preparations for the voyage were completed. The state-barge of the Pacha was fitted up with every magnificence for the sole use of the stranger, whom Ibrahim was to accompany in his own bark. So far well. Meanwhile the captain of the Envoy's barge received his instructions—namely, that somewhere between Fouah and Cairo, he was to drown his passenger in such a manner as the event would appear altogether the result of accident; but that the body and all the effects should be preserved. Failing in this undertaking, his own head was to pay the forfeit. The Envoy was duly drowned, and, stitched between the folds of the very coat in which he perished, was found the firman of the Sultan, with his own name and seal annexed, declaring Mehemet Ali a rebel—ordering the Capudan Pacha to put him to death as such, and appointing him in his stead Viceroy of Egypt! The old Pacha—a satanic smile playing on his lip—read the firman—caused it to be replaced exactly as it had been found, and remitted the garment containing it, with all the effects of the deceased, to Constantinople, with a letter to the Sultan expressive of his most profound sorrow for the unfortunate accident that had befallen the Envoy, and respectfully desiring that his Sublime Highness should make known his

commands through another ambassador! It may readily be supposed that no other Capudan Pacha was found willing to undertake so delicate a mission. I do not blame Mehemet Ali for this stroke of policy; on the contrary, he deserves all praise for the manner in which he repaid the treachery of his master. It was a good example of the biter bitten.

March 2.—At the Pyramids to-day. Set out alone on a donkey after an early breakfast. The distance is now only half what it was on my first visit. The waters having now receded, to-day I followed the string, formerly the bow. Much of what was then a waste of waters, is now a green carpet smiling with verdure and vegetable life. Two hours and a-half brought me to the base of the Great Pyramid, which I immediately ascended, accompanied by only one Arab, to whom I paid two piastres. I had paid twenty on the former occasion. I ascended entirely without assistance—the day was superb—a dead calm—and the view the most striking in the world. The desert is like the ocean—seen to most advantage in its two extremes. Formerly I enjoyed the grandeur of the storm: to-day the serenity of the calm. I descended by the south-west angle, having come up by the north-east. Here the stones are much less corroded than on the opposite side; doubtless because they are nearly always to leeward. Very few of the steps

are above three feet in depth. It is only near the base that any of them surpass this height. I experienced no difficulty whatever in the descent. Indeed, I see no reason why a person of ordinary nerve should not go up or down, or all round, from any elevation.

Some years ago an English gentleman fell, or threw himself, from the top of the great Pyramid. It has been alleged that he had come expressly from England in order to put an end to himself in this manner. In proof of which are advanced the circumstances of his having made a will the night before he left Cairo, and his having refused to permit an Arab to accompany him to the top. These are, in my opinion, very insufficient premises for such a conclusion. There was a friend, however, along with him, but who was looking in a different direction at the time, and did not see the manner of the fall. For myself, I can hardly understand how his body reached the bottom, for the slope is so gradual, and the ledges of stone so broad, that it must have rested on one of these; this applies, however, only to the angles. Towards the centre the fall would be easy. Every bone of his body was broken to shatters; his clothes, and even his very shoes, torn into shreds.

Colonel H. Vyse is now encamped near the great

Pyramid, and has a party of 150 Arabs at work in various places—some trying to open the third Pyramid, to which no entrance has hitherto been discovered—others boring the back of the Sphinx—some searching for tombs in the sands—and others endeavouring to reveal the minute anatomy of the great Pyramid. I entered this last to see what progress had been made, but was soon forced to retreat. Having scrambled up a rickety ladder, I got into a passage dug out of the rock, barely large enough to crawl through, at the extremity of which a naked Arab was engaged in excavating, a little lantern burning by his side. There are six men employed in this work, who relieve each other by turns. The heat was that of an oven, and the air, partly consumed by the taper, and loaded with the exhalations from the bodies of the workmen, was the most impure and disgusting I ever inhaled. Operations have been going on for several months, boring through the solid masonry; but no discovery at all commensurate with the labour and expense, has yet been made—only, I believe, one small chamber, above that known as Davidson's. It was paradise to breathe the fresh air after such a poisonous immurement. I immediately repaired to the picturesque and hospitable encampment of Colonel Vyse, where my choking thirst was assuaged by a

bumper of wine and water. Colonel V. has been six weeks in the desert, amusing himself by drawing, and superintending his work parties. Although he has hitherto found little to reward him, he still goes on undaunted, with a perseverance worthy of a better cause.*

The more intimate one becomes with the Pyramids, the more is one impressed with their enormous bulk; but in order to appreciate it fully, one of the sides should be viewed in profile. Approaching them in front, the eye is not so forcibly struck by their magnitude. It has been calculated by a French engineer, that the materials of the great Pyramid would suffice to build a wall ten feet high and two feet broad round the whole kingdom of France! Several of the mosques in Cairo have been built with stones from this vast monument, and yet the eye does not miss them.

Herodotus states, that the great Pyramid was a work of twenty years of unremitting labour—that there were employed in its erection 100,000 men, who were relieved every three months—and that ten

* Since the author's return to England, he has learned that Colonel Vyse has completely succeeded in revealing the whole internal structure of the great Pyramid. Although this discovery throws no light upon the original purpose of this monument, it is satisfactory to have attained a knowledge of its secret chambers.

years were consumed in preparing the rock for the foundation, and constructing the pavement along which the stones were to be conveyed. It is curious that authors should differ so materially as to the dimensions of this monument—the measurements of its height varying from 616 feet, the maximum, to 470, the minimum of modern travellers. This last is the measurement of the French Savans. There are similar differences of opinion regarding the length of the sides, and the number of layers of stone. Most authors, however, agree that the sides are about 750 feet in length, and that the layers are from 206 to 260 in number. All these discrepancies are to be accounted for by the inequalities caused by the mounds of rubbish piled against the sides. The author of the volume upon Egypt in the Edinburgh Cabinet Library, assumes, as an approximate calculation—"that the structure in question is 480 feet high, on a base of 750 feet in length; or, in other words, covering an area of about eleven acres, and rising to an elevation of 127 feet above the cross of St Paul's." Wilkinson says, that the area of Lincoln's Inn Fields is about equal to that of the great Pyramid.

Regarding the uses of these monuments various conjectures have been formed. One author considers them as temples dedicated to the Sun—another to

Venus!—a third is of opinion that they were intended as observatories; while Shakspeare makes them to be Nilometers—

> "They take the flow of the Nile
> By certain scales of the Pyramid: they know
> By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
> Or foison follow."

For myself, I think the most probable conjecture is that generally received, of their having been the tombs of kings. The vanity of man knows no limits when it can be indulged without remonstrance or restriction. I should feel disposed, however, to believe, that the great Pyramid, which is said to be the most ancient, was, on the contrary, the most modern; for judging of human nature in those days by the present standard, it is not probable that succeeding monarchs would be content to erect for themselves monuments inferior to those of their predecessors; and, on these grounds, I should infer that the small Pyramid was the most ancient—the great one the most recent.

I reached Cairo about sunset, completely knocked up. A letter from Alexandria informs me, that travellers coming from Greece must ride a quarantine of fifteen days at Malta. This, added to another of seventeen days on landing there from Egypt, is too much time to lose.—So I must give up Athens.

March 6. 1837.—During the last four days the

Khamsin has prevailed, bringing in its train clouds of dust, and raising the temperature from 64° to 87° Fahrenheit. This is the first hot wind I have experienced in Egypt. During the two first days of its prevalence, I felt excessively incommoded, suffering from a universal uneasiness—with throbbing of the temporal arteries, and violent palpitations of the heart. In spite of the great rise of temperature I felt chilly; my hands were burning hot, while the feet were cold; the skin was dry and wrinkled, and with a sensation of being too tightly fitted to the body. For two nights I did not close an eye, but lay tossing to and fro in a restless and fevered state. All my attempts to produce perspiration were in vain, until yesterday, when the pores opened spontaneously, and every feeling of uneasiness immediately disappeared. To-day I suffer only from the dust, which, in spite of all precautions, has covered the floor of my room—bed, table, &c., to the depth of half an inch. The Arabs have a saying, that so penetrating is the dust of the Khamsin, that it goes through the shell of an egg. I walked out for a short time to survey the aspect of the heavens, but was nearly choked and blinded. It was impossible to see an object a hundred yards distant. The sun was altogether obscured; or, if he did occasionally shine, it was with a lurid and a ghastly glare. I went no

farther than to the Hospital, where I accompanied Pruner on his afternoon visit. There have been forty-three admissions of ophthalmia since the commencement of the Khamsin; but Mr P. attributes the attacks more to the difference of temperature between night and day, than to the mechanical irritation of the sand. None of the cases are of a grave character. The dreadful Egyptian ophthalmia, that deprived of their sight so many French and British soldiers, hardly now exists. Pruner tells me that, when his patients apply in time, he seldom loses an eye, and that the cases I saw to-day will be dismissed in less than a week, the attack readily yielding to a strong collyrium of sulphate of zinc, without constitutional treatment. The greatest rise of the thermometer in my bed-room, looking N.W., has been 87° Fahrenheit. It is now (midnight) at 78°.

The Simoom or Samiel, that sometimes destroys men and animals, and even whole caravans, in the desert, is a concentrated blast of Khamsin, lasting generally but for a few minutes, and passing over a limited space. Mahmoud tells me that, on his way to Senāār last year with an English lady and gentleman, the party was overtaken in the desert by the Simoom, upon which they immediately dismounted, and threw themselves on the ground, to avoid the suffocation that threatened them; even

the camels buried their mouths and nostrils in the sands. On asking him how the lady was able to support the hardships and fatigue of such a journey, he replied that Madame R. was the most intrepid traveller of the party, having never once complained of weariness or privation. Scarce a day passes that he does not sound the praises of Madame R. She must indeed be no common person to have undertaken a journey, the difficulties of which few men are willing to encounter. Being the only European woman who had ever penetrated into these remote parts, she was the object of universal admiration and homage. According to Mahmoud, every woman in Senäär came to visit her.

It is remarkable that this wind should change all of a sudden from the extreme of cold to fiery heat. The last time it blew from the southward was the day before I reached Sacaara. It was then biting cold, whereas now it is accompanied by a rise of nearly 30°. It is difficult to account for the effects produced on the human frame by the Khamsin, against which few persons are, I believe, proof. Yet it cannot be the mere heat that is prejudicial, for the hot winds of India, which prevail from the beginning of March until the middle of June, when the rains commence, are not unhealthy, although hotter even than the Khamsin: probably, if it were to continue a month or more at a time, the body

would become acclimated, and consequently indifferent. I attribute the symptoms that it causes not to any thing peculiar to, or specific in, the wind itself; but to the suddenness of its advent, and to the abrupt rise in temperature, which scorches up the skin, and prevents the secretion of perspiration so essential to health, especially in a hot climate.

March 10.—During the last four days, the weather has been cool and delightful, the wind having returned to the northward, and thermometer in the shade ranging between 64° and 70°. It was towards dawn on the 7th that the Khamsin took its departure. A slight shower had fallen in the night, which was immediately followed by a change of wind. To those who are exposed to the night air, such sudden changes must be very pernicious. The number of funerals in the streets of late, may thus be accounted for. To-day several such processions passed my windows.

A funeral in Cairo is certainly a singular affair. The corpse is borne in the centre of the procession, preceded by a number of blind men chaunting a requiem, and followed by a train of female mourners hired by the relatives to wring their hands—beat their breasts,—and howl out their fictitious lamentations. In proportion to the wealth and station of the deceased, so is the number of blind men and

mourning women. I have seen one or two funerals with not less then sixty performers of both sexes.

The marriage-processions are also sufficiently quaint; but here all is mirth and gladness. The bride, who is veiled from top to toe, walks under a canopy more or less gorgeous, borne by the relatives, decked in all their finery, and surrounded by a strange group of rejoicing followers. Here, too, the magic influence of wealth is displayed: that same enchanter which purchases sorrow for the dead, is equally successful in causing the loud laugh to peal in the train of Hymen. The custom of female mourners is as old as the time of Jeremiah. In the ninth chapter of his prophecy it is written. "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, Consider ye, and call for the *mourning* women that they may come."

Yesterday I made the acquaintance of the Reverend Mr Leider, a German, employed by the British Missionary Society. He is a gentleman of extensive acquirements, and speaks English like a native. Mr L. is at the head of a school which is attended by about sixty pupils—the children of Coptish parents. I saw his little flock at their lessons; but being taught in Arabic, could form no opinion of their acquirements. There are only five Mussulman children at the school, the parents of that persuasion not choosing that their children should be taught by, and amongst heretics. In

this country where apostacy from the faith of the prophet is an offence punishable by death, instances of proselytism are rare. Indeed, in all attempts to convert the heathen, education must be the initiative—the pliant twig may be trained at will, but the stubborn tree cannot be bent.

I rode this forenoon to Old Cairo, and crossed the Nile to the village of Ghiseh, in order to see the process of incubation conducted by artificial heat. There is something ingenious in the idea of bringing chickens into the world, and rearing them without a mother's aid. The nursery, if such it may be called, is a miserable mud building, consisting of two chambers, and several recesses where the eggs are placed, and duly watched and heated. The inner chamber (into which I crawled through a hole) was about the temperature of 90°, or perhaps, from the coolness of the air outside, I may have exaggerated the amount of heat. The roof is vaulted, and perforated by small round holes, for the admission of air. It was interesting to see 500 or 600 orphan chicks, all huddled together, and to hear their plaintive chirping, which I interpreted as a lament for the absence of a mother's care. The broken shells from which they had escaped this morning, were removed to a corner; but I saw none in the act of emerging from their native prison. Being alone; I could obtain no information

from the guardians respecting the details of the process; but I understand that about three weeks elapse before the chicks come forth. The eggs are furnished by the villagers, who receive a third of their original deposit in live-stock. One-third is allowed for failures—the remaining one being the portion of the rearer. Mahmoud tells me that as many as 40,000 chickens are brought into the world in one season at this Ghiseh nursery; but this is probably an exaggeration, seeing that the process does not succeed, except during the months of spring.

On my return, I stopped to visit the Nilometer at the southern extremity of the island of Roda. It is a sunken chamber of about twelve feet square, with a graduated hexagonal column standing in the centre, and without any roof. A descent of twenty or twenty-four steps brought me to the edge of the water, which is of course at present of little depth. The walls of the chamber have each an arched recess, in the bottom of which a thick cake of alluvium has accumulated. During the rise of the Nile, criers go through the city proclaiming the daily increase of the waters; but it is universally allowed that no reliance can be placed on their statements. The Nilometer of Egypt is a kind of stock exchange, whose fluctuations afford ample scope to the agricultural gambler. As every thing

depends on the height to which the inundation reaches, of course its progress must be matter of universal interest. The prices, too, of grain are regulated by the prospect of an abundant or scanty harvest. Rain is never taken into account as influencing the hopes of the husbandman in Egypt. Indeed, it is asserted that the few showers that fall, in the course of the year, are injurious rather than beneficial to vegetation; but this can hardly be. Great differences occur in the various statements of authors respecting the height to which the inundation ought to reach, in order to benefit or destroy. According to Wilkinson, who is probably the most accurate and best informed modern writer on Egypt, the lowest rise is eighteen cubits; the canals are then cut; nineteen cubits he calls "tolerable,"—twenty "good,"—twenty-one "sufficient,"—twenty-two fill every canal, and are perfect,—twenty-four would overwhelm and ruin. A cubit is twenty-one inches and a fraction: hence, in order fully to fertilize the valley of Egypt, a perpendicular rise of about thirty-eight feet is required.

Before coming home, I paid a visit to the gardens of Ibrahim Pacha, in the island of Roda—they are very beautiful, and under the superintendence of an agreeable and intelligent countryman, Mr Traill, whose flowery and isolated abode.

I almost envy. Indeed, if any thing on earth could tempt me to enter the service of a Turk, it would be such a situation as that of Mr T. I have frequently visited him in his tranquil retreat. To-day he presented me with a sturdy cudgel of teak-wood, cut from the only tree of that species in Egypt.

March 14.—The weather is delightfully cool; the thermometer now before me (ten P. M.) being at 64°. It has not been as high as 70° at any hour of the day since the departure of the Khamsin.

The day before yesterday, I rode to visit the Gardens of Shoubra. An avenue of *Lebbek* and Sycamore trees, about three miles in length, leads to the gate. I passed three hours in wandering among the numerous and extensive walks. The gardens are certainly pretty, yet I came away disappointed. The hand of man is every where to be seen, but there is little of nature:—trim walks and formal parterres, marble fountains, mosaic pavements, and vine-trellised arbours, have not the simple beauty of a grassy mead. In every direction the grounds are intersected by irrigation rills. The water is raised from the Nile by bullock-wheels, and conducted to the remotest corners. All this has a bad effect, and strongly reminds one that nature is not here spontaneous. She is in a manner forced to display

her charms: the flowers, indeed, were fair to look upon, but though I smelled many, there was fragrance in none. They recalled to mind the difference between the rouged cheek of fashionable life, and the roseate glow of nature's loveliness. What pleased me most was the abundant show of blossom,—cherries, peaches, apples, pears, &c. These were certainly beautiful; yet, let the water-wheel stop but for a single month, and they must all wither and die. For my own part, I would not give a "knowe"[1] of green grass, with its modest white daisies and yellow gowans, such as I have a thousand times reclined upon in "bonny Scotland," for fifty gardens like those of Shoubra.

In one of the walks I forgathered with a party of Indian officers, whose acquaintance I made the same evening at Dr Walne's. Shoubra is a favourite resort of the Pacha. I saw the Hareem, which is at present empty, but was disappointed at not getting admission. It is a quaint and rather pretty building; the windows on the ground-floor are like those of a jail, only the bars are much closer, and made of curiously knotted wood; within these there is another barrier of wicker-work, and lastly a glass window. Indeed, the whole building has the air of a prison—and so in reality it is, for none can either enter or go out without leave. When the ladies are permitted to amuse themselves

in the gardens, all the workmen must retire. It were death to be even an involuntary spectator of the houris of the Hareem!

> "Inscius Actæon vidit sine veste Dianam,
> Præda fuit canibus non minus ille suis."

Yesterday I wandered for an hour through the Jewish quarter of the town, where some of the lanes are so narrow that two donkeys could hardly pass. In many parts even the light is entirely shut out by the balconies that block up the narrow opening aloft. The air can hardly circulate, and even in passing through this dismal quarter, there is a feeling of infection. When the plague breaks out, the poor Jew is the first to suffer, and no wonder.

Yesterday an English family, Mr and Mrs W., another lady, and child, arrived from Bombay. Being my next-door neighbours, I waited upon them this forenoon, and was very favourably impressed by my visit. Mr W. held a high official situation under the Bombay Government.

In the afternoon I accompanied Dr Walne to Boulac, to visit a seminary established by the Pacha for the education of engineers. Mr Hickekyan, a very intelligent and well-educated Armenian, is head master of the school. At the age of ten he had been sent from Constantinople to England, where he remained till the completion of his studies. The

building is a large and handsome edifice, fronting the river, and was originally the palace of a Bey. The various rooms and halls in the upper storey are airy and spacious, but the sleeping apartments are too crowded with beds, and the odours in those of the ground-floor were sufficient to breed a pestilence. There are two hundred youths in the establishment, who are clothed, fed, and educated, at the expense of the State. The assistants (or professors, as they call themselves), have all been educated in Paris. One of them, a dapper little Egyptian, had all the air of a French perruquier. Mr L. told me that he thought the capacity of the Arab boys for learning mathematics, decidedly superior to that of the English. The classics are, of course, not included in the curriculum of study. The Pacha has been plastered with eulogies on account of this institution. For myself, I give him no credit; seeing that the object is not to promote the welfare of his people, but to contribute to the maintenance of his overgrown power. A conqueror must have engineers, and he finds it more convenient, as well as more economical, to educate his own subjects, than to employ foreigners. In short, self, and self only, is the ruling principle of the Pacha's conduct.

"*March* 19.—There was much heavy rain last night, and to-day the streets are almost impass-

able from mud. On the 16th, I set out at six A. M. with Mr W., to witness a review of troops by Ibrahim Pacha—but no review took place. Instead of returning to Cairo, we prolonged our ride to Matarea, the ancient Heliopolis. It is a long ride, but good company made the way short. Nothing now remains to mark the site of this once renowned seat of learning, except an obelisk of granite, and some indistinct mounds of earth. The obelisk is about seventy feet in height, but a great portion of its base is buried. It is a fine column, although possessing little of the elegance of those of Karnak and Luxor. During the inundation it is surrounded by the Nile. Plato and Eudoxus are said to have studied at a school of Heliopolis: it was something to have trode in the steps of the "Athenian Bee," and the renowned navigator of the Cape of Good Hope.

About a quarter of a mile from the obelisk is a Sycamore, under whose boughs Joseph and Mary and the infant Jesus, are said to have rested, when they fled into Egypt from the persecution of Herod. The tree stands in the midst of a lemon grove, and has a curious flat and elongated trunk, with the appearance of four separate trees having been united to form it; the girth, by a rude measurement, is twenty feet, and four fresh and vigorous shoots rise from its venerable top. I am always willing

to be credulous in matters like these, but here, unfortunately, reason and faith are too much at variance. That the said tree is three hundred years old, I make not the smallest doubt; but that it should exceed eighteen centuries, altogether surpasses belief. However, there are Christians in Cairo who believe, or affect to believe, in its alleged antiquity. Although the superstition regarding the tree be an idle one, nothing is more likely than that the Holy Family may have reposed on the spot which its boughs o'ershadow.

In the afternoon I went to one of the baths with which Cairo abounds. From a large chamber, of the temperature of the atmosphere, where I undressed, I was conducted into a smaller apartment heated to about 90° Fahrenheit. Here I remained for a minute or two, standing between two naked Mussulmans, both devoutly engaged in prayer. I was next ushered into the bathing-hall, a spacious circular chamber, having in its centre a fountain and jet d'eau of hot water, around which eight or ten men were undergoing the discipline of the attendants. On first entering, the heat and moisture were most oppressive, but I soon became reconciled to both. After sitting for a few minutes in mute amazement at the novel scene before me, one of the attendants laid hold of me, and rubbed and scraped my whole body with his hands, which were

furnished with hard cloth gloves. Not a word was spoken, and I resigned myself implicitly to his care. Having finished the scrubbing process, he led me to a fountain in a recess of the chamber, and dashed basin after basin of hot water on my face with such rapidity, that I had scarcely time to breathe in the intervals. A barber now made his appearance flourishing a razor, and, without saying a word, seized me by the nose, and swept the razor over the only part of my face that had no beard;—this included little more than my cheek-bones. Why he shaved *them*, I could not discover. I was now conducted to a small apartment outside the bathing-hall, where my attendant covered me with sheets and towels—drying the body by pinching, and pressing, and squeezing with the hand.

As a matter of cleanliness baths in this fashion are superior to those of Europe; but, viewed as a luxury, they cannot stand a comparison. There is something grateful to the flesh, and soothing to the spirit, from the immersion of the whole body in a bath of hot water: here, on the contrary, the nerves are agitated rather than calmed. It is quite impossible to give one's self up to meditation in the midst of a discipline so active and varied. Neither is the eastern bath at all adapted to a sick man, whose strength would sink, from being so long detained in an erect posture.

The charge was three piastres, with an addition of two which I presented as "buckshish" to the "frotteur" and officious barber.

During the last three days the city has been all agog by the celebration of the Beiram Festival: the shops are mostly shut, and the streets nearly impassable from the quantities of sheep going to be slaughtered. The Cairians abandon themselves to feasting and pleasure, and pass the forenoons at the city gates. These are the chief resorts of the idle, where (like the Barriers of Paris, on a Sunday) they flock for amusement. This forenoon I rode to the citadel, and afterwards by the Tombs of the Caliphs to the "Bab el nasr," the largest and the handsomest gate of Cairo. Vast crowds of persons were here collected—swings on various principles were in active operation—story-tellers were delighting the greedy ears of their audience;—but the exhibition that attracted by far the greatest number of spectators, was one that would have disgraced the secret orgies of hell. I never before witnessed such a revolting instance of public profligacy: I looked on for a few minutes to satisfy myself that my eyes were not deceiving me: for the character of the sex I blush to record that women formed a large portion of the spectators. They were veiled, it is true; but this only served to make their presence the more hideous. I came away

filled with disgust: hesitating between abhorrence of a government that could tolerate, and pity for a people that could witness, such a spectacle.

In the evening dined with Mr and Mrs W. It was a real pleasure to pass a few hours in the society of an agreeable and lady-like Englishwoman. Nothing can supply the want of female society in Cairo. In the whole of this vast city there are not three English ladies. No remark is more true and trite, than that men long removed from the refining influence of virtuous woman, degenerate both in manners and in feelings. This is one of the grand drawbacks to a permanent residence in Cairo. The fine climate alone is not sufficient. To the asthmatic lungs, indeed, it is a paradise; but a great deal more than bodily health is required in order to constitute happiness.

March 21.—Went to the Hospital yesterday morning to see Monsieur Pruner extirpate, or rather amputate, a large elephantiac tumor of the scrotum. This appears to be a common disease in Egypt. Clot Bey recently operated successfully in a case where the tumor weighed 116 lb.! that of yesterday weighed only 15 lb. Pruner displayed a master-hand; and a more gallant fellow than the patient, I never saw under the knife—not a groan having escaped his lips. This is generally the case with the disciples of the Prophet, and is the result

of their belief in predestination. The blacks from Ethiopia are still more courageous; for, although not Mahommedans, it is a principle of their Paganism to exhibit a stoical indifference to pain. Pruner tells me he has seen an Ethiopian soldier, while having his arm amputated, follow each step of the operation with undaunted eye, and unmixed composure of feature. Union by the first intention takes place far more readily in this country than in Europe—hence Egypt is a more encouraging field for the adventurous surgeon. So pure and dry is the air, that the natives make rapid recoveries after being *hewed* almost to pieces! I think very highly of Pruner: he is a man of enlarged knowledge, unbounded zeal in his profession, and an ornament to the Pacha's service.

Yesterday forenoon I rode to visit the Mosques *Giama Tayloon* and *El Hakem*—the former is the oldest building in Cairo, and is chiefly interesting from exhibiting specimens of the pointed arch. I believe this architectural discovery is claimed by England; but, as the Mosque in question was built 300 years before the introduction of the arch into England, the claims of my country must go for nothing. According to Wilkinson, the peaked arch was brought into Great Britain by the Crusaders between the eleventh and twelfth centuries. El Hakem is in ruins; but many of the arches still remain.

To-day I rode to the Citadel with Mr and Mrs W. to take my last survey of the remarkable view from its top. On our way down, we narrowly examined the theatre of the massacre of the Mamelukes, but could find no place where it seemed practicable for a horseman to make his escape: however, the fact is certain, that one of the Beys did escape. It is natural, however, to suppose, that many changes in masonry have been made in the works of the citadel since 1811; and thus what was practicable *then*, may be impossible now.

The British packet is due on the 25th, and I must reach Alexandria by the 29th, in order to be in time to sail by it for Malta. I regret not having seen the College of Abou-Zabel; but Clot Bey, in the multiplicity of his affairs, appears to have forgotten his promise of accompanying me thither. I shall lose also the pleasure of seeing my young brood of sparrows. It was a mistake that they were nursing their young when I shared the room with them on my arrival. They were only then beginning to build, and it was curious to watch their assiduity, and the order in which they collected their materials. At first they brought only little pieces of stick and straw—afterwards small tufts of wool and cotton—and latterly soft downy pigeon-feathers. For the last three days they have ceased work altogether: hence I conclude

their architectural labours are at an end. It will be reserved for some future traveller to watch the progress of the youthful brood.

March 24.—Khamsin for the last three days; but I am now seasoned, and suffer no further inconvenience than from the dust. I have been three or four times at Boulac in quest of a boat, but without success. The Pacha puts his clutches on all that arrive, to convey troops to Damietta. The packet is due to-morrow, and the chances are I shall be too late. This will be a disappointment, for I have no desire to be another month in Egypt. A party of Indians arrived yesterday from Cosseir, and descend the Nile to-morrow. One of them, Colonel Robertson, whom I met at the hotel, had the kindness to offer me a passage in his boat; but nothing but a desperate case would make me trespass so far on the politeness of a stranger. Piozin has gone to Alexandria, and I can obtain no aid from his subordinates. The Dragoman (interpreter), has pledged himself to procure a written order from Habeb Effendi, for a boat to-morrow morning; but I have no faith in this fellow, in spite of his smooth face and oily tongue.

Was at the bath again to-day, and went through the same discipline as formerly, only that, in addition to the scrubbing and pounding, the attendant

laid me flat on the back, and crossing the arms over the chest, made such a pressure on it with his knee, as to cause all the cartilages of the ribs to crack.

From my boat on the Nile, March 26.—At sunset yesterday, I bade a final adieu to Cairo. It was with the utmost difficulty I succeeded in getting a boat. I had been at Boulac the greater part of the day, and had engaged this miserable craft the moment of its arrival; but the captain of the port stepped between me and my bargain, alleging he had occasion for the boat for the public service. One of the Janizzaries of the Consulate was along with me, who, I must say, pleaded my cause with much apparent earnestness, but the man of authority was inexorable. At length, I lost all patience, and declared I would go straight to Habeb Effendi with a complaint. This threat had the desired effect, and I got the boat. The private order promised by the Dragoman, as I had apprehended, never made its appearance. Had I been a Frenchman, all difficulty would have vanished. M. Tippel, whose acquaintance I had lately the pleasure of making, is the only European Consul who takes a high hand in his dealings with the Turks. To much of the "suaviter in modo," he unites a great deal of the "fortiter in re." Not long ago, he baffled the intrigues and evasions of the Douane,

by taking the law into his own hand, and giving a sound caning to the official head; since that time, the Turks fear and respect him. To be sure, he is not fettered by commercial obligations, having no other character than his official one; whereas M. Piozin, with the best intentions in the world, dares not carry matters in the same independent manner, without detriment to his mercantile pursuits; and it is hardly to be expected that, in acting for others, he will throw his own interests overboard. Hence, I do not blame him, but the system that admits of such incompatible pluralities. Again, the subordinates of our Consulate cannot speak English. This is a manifest absurdity; for how are officers who have been all their lives in India, to be supposed capable, on their arrival in Egypt, of speaking French or Italian. But I have now done with the matter, and in taking leave, will only say, that until an independent Englishman be appointed at Cairo, there will be no efficient Consul there to look after the rights of British subjects.*

I pay 140 piastres for this canjy, although having a crew of only four men, besides the Raïs; but

* The author is happy to be able to state, that the office of Vice-Consul at Cairo has recently been filled by Dr Walne, whose firmness and respectability of character will secure for his countrymen all due attention and respect from the Egyptian authorities.

I was glad to secure it on any terms, and by promise of a liberal *buckshish*; the men have agreed to pull day and night. I have been twenty-four hours on board, and a third of the voyage is completed, in spite of a strong breeze from the north, which blew all the forenoon. For several hours it was too rough to make any progress by rowing; hence I made the men tow the boat from the shore. The scenery of to-day was uninteresting in the extreme; the shores on both sides being almost all desert, or naked soil. Taking the Nile from the Cataracts down to the sea, it is probably, in point of scenery, the most uninteresting river in the world. It is its unique and peculiar character, rather than its beauty, that strikes and pleases the traveller on his first acquaintance; for, with the exception of five or six views, which certainly combine all the elements of beauty, the rest is uniformity and sameness throughout. The eye soon tires of a flat surface, however richly it may be cultivated, and longs to look upon the spontaneous prodigality of nature. Except an occasional thistle, and patches of tough *halfeh* grass, there is no natural vegetation here. Man and the drifting sand are continually striving for the dominion of the soil; what the former neglects to cultivate, the latter immediately appropriates—all is either rich fertility, or dreary

desert. The absence of wood, too, detracts greatly from the beauties of the Nile; for, except the ever-recurring Palm, an occasional Sycamore, and a few Acacias in Nubia, there is no other variety; neither is there hill, or dale, or murmuring brook, in the whole valley of Egypt.

Of the climate, I must indeed speak favourably, for I firmly believe it has added one year at least to my existence—so will it do to all men similarly affected as myself. The purity and dryness of the atmosphere are pre-eminently adapted to invalids of delicate chest, and not to those only, for I am satisfied that a winter on the Nile, to persons suffering from long-continued dyspepsia and anomalous nervous affections, would be of essential service. He who feels the cold fogs of cloudy England fall like lead upon his soul, sour his spirit, and impair his health, should haste him to the Nile, to inhale for a season its balmy and exhilarating airs. I pledge myself that he will return to his home with a new lease of life, and with a vigour of body that will enable him to resist the attacks of his enemy for many succeeding years.

And yet the climate of Egypt, speaking of it poetically, is far from beautiful, or it is so only for a season. It is too uniform and unchanging; and man is so constituted that, in order to be always pleased, he must have a succession of pleasures. A

garden of full-blown roses is beautiful for the first, the second, or the third time; but let them always remain so, and will not the eye long for the nascent bud, the opening blossom, and even the withering petal? So would one tire of the climate of Egypt. The traveller from the north of Europe must indeed be enchanted with the loveliness of an Egyptian sky; but let him remain a year, or even but half that time, and he will sigh for a succession of seasons—for the freshness of the early spring—the riches of the full-blown summer—the golden tints of the mellow autumn—and the hoary majesty of winter. Here there is but one season—"ver floret æternum." Hence Egypt is not a land for the poet. Ossian never could been written here, neither could inspiration have visited our beautiful Poet of the Seasons. For myself, much as damp disagrees with my lungs, I long for England and "the uncertain glories of an April day"—for a sight once more of the beauteous rainbow.

From my Boat, Canal of Mahmoudiah, March 28. —Reached Mahmoudiah at eight o'clock this morning, and learnt from our agent there that the steamer had arrived at Alexandria on the 24th, hence, after all my exertions, I shall probably be too late. I was rejoiced to find that my prescriptions had been of essential service to the Consul, and that his own and children's eyes were quite re-

stored. Having procured a boat on the Canal, I immediatley transhipped my effects, and am now some miles from the Nile. It was not without emotions of gratitude to that noble stream, and to Him who causes it to flow, that I took my last look of its muddy waters. I had passed nearly five months on its bed or on its shores, and am now quitting both in a state of health that my hopes on arrival had never aspired to. Farewell Nile, and farewell Egypt! for I am out of Egypt when I quit thy fertile shores, O Nile—Alexandria belongs to the desert and the sea, and not to thy fruitful waters. I know not what the future may have in store for this ancient land, but its destinies shall never cease to interest me deeply, for I feel indebted to its climate for a winter of bodily health, and moral enjoyment. I only wish that a brighter era in its history may soon dawn, wherein past and present sufferings may be forgotten. At all events, one thing appears certain, that a change for better or for worse will soon take place. The Pacha is now an old man, and, in the course of nature, cannot hold out much longer. Independently of his years, his present position is too equivocal to be permanent. He is neither an independent prince nor an obedient vassal; and although his talents as a politician, and success as a general, secure him in the possession of power for the present, the

question is, how long will this be the case? I should not wonder if the Porte succeed eventually in putting both him and Ibrahim to death by treachery. If it do not, it is from no want of inclination, for the Sultan would gladly promote to the rank of a Pacha even with three tails, the man who would assassinate Mehemet Ali. Ibrahim, though far inferior to his father in political sagacity, is a successful and brave warrior, and has the army at his beck; hence, he will probably *ascend* the throne without resistance. But will he be equally successful in coping with the Divan of Constantinople? For myself, I ardently desire to see Egypt shall be a possession of the British Crown; and I devoutly hope that the English Government will embrace the first favourable opportunity that the tottering state of the Turkish Empire may afford, for securing so valuable a province. To England, the possession of Egypt, from the facilities it affords of communicating with India, would be of immense value; and from all I saw and heard last winter, the fellahs of the Nile would rejoice to see the day when the royal standard of England should replace the star and crescent of the Moslem, on the strongholds of Egypt. Under any circumstances, *they* can hardly exchange for the worse: the present ruler is a hard task-master, reaping where he has not sowed, and

gathering where he did not reap. The cultivators of the soil are ground to dust by taxation,—there is not a date tree, nor plough, nor water-wheel, that is not taxed. In the midst of fertility and abundance, the people starve—and are naked among plentiful flocks. Even the grain that they raise by the sweat of their brow is not their own; they dare not touch it until the Pacha and his harpies have had the lion's share. According to Wilkinson, the peasant is often obliged to steal his own grain to prevent his family from starving! The Turkish Empire is fast tumbling to pieces—and England, instead of wasting her sympathies in behalf of her *ancient ally*, should leave the Moslem to his fate, and prepare to profit by his inevitable fall. Constantinople is already bespoke by Russia.—Let her take it, say I. She is a Christian power, and certainly more civilized than Turkey, who has no right to a voice in the Councils of Europe.

Europe looked quietly on at the partition of Poland:—far be it from me to defend the scandalous dismemberment of that gallant nation; but I would certainly behold with great satisfaction a similar partition of the Turkish Empire. Let England secure for herself the Island of Candia, and the Valley of the Nile, and leave Russia and France to scramble for the remainder.

This canal is by far the greatest and most useful

public work of the Pacha. By it all the produce of Upper Egypt is brought to Alexandria. Formerly goods and grain had to go down to Rosetta, and from thence by sea to Alexandria. From the dangerous bar across the embouchure of that arm of the Nile, a great number of vessels were annually lost; and the passage in rough weather was altogether impracticable. In the year 1818, this was peculiarly the case; and the ships that came from Europe to Alexandria for cotton, coffee, &c., lay all winter idle in port. The Pacha, having a monopoly of the commerce of the country, felt the loss severely; but I believe it was at the instigation of the British merchants, that he commenced the great work in the succeeding year. The distance is 48 miles—300,000 persons are said to have been employed—and 20,000 to have perished from overwork in the undertaking, which was completed in the incredibly short period of six weeks. To be sure, the country is a dead level, and the earth loose and easily removed. It is delightful to skim along its smooth surface, and to watch the number of vessels of all sizes that ply their vocation on its waveless bosom.

PART III.—GREECE, TURKEY, AND THE DANUBE.

LAZARET OF MALTA—PATRASS—CORINTH—ATHENS—SMYRNA—CONSTANTINOPLE—BUYKDERA—VOYAGE UP THE DANUBE TO VIENNA—LAZARET OF ORSOVA—JOURNEY TO MUNICH—RESIDENCE IN THE TYROL—JOURNEY TO MAYENCE—VOYAGE DOWN THE RHINE—THE HAGUE—AMSTERDAM—ARRIVAL IN LONDON—CONCLUSION.

MALTA, GREECE, &c.

> "Give me to drink Mandragora,
> That I may sleep out this great gap of time."

MALTA.—*Lazaret, April* 4.—I reached Alexandria on the morning of the 29th ultimo. H. M.'s steamer sailed on the afternoon of the same day, leaving me sufficient time to arrange my affairs before embarking, which I did at four P. M. My faithful Mahmoud accompanied me on board, and it was with regret that I parted with him on the deck of the "Blazer." Much of the comfort I enjoyed during my voyage on the Nile, was owing to my good fortune in having secured the services of Mahmoud. He is indeed the *beau idéal* of servants—a brave, gallant, high-spirited man, with a degree of intelligence far beyond his situation. During the three months we were together on the Nile, I never once had occasion to find fault with him; he did every thing for me, and raised objections to nothing; the word *impossible* does not exist in Mahmoud's vocabulary. He washed and mended my clothes, took charge of all my effects, made my

markets, cooked for me, and lastly, acted as cicerone. I never had under a dozen servants in India, and yet I was better served with Mahmoud than by all my lazy Asiatics. The traveller on the Nile is in a great measure dependent on his servant; for without a good and experienced man, he will often get into difficulties, and even rows, with the natives. But Mahmoud has a perfect knowledge of the character and habits of his countrymen, and manages them in every instance with an astonishing address and tact. So did he also with my crew, with whom he knew how to be conciliatory and severe, retaining at once their obedience and regard. I never saw him maltreat the meanest native; on the contrary, if it came to be matter of dispute between me and an Arab, unless the latter were decidedly in the wrong, he generally took the part of his countryman. Before we parted, he asked me for a character: I gave him one, of course, but in praising Mahmoud, it was "to gild refined gold, to paint the lily." His merits are extolled and attested by every traveller who has had the good fortune to know and benefit by them, as his wieldy bunch of testimonials abundantly proves. I felt peculiarly indebted to him, for he watched over me during my dangerous illness on the Nile with more than a servant's care. Indeed, in the prospect of breathing my last on that occasion, I almost felt, in

having him by my bedside, as if the last offices of a *friend* would not have been wanting. I only regret it was not in my power to make him a more suitable return; but I gave him all I could, and he was more than satisfied. Character is peculiar to no class or caste, and I have a sincere pleasure in recording my opinion of an untutored Arab, whose various good qualities would do honour to the native of the most civilized community of Europe.

At five o'clock the "Blazer" weighed anchor; we were a large party, nearly all Indians, who had come up the Red Sea from Bombay;—the wind was fresh and foul during the two first days, but afterwards changed to the southward, when the atmosphere became clammy and moist. It was the Khamsin of Egypt, only that in passing over the sea, it had imbibed a prodigious quantity of moisture, thus changing its character from a dry and scorching, to a moist and oppressive wind. The "Blazer" is a beautiful packet, and sails ten knots an hour. Nothing could exceed the attentions of the commander (Lieut. Waugh). We had an excellent and most ample table, with turtle-soup daily. To many of the party who had come to Suez by the "H. Lindsay," it was indeed to partake of the "flesh-pots of Egypt."

I was amused to see several turtles on board as passengers—each with the name of its destined

proprietor written on the breast. One, in particular, the primest of the lot, was inscribed with the name of "Alderman Harmer," in prominent characters. What a feast there will be among the city dignitaries when his turtleship shall reach the Thames! It was the first time I had ever sailed in one of H. Majesty's vessels, and I had expected to find an irksome etiquette on board, but it was quite the contrary. We did just as we chose, *sans ceremonie*. The accommodations were on the whole good, but the want of a female steward must have been severely felt by the ladies of the party. I wonder these fine vessels should be deficient in this respect.

Yesterday morning we anchored in the quarantine harbour, and at two o'clock P. M., were conducted to our prison. The view from the deck was quite in unison with a place of infection and plague,—every thing looked grim, and yellow, and barren. There is no verdure on the shores, except here and there a stunted tree appearing amid the stony nakedness. On one side is a portion of the fortifications, extending to the brink of the harbour. Sentries are placed all round the coast to prevent prisoners from landing. They belong to a Highland Regiment, the 92d I believe. It was very picturesque, and to me more than picturesque, to see my brawny countrymen dressed in the garb of old

Gael, slowly pacing their lonely rounds. Their gay uniform contrasted well with the gloomy scene around. The two married parties are separated from the bachelors, and, by an arrangement which seems sufficiently absurd, we can only communicate by water, although an arcade conducts to their quarters. I am billeted in the same room with two others, both from the north of the Tweed,—we are the only Scotchmen of the ten bachelors, and whether by accident, or affinity of clanship, are imprisoned together. One large hall, with arched roof, is common to all. It is extremely cold, and with such an echo, that it is difficult to hear, or to be heard. We have established a mess, and appointed a president of the same, Lieutenant R. Hill of the Bengal Army, who looks after the *traiteur*, and takes care that we are provided with ample cheer. I complain of nothing, except the cold stone floors, and the impossibility of heating so large an apartment by one fire-place. When I left Cairo, the thermometer was at 80° Fahrenheit, here it is 60°, so much for the mild Mediterranean in the beginning of April!

Bed, blankets, a table, and washhand apparatus, are furnished by H. Majesty to each person for eightpence a-day. This is reasonable enough; but I cannot say as much for the "guardianos,"—three of whom are appointed to watch us at our own ex-

pense. It is really too bad to make us pay *2s. 6d.* a-day to each of our jailers. Myself and two companions have engaged a servant at the rate of eight dollars during our imprisonment,—the others have done the same,—so that we are well off for attendance.

12th.—"Time rolls his ceaseless course," and half of my captivity is over. The weather continues extremely cold, much rain has fallen, and the wind is always from the northward. It is I imagine, the Mistral or Bise, which is so severely felt in the south of France at this season.

Thus far time has passed smoothly and even pleasantly; but the arrangements of the Lazaret are not judicious. A series of small chambers with a single occupant to each, would be a much more convenient plan; for although I could not have two men more to my mind than Colonel Robertson and Mr P. Stuart of Malta, the presence of three in one room has the effect of rendering all idle. I find it impossible to apply myself to study of any sort. Our table is most excellent and abundant; and our president, who is a host in himself, gives universal satisfaction. We owe him a vote of thanks for the trouble he takes for the common weal. The utmost harmony and good fellowship prevail amongst the party. Our amusements are various,—fives and chess in the mornings,—whist

and écarté at night,—the song too occasionally goes round. In short, although I do nothing, I am a stranger to ennui; and yet I sometimes long for the luxury of solitude. After five months of almost total loneliness on the Nile, the transition to this scene of mirth and jollity is too abrupt. It is like the sudden exposure of a frost-bitten limb to a large fire, or the admission of a flood of light on him who has long been immured in darkness. Nevertheless, I am not sorry for the change. Solomon has said "it is not good for man to live alone," and an occasional rousing of his faculties, even if irksome at first, cannot fail to be beneficial in the end. True, I sometimes feel as if I were indulging in a forced and meretricious gaiety of spirit, which I would gladly exchange for the more sober pleasures of solitude,—but solitude will come soon enough; and I doubt not I shall often beguile its tedium by looking back with pleasure on this episode of my life. Were it not for the politeness of Captain Waugh, we could not escape from the walls of our prison; but he has placed one of his boats at our disposal, in which we may row about the harbour. For myself, I have no fancy for the exercise; but my companions frequently enjoy it.

On the opposite side of the harbour, there is a promenade of two hundred and forty steps, on

which we are permitted to walk. I crossed to it only once, but the cold was bitter.

A few days ago we all dined on board the Blazer, "to floor the last of the turtle," as the captain pithily expressed himself. It was indeed a feast worthy of Aldermen. Besides the Blazer, there are eight or ten sailing vessels in port, all from plague countries. Last month, the scourge of the Moslem found its way here from Tripoli, and several persons died in the Lazaret; but the foul vessels were scuttled, and sunk for some days, and all traces of the pestilence have now disappeared. This circumstance, perhaps, renders our surveillance more strict than it would otherwise have been. No reasonable man would object to sensible restrictions, but some of ours may be characterized as "frivolous and vexatious;" however, it might be worse. The packet from Falmouth is due on the 17th, and I have made up my mind to go on immediately by the "Blazer" to Greece. This will abridge my captivity by two or three days, and I can hardly exchange for the worse in point of climate.

PATRASS, *Gulf of Corinth*, *April* 21.—From the ξενοδοχιον Ηελλας—such is written on the sign-board over the door of mine host Demetrio. The British packet reached Malta on the 17th, having made

the voyage from Falmouth, including a call at Cadiz, and a *stay of forty-eight hours at Gibraltar*, in the short space of twelve days. So much for the advantages of steam!

On the 18th, at sunset, I escaped from my prison to go on board the "Blazer." The ladies of our party had done the bachelors the honour of dining with them on that day, as did likewise Captain Waugh and some of his officers. I stole a march on my fellow-prisoners, who were not to be admitted to *pratique* until the 20th, but truth to say, when the hour of liberation arrived, I felt loath to go. My time had passed "wi' tentless heed," and I felt as if I could have rode my quarantine over again without a groan. I parted from all my fellow-prisoners in the hope and desire of meeting with them again. At length the boat was ready, and the prison that I entered with a sinking of the heart, I quitted with regret. Like him of Chillon,

"Even I,
Regained my freedom with a sigh."

The deck of the "Blazer" was crowded with passengers, all strangers to me, excepting one face, which I felt sure I knew; but on scanning his countenance eagerly, no glance of recognition shot from his eye. I accosted him by name, still he knew me not; indeed, it was with some difficulty, after I had explained who I was, that I could persuade him of

my identity, so complete was the metamorphosis produced on me by a six months' beard. It was a real pleasure to meet Captain O'Brien, more especially as he brought me good news of my friends in England.

On the morning of the 20th, I had a view of Greece, or rather of the "Isles of Greece," the mountain ridge of Cephalonia being the first portion of this classic land that met my eye. The top of the ridge was white with snow, and the morning clouds rolled up the sides of the hills, till at length they rested on the top, concealing the snow, except where it peeped out through occasional breaks in the vapoury shroud. The effect was fine, but the sight of snow so near the sea, was rather a freezer of the blood. We steered between Cephalonia and Zante, coasting close by the latter, and having a near view of the olive forests that cover this part of the island. The olive looks well only when it stands out in contrast with livelier colours. Here the effect was gloomy and sombre, and relieved only by an occasional tall cypress, which differed from the dense mass around, not in the colour of the foliage, but in the height of the stem, and the shadeless boughs. Beyond the olives, there is a rich valley of currants. These two articles form the sole wealth of the island.

At the Town of Zante, we stopped only for the

letter-bag, and six hours afterwards I landed a little after sunset at Patrass. I have taken up my abode here with the intention of remaining until the 27th, when the steamer returns from Corfu, and brings Captain O'B., who is to join me on my trip to Athens; meantime, he is obliged to go on to head-quarters, to get a month's leave of absence. To-day I explored the town; it is a lively, stirring, and tolerably clean little place—the houses all new, and built since the revolution. Two or three of the principal streets have arcades, which afford shelter from sun and rain. I am struck with the resemblance to the Turks of the elder part of the population. They have the same slow and slouching gait and stillness of feature. It is not so with the young men—who have slim and active figures, particularly the soldiers. They wear a white kilt, very much puckered—blue jacket with slit sleeves—blue leggings—a red tarboosh on the head—and lastly, a black leather belt, drawn so tightly round the waist, as to give them somewhat of the figure of a wasp; but they are fine active fellows, and some of them have very handsome features.

The women do not appear to walk in public; at least I have seen very few, and none worth looking at. The capote, a quaint and picturesque garment, and an admirable substitute for a great-coat, is on the shoulders of all the citizens.

It amuses and almost astonishes me, to hear nothing spoken but Greek! I stood for a long time listening to a dispute between some sailors—great was their animation of gesture and volubility of tongue—but it was indeed *Greek* to me; not one word did I comprehend, in spite of all the days and years I was made to labour over that language in my youth. The reflection was a mortifying one, and came home with peculiar force. Is it wise in parents to sacrifice the precious time of their sons in learning, or perhaps only trying to learn, a language, that is so seldom of practical use in after life, to the almost total neglect of the living, and therefore *useful* tongues of Europe? But the most renowned Grecian of Oxford would have been just as much at a loss as I was. With this reflection I consoled myself, and wandered away up the Gulf, "παρα θινα πολυφλοσβοιου θαλασσης," treading perhaps in the footsteps of old Homer; but the quotation is not apt, for the sea was smooth as a mirror, and scarce murmured even as it lipped the shore.

In the afternoon, I waited on the English Consul, Mr Crowe, who received me politely, and promised to procure for me some books on the modern history of this land of heroes. Having just escaped from the Lazaret, I am entirely unprovided with books, or even a map. Unfortunately, nothing of the sort is to be had here. I would give six times

its price for a copy of the "Modern Traveller." No man should leave England without that admirable book in his portmanteau; of every country of which it treats, it gives all the information that can be desired, with extracts from the works of the most popular writers.

April 23.—The weather is extremely cold: the mountains on both sides of the Gulf are covered with snow, and keen and biting are the blasts that sweep down from their icy summits. Malta was trying, but Greece is more so. My chest annoys me sadly I have quitted Egypt a month too soon; but how was I to anticipate such weather in the Mediterranean at this season of the year? Alas! I fear that my gain on the Nile is not to be lasting.

Yesterday the sun shone out during the forenoon, and I took advantage of his beams to visit the remains of a Roman aqueduct, which traverses a narrow valley above the town. It was a delightful ramble, and great to me was the pleasure of treading once more on the green grass of nature's sowing. At every step I trode among wild flowers, many of them the familiar friends of my childhood—the yellow gowan, the wild violet, the modest daisy, and a multitude of others, whose names I know not. The sky was without a cloud, but in spite of a powerful sun, the breeze was cold. Only a few arches of the aqueduct remain; these

are picturesque enough, with the ivy and wild fig clinging to their crumbling sides. The view from the top of the hill delighted me much,—the town at its base—the vessels riding in the roads with their colours displayed—the bold range of hill, stretching all the way up the gulf on both sides, the tops white with snow. The hills to the left are covered with something very similar in appearance to heather. Indeed, the whole scene was so thoroughly highland, that I could hardly persuade myself I was not standing on an arm of the sea in the north of Scotland. To be sure, the "land of the mountain and flood" can boast of a hundred grander and more varied landscapes, but the enjoyment of nature depends less on the view itself, than on the *disposition to enjoy* on the part of the beholder. Had I just arrived from Scotland, I might possibly have gazed on it with indifference; but coming from the monotonous valley of Egypt, it was all that the eye could desire.

The Citadel is a fine object, when viewed from the town; during the revolution it resisted all the efforts of the besiegers, and yet, to my eye, it appears to have little strength. I entered, and found it totally desolate, not a sentry nor human being within the walls. The mosque of the Moslem, standing in the centre, is fast crumbling into ruin. Why is it not garrisoned by some of the numerous troops

that I see in the town ? A post that was deemed of such importance during war, is surely worth keeping up in time of peace. On my way to the town, I encountered some of the ladies of Mr Crowe's family, and felt ashamed and abashed by hearing Miss C. converse with the utmost facility and fluency with some Greek peasants; positively I have not yet got over the surprise of hearing that terrible language,—associated always in my memory with the stern visage of my old friend and preceptor William Hay.--flowing in careless ease from the lips of a girl of nineteen! But Miss C. not only speaks, but reads and writes the modern Greek with equal facility.

Last night I had rather an unceremonious visit from some of Otho's troops. A little after midnight, there was a loud knock at the outer door—again and again, and louder and louder it came,—at length the door was besieged by a huge stone. I was quietly reading at my table, and took no notice of the noise, until the stone was discharged. I then took the lamp, and went into the servant's room for the purpose of awaking him: he had just jumped out of bed, and was in the act of hurrying down stairs. Immediately afterwards, I heard a violent altercation in the passage, and presently my door was opened, and room entered by a Greek officer, with three soldiers armed with muskets and

fixed bayonets, at his back. I demanded of the fellow in French the reason of his intrusion, but as he replied in Greek, I continued in ignorance, until the servant, who speaks a little French, explained that the man came to know from me, if the waiter had actually been in bed at the time of his knocking? A strange question to put certainly,—but which I was enabled to answer in the affirmative, from the negative evidence of having found the man in his shirt on going into his room. The soldiers now left me; but I was equally surprised and indignant to learn this morning from Demetrio (who does not sleep in the inn), that his servant had been hurried off to jail, and was still in confinement. I instantly dispatched the landlord to bring a police authority, to whom I might explain the matter, and have the man liberated. The authority came, and the prisoner was discharged accordingly. So much for the troops of King Otho. It appears the officer is billeted upon the landlord; and because the door was not instantly opened the moment he chose to knock, he hastened to the guard-room, returned with three soldiers, and marched the servant to jail, for no other fault than that of having been sound asleep in bed at midnight! If the fellow do not make some compensation to the injured man, I shall report the affair to Mr Crowe, in the hope that he may use his influ-

ence with the Commandant in his behalf. He had no right to come and disturb me at such an hour; but I forgive him all, except the abominable tyranny of hurrying an innocent man to jail. If he *must* have had a prisoner, I was the guilty man, for not having roused the servant at the commencement of the knocking.

April 26.—A day of unceasing rain. I have been a prisoner in the house. Demetrio declares that this is the last of the wet weather, and that there will be no more rain for months to come,—Grant it may be so! Meantime I am ill in body, and low in spirit. One thing consoles me, that I am here, and not on the road to Athens, for I am told there is no shelter by the way—hardly even a hovel to sleep in.—Would the journey were over! But I have come too far to retreat. Give me only a dry mild air on the road, and all will go well; but if caught in such weather as this among the mountains, they will get possession of me for ever. —A classic soil to leave one's bones in certainly; but I had rather not—I live in hope.

The affair with the officer is amicably settled,—he apologised with due contrition to the servant, and would have done so to me also, but that he could not make himself understood in French. It appears he had fought a duel in the morning,—had severely wounded his antagonist in the face,

and had repaired to a tavern to console himself with wine; from whence he returned to the inn in a high state of excitement; hence his outrageous conduct. Learning this, I have quashed all further proceedings; and have requested Mr Crowe not to act upon a written statement I had given him. The servant is perfectly satisfied, and so am I.

April 29.—Yesterday it was fine. To-day it has been an unceasing, evendown, determined deluge! Oh! Greece, Greece, would I were again on Nilus' flood! The "Blazer" arrived yesterday. Captain O'Brien writes that he cannot come,—this is a disappointment, and yet I am not sorry, for he would have been pushed for time; and I could not set out in such weather; hence, all is for the best, although I lose a companion in all respects to my mind. I cannot now get away till the Easter holidays are over. To-day is Good Friday. The town swarms with lambs for the Paschal feast on Sunday. Sir Edwin Pearson was the only passenger by the "Blazer." I dined with him yesterday; to-day he is among the hills. I receive great civility from Mr Crowe, who procured me three works on the Revolution, viz. Colonel Stanhope's Letters, Blaquière, and General Gordon. The last is by far the best—is ably written, and without too much love for the Greeks, or over-hatred of the Turks. Stanhope, with good inten-

tions, I believe, was wild on the subject of a free press; while Greece was struggling for her very existence, and in want of all the sinews of war, he gave her types and printers' devils, and disquisitions on freedom! Was not this like offering to a drowning man a treatise on the art of swimming, instead of first hauling him on the bank, and teaching him afterwards to swim? Blaquière writes well, and is both an amiable and honourable man, but he is too ardent a Phil-Hellenist; hence, the reader hesitates to give him entire faith. Gordon, on the other hand, with a love for the cause that has been substantially proved, gives the Greeks no more than their due. I much admire his modesty, for he never once makes allusion to his own disinterested generosity and exertions in their cause; at least not in the second volume, which only I have read. These books have made time pass agreeably and profitably, and I now know something of the modern history of the people I sojourn amongst.

April 30.—Another close, muggy, and dismal day, with constant drizzle. It is Easter Sunday. Every family roasted a lamb—many outside their houses—the animal fixed on a wooden spit, and roasted whole. Demetrio conducted me to the church at the top of the hill to see the multitude. Hundreds were collected outside, entering in turn

the body of the church, crossing themselves before a picture of the Saviour, then bowing and kissing the same; outside, all was racket and noise—squibs and crackers were flying in every direction—even in the porticos of the church. Hundreds entered with their pockets full of fireworks, knelt before, and kissed the image of the Saviour of the world, and then retired to fire off crackers! Such a union of superstitious foolery and religion I never witnessed. I was disappointed to see so few females. There were none in the church, except in a concealed gallery: neither was there any priest officiating during the hour I remained. It was a scene to make a moralist sad, and to suggest the question:—Are these indeed the descendants of Socrates and Plato? For myself, I wish to think well of the Greeks, both because I venerate their ancestors, and have no love for their oppressors the Turks; but truly the scene of to-day does not impress me favourably; however, I will suspend an opinion until I have seen them longer, and known them better.

I observed all the men, on meeting their acquaintance, heartily embrace on the lips. This fashion appears universal out of England. It is now late in the evening, but the firing of guns, squibs, and crackers, continues. Groups of men are dancing and singing in all directions, but where

re all the women? Have the Greeks borrowed the Eastern fashion of concealing their females?

I have seen no drunkards. England is the only country where men, when they meet to be merry, end by brutalizing themselves.

May 1.—The curtain has fallen upon spring, and summer has entered arrayed in smiles! What an inexpressible pleasure to inhale such an atmosphere! "Begone dull care,"—avaunt ye vapours that have borne down my spirit! I feel a new man; and "Ho for Athens" is my song. I would set out to-morrow, but the public offices being shut, I cannot get a passport. It appears a "lascia passare" from the Governor is necessary. My European passport has been duly *visé* by Mr Crowe, who is the only English Consul that has not exacted a fee. On my expressing surprise, he said he never made these paltry demands upon travellers. I would respectfully recommend his colleague at Marseilles to follow the example!

Accounts have arrived to-day of the escape of a desperate brigand chief with sixteen of his gang, from the jail of Napoli. They are said to infest the north shore of the gulf,—precisely the road by which I must travel. Mr C. dissuades me from proceeding; but I have nothing worth stealing; and the Greek robbers do not murder. I have taken an order, however, for my money on Athens, leaving the gold with a merchant here.

This evening I walked to some gardens south of the town. They are in a miserably neglected state but I was repaid the trouble by meeting several Greek ladies, two or three of whom were certainly beautiful; they wore the tarboosh on the head, and displayed a profusion of flowing locks. The bloom on their cheeks was refreshing to behold, after the dusky daughters of Africa; but I would not swear that it had in every instance been laid on by nature.

It is a great pity that there is no wood near Patrass. Except a solitary tree at the gate of the citadel, there is not another within three hours' ride of the town; hence, the refreshment of a cool shade is unknown in the summer. I have engaged two horses to be inreadiness for a start on Wednesday morning. It is a journey of five days to Athens; but if the weather continue fine, I fear nothing.

VOSTIZZA, *May* 3.—Left Patrass this morning at eight o'clock,—was nine hours on the road,—path the worst in the world. First half of the way chiefly across water-courses,—now dry, except a stream in the centre. Some of the channels are 300 and 400 yards broad, and full of rough round stones, with, here and there, deep gaps. Immediately after rain, the road must be quite impassable. —Scarce a house or hut even was to be seen, and no cultivation;—miserable country truly! An hour and a quarter from Patrass, there are two fortresses

—one on each side of the gulf. The strait which they guard, is called the Greek Dardanelles, and not above a mile across. I skirted the sea the latter part of the way: and afterwards entered a thicket of copse, with here and there an oak, and spruce, and fir; with an abundance of wild roses and honeysuckle. I reposed for half an hour at a shed on the path, and ate a couple of hard eggs I had brought with me.

Arrived here at five o'clock—weary and saddle sick,—was conducted to this wretched inn, if inn it can be called. Have a small empty chamber,—minus sundry panes of glass; and yet, in this den, I dined on turtle! Thanks to Mr Gamble, who manufactured, and my kind friend Mr Wedderburn, who presented me with a supply at Malta. But I had hard work to get the lid of the canister off. Having no servant, I am badly off for language; French or Italian is unknown here, and my modern Greek vocables are few. Before starting, I learned enough from Demetrio to push my way. Here is my whole stock as written in my note-book:

Hot-water,	Nerroo vrasto.
Eggs, .	Avga.
Fire, .	Fotia.
Cold-water,	Nerroo crioo.
Milk, .	Ghalla.

This is all the available Greek I possess.—Sad work,

as I said, to get off the lid of the canister; at length I found a hammer, and punched a hole in the side. Even then the soup would not come out; it was so thick, I had to dig it out with a spoon. The next difficulty was to find a vessel to heat it in. I rummaged through the kitchen, where I could find nothing but a plate. I asked for "fotia,"—there was no fire in the house! But the landlord pointed to a baker's shop across the street. Thither I repaired, plate and soup in hand,—pushed both into the oven, and waited patiently for the process of liquefaction. Any thing more I could hardly expect. In ten minutes the mass was fluid. I consumed a part, and gave the remainder to my guide. Sad work travelling in Greece; but the day has been divine, and the ride on the whole a pleasant one. I now spread my mattrass on the floor, in hope of sleeping off fatigue.

Akrata, *May* 4.—Did not close an eye last night—fleas and rats intolerable—the latter almost pulled my mattrass from under me; laid about me with Niagara in all directions, but this scared them only for the moment, and they soon returned to the charge. At length, at midnight, I hit upon the expedient of lighting my candle, and they came no more: but the fleas continued to persecute me—accursed vermin! Drank a dose of

morphia, but in vain. Started at eight this morning: country round Vostizza rich in currants*—the bushes planted in drills, and watered by streamlets led in from the mountains. No crop is so productive to the proprietor. Mr Crowe tells me a hundred acres of currants yield a clear profit of £3000 a-year—£40 the acre being the usual rent. The currants are dried in the sun, and shipped for John Bull's Sunday pudding. Romantic ride to-day, far finer than that of yesterday; bold bluff majestic rocks on the right. with a plentiful sprinkling of pine upon their precipitous sides. Forded several rivers; one of them was ticklish work; took guide up behind me; a Greek *gillie* led in the baggage horse; in middle of stream he took fright, stopped, looked aghast, and crossed himself fifty times, then he turned, but my guide ordered him on; he struggled through, so did the horse. To *him* my anxiety was solely directed, for he was freighted with most of my worldly wealth. I next entered, and soon found the inconvenience of long legs; in spite of all my care, my shoes filled with water. Could scarcely stand on arrival at this most wretched khan: got a huge fright, too, by sight of a band which I took to be no other than *Sciron* and his crew—wild shaggy-looking fellows.

* These are the Zante currants of commerce; a kind of small clustering grape; often called *corinths*, of which name *currants* seems a corruption.

with pistols in their belts. I thought it was all over with me: one of them advanced to my horse's head—I expected a pistol to be presented at my breast, but great was my joy to discover in his jargon the word *passport*, which I immediately and joyfully produced. They were in fact a party of *gens-d'armes* sent in search of the brigands. It was a great relief to me to find myself among soldiers, for I was ill at ease among some of the wild gorges I passed through this day. There is only a *but* and a *ben* in this khan. I have installed myself in the kitchen, the adjoining apartment, which is a sort of grog-shop, being occupied by the soldiers. I made myself an excellent dinner. Got off the lid easily with a hatchet, and boiled the contents—soup and bouilli, in a little pot, adding some water, and gently stirring the mess. Dined like a lord. The soldiers looked on in amazement at my culinary talents. I treated them to what remained of the feast. What invaluable travelling companions these canisters are! particularly in a country like Greece. In a quarter of an hour, and with little or no trouble, I had a nourishing dinner of soup and meat; the latter was as fresh as if killed yesterday, and yet it had travelled from England to Bombay, from thence up the Red Sea, across the Desert, down the Nile, thence to Malta, and finally to Greece.

The kitchen has no chimney, and the smoke finds its way out through the holes in the roof; at first it was pungent to the eyes. It reminds me of Scotland, but, to complete the resemblance, many things are wanting,—the crook to suspend the pot—the *saut-backet*, with its leather hinge, over the fire-place—the broad chimney-cheek, with the well-thumbed family-bible and psalm-book—the dresser and the shelves of crockery—the cutty-stool—the sleeping colley—the "toddlin' wee things stacherin' ben"—and above all, the "busy housewife plying her evening care." I do not know what the Greeks make of their women, but I scarcely ever see one. Neither is there a seat of any sort here; they appear to have borrowed two of the worst domestic habits of their oppressors the Turks, viz. concealing their women, and squatting on the ground. 'Tis time to think, not of bed, but of sleep. I have no room to spread my mattrass, even if the floor were cleaner. My capote will be a substitute to-night. The mirth of the soldiers in the next room has died away. I hear no sound but the howling of the wind and the roar of the surf; both these are terrific, but I have a roof, such as it is, over my head, and can afford to smile at the elements. I have scribbled all this squatted on the floor, by the light of my little lamp, which now grows dim. Occupation of any sort makes

time pass smoothly. I now resign my wearied frame to sleep.

CORINTH, *May* 6.—Eleven hours on horseback yesterday. Left Akrata at six, and arrived here at five. Never in my life was I so devoured by fleas as in that devilish khan; sleep was impossible, or even repose. I tried to purchase oblivion by a large dose of morphia, but in vain: could have been no worse lying on an ant-hill. Egypt is a joke compared with Greece. Two successive nights that I had not slept a wink,—a third, and I verily believe I should have gone mad—the devil take the fleas of Greece! My whole body is covered with purple dots; but I care not for the *bite*, it is their infernal restlessness and skipping about that madden me. A man's classical enthusiasm must be high indeed, to make him endure such misery—mine, I confess, is not exalted enough. But what brought me here? I may well ask myself this question. I am no fastidious traveller. Give me dry weather, and sleep at night, and I ask for nothing more. Fortunately, the weather is most delicious. Had I a bed, I believe the fleas would not give much annoyance. It is only on the floor that they so abound. Let every wise man in future carry a portable bedstead, three feet above the ground, and he is safe. On reaching the plain

of Corinth, I threw myself on the green grass, and after one hour of soft and balmy sleep, I awoke a new man. There is an inn here, such as it is, and I slept in a bed last night. Miserable town Corinth! one vast ruin, the work of the Moslem; I have seen nothing so melancholy—street after street of roofless houses. Pompei is positively more cheerful. What so dismal as a modern ruin? and there is nothing ancient here, save a few columns of Doric (one might have expected Corinthian at Corinth) order; they are seven in number, of a bad style—abacus too thin, and covers the whole of the capital—Egyptian fashion far superior. The architraves are too deep for their length—know not to what temple they belonged, for I have no books. The Acro-Corinthus is a most noble rock, or rather a double rock, walled all around the summit. I attempted to walk to the top, but got only half-way—toil great, and I had started too late, from having been engaged all forenoon visiting patients. The only doctor of Corinth died a fortnight ago, and I had all the arrears of sickness on my hands. I was not five minutes in the inn yesterday, when two Greek gentlemen waited on me, one of whom could speak tolerable French. He told me that his friend had been looking with wistful eyes for my arrival that he might consult me regarding his wife who had had a

fever for three months, and was not getting better. I marvelled how my calling should have been known at Corinth, till I learned that a servant from Parass who passed through yesterday, had announced my approach. I immediately accompanied the gentlemen to the house of the invalid, musing upon what this said fever of three months might be. Alas! the first glance at the patient was sufficient to explain all. The pearly lustre of the eye, and consuming hectic on the cheek, told me at once the nature of her malady. On inquiring into the history of the case and present symptoms, I could not doubt that she was in a galloping consumption! I have seldom seen a more beautiful countenance; she is very young too—only twenty—and the mother of two children. Her husband is a wealthy currant merchant. I shall not soon forget the look of anxious scrutiny which she rolled from her jet black eyes upon me, when I first approached her bed. The husband and female relatives, of whom there are five or six in attendance, seem to think she *must* get better, now that an English doctor has seen her, but her case is beyond hope. Yesterday I merely gave some general directions as to diet, &c. indeed, I could do nothing more. This morning I saw her again, she had passed a tolerable night, but towards morning the difficulty she had experienced in getting rid of the expectoration, was so

great, that the husband feared she would have been choked. I ordered an emetic to be given should this difficulty recur, and proceeded with the husband and his friend to the only apothecary's shop in Corinth. Verily it was a "beggarly account of empty boxes;" although it cannot be said of the man of drugs, that "grim misery has worn him to the bones," for he is a sharp-visaged portly grey-headed man, about three score and ten. By a jumble of Latin and French, I made him understand that I wanted a few scruple-doses of ipecacuanha. Great was my surprise, in weighing out the medicines, to see him count out twenty grains of dry wheat, and place them in the opposite scale! Verily Corinth is centuries behind.

On my return to the inn, I found a levee of patients—one a sleek and well-fed priest; another a notary—and several of minor note. I gave medicines to some, and prescriptions or advice to all. In the course of the day, I was called to pay visits to such as could not, or would not come to me. One of them was the Chief Justice of Corinth, a venerable and dignified old man, suffering from occasional haemoptysis. On taking my leave, his wife presented me with some currant jelly in a saucer, and a glass of cold water. It was both pleasant and refreshing, and corresponds in Greece, I imagine, with the pipe and coffee of the Turks. The last patient I visited gave me a hearty laugh. Being

called rather in a hurry, I expected something urgent. My Greek friend accompanied me as interpreter. On entering the house, we were shewn into a very nice room, and presently the patient made her appearance—a tall buxom woman about thirty, and good-looking, though rouged to the eyes; her breasts hung down in white gauze pouches, as is the usual fashion in Greece. The women do not wear stays; and hence the figures of the matrons are of the most slatternly description, with waists so thick that they appear to have no shoulders. I sat down on the sofa beside my patient, scanning her portly figure, and conjecturing to myself what might be the nature of her malady. My interpreter, after listening to the account she gave of herself, translated the substance of it to me, namely, that about a month ago, when the lady laughed, her mouth always went to one side, and that it continued to do so for a week! I could not help laughing outright at this terrible malady, especially as it was imparted in so grave a manner; and, as the readiest means of cure that occurred, I recommended that she should restrain her laughter for the future. When this was translated, the lady looked daggers at me, and the husband also seemed much shocked by my indecent mirth. So I changed from gay to grave, and watching her narrowly, in expectation of detecting someinvoluntary muscular

movements, and finding none, I concluded her case to have been a local paralysis, arising from plethora, and recommended brisk purging and low living, should her mouth go astray again. This appeared to satisfy them, and I took my departure.

To-morrow morning I set out for Megara. Corinth has few attractions—ruins, all ruins, with none of the picturesque to recommend them. I regret exceedingly not to have got to the top of the citadel, for the view from so commanding an eminence must be superb; but I hope to see it on my return.

I had a long conversation with my Greek friend on the politics of Greece; he reviled bitterly, not against King Otho, but against the system of quartering such a host of German officers and soldiers on the nation. He told me there were Bavarians receiving salaries of 600 drachmas (£20 or £21 sterling) a month for offices that would be gladly and more competently filled by Greeks, for a third of the sum. This is certainly a grievance, and Otho should look to it in time. A throne propped by mercenary bayonets is not worth sitting on; I suspect, however, he is not an overwise prince, for he attempted, about three weeks ago, to impose, and force the payment of, a most invidious tax, namely, five per cent. on the profits of industry and commerce. This was Pitt over again. The

citizens of Patrass, one and all, refused to pay, but *their resistance was merely passive; at length troops were poured into the town, and the matter was compromised.* My Greek friend assured me that his countrymen positively paid less under the Turks, and that their dislike to the Bavarians was universal. The country is far too poor to support a swarm of foreign locusts. From the little I have seen of Greece, it appears ill adapted to a monarchical form of government. From the absence of a native *noblesse*, there are no intermediate steps between the king and the subject. It is much to be lamented that the hand of an assassin should have put an end to the Republic.

May 7.—Left Corinth at nine this morning. When two miles on the road to Athens, I met a Bavarian foot-traveller, who told me in broken French, that Athens was in quarantine, in consequence of the appearance of the plague in the vicinity. This was startling intelligence, and I retraced my steps, and instantly despatched a messenger to the British Consul at Napoli, to know the truth; but his answer will not reach me till to-morrow.

This is a most horrible inn, and the cooking is the worst I ever sat down to; but fortunately, my soup is not finished. The landlord is the veriest cut-throat looking man in all the world, and is said to have escaped from Corfu to avoid the gallows, for

murder. Last autumn, the Purser of His Majesty's ship "Portland" disappeared mysteriously from his house, and has never since been heard of; in consequence of which, mine host was confined several months in jail, but was liberated from insufficient evidence. I have found him extremely civil and obliging, although his countenance would have put that of Burke to the blush. This forenoon I rode up to the citadel—the landlord accompanying me on horseback. It was a full hour's climb to reach the first gate, where I halted, and proceeded to the top on foot. I have never seen a fortress of such prodigious natural strength. Well garrisoned, it might defy all the artillery in the world. A Bavarian soldier—one of the six who compose the garrison—acted as my cicerone. The day was divine, and I enjoyed the prospect exceedingly. To the north lies the Gulf of Corinth, and far beyond, a chain of lofty mountains, among which Parnassus and Helicon stand pre-eminent, the tops and half-way down the sides covered with snow. I took off my hat in honour of the monarchs of inspiration, and stood with mouth wide open, inhaling the breeze that blew directly over their tops, but without feeling warmed by a poetic glow, and marvelling much, that the muses should have taken up their abode in so desolate and frozen a region.

At my feet was Corinth,—one heap of ruins. It

made me sad to look down on such a scene of havoc, and to reflect that the ruthless hand of man, and not the slow agency of time, had been the author of it. But where are the energies of the Greek character, that Phœnix-like, a new Corinth does not spring from the present ashes? Or why does not Otho give an onward impulse to the resurrection of his kingdom? If he would only put a steamer on the Gulf, and cause another to ply between the Isthmus and the Piræus, the town would soon rise from its ruins. What has become of the British loan of £800,000? Assuredly no part of it has been expended for the benefit of this part of Greece.

At the head of the Gulf, to the right, lies the Isthmus; and beyond it the Ægean Sea, with rocky islets scattered among its blue waters. The Isthmus does not appear more than four miles in breadth. How easy it would be to unite the two seas by a railroad, or even a canal, I think would be practicable. If a colony of Yankees were to establish itself in these parts, six months would not elapse, when the journey from Patrass to Athens would be performed in fourteen hours, and without the smallest fatigue. Whereas at present, it is impossible to accomplish it in less than five days, and at a cost of forty-six hours on horseback, subject to the risk of swollen rivers,—a tumble over a

precipice,—bandits—and fleas worse than bandits. The horizon to the south is bounded by a range of hills, neither varied in outline, nor grand from its height. On the whole, however, the view is superb, and amply repays the labour of ascent. Between the two summits of the rock, are the ruins of a considerable tower: the fortification wall which encloses the citadel, though now entire, is crumbling fast into decay. A few rusty guns are the only weapons of war to be seen; and these are kept merely for firing an occasional salute. I was much struck with the number of beautiful flowers every where to be seen clinging to the naked rock, or insinuating themselves into ruined clefts, and not a few blooming in fragrant loveliness on the top of the highest eminence, despite the frozen glances of Parnassus. There is a second hill, at some distance from the Acro-Corinthus, on whose top are the ruins of a watch-tower, communicating with the former by a subterranean passage, the mouth of which I saw. It is very scrambling work to get up even to the lowest of the two peaks; but if the traveller content himself with the view from this point, he will not see the Isthmus at all. Consequently the line of ocean appears continuous, and he loses the finest part of the picture; neither will he see the town of Corinth, which is also a very striking feature in

the panorama, unless he descend from the lower and climb to the highest summit. From this point the eye embracts the whole at a glance, and can also trace each feature in detail. I do not know the height of the Acropolis, but I should imagine the summit cannot be under 1500 feet above the level of the gulf. It must be a *triste* abode for the officer and half a dozen men who now compose the whole garrison.

ATHENS, *May* 10.—Left Corinth at nine A. M. on the 8th, without waiting for Mr Green's reply, having been informed by two young Irish gentlemen (the Messrs Barton), who arrived from Napoli, that Athens was in quarantine only when approached by sea. It is in the island of Poros where the plague has shown itself. I quitted Corinth in company with the Messrs B. Ten hours brought us to Megara. The path, after crossing the Isthmus, is pretty and romantic, along the sea—through groves of wild rhododendron. and can boast of two of the finest fig-trees in Europe. On approaching Megara, the track becomes dangerous, winding along the brink of cliffs, and up the face of an almost perpendicular precipice, where we had to dismount and walk about a mile. The Corinth landlord had cautioned me to beware, telling me that two *gens-d'armes*, with their horses, had fallen

over the precipice a few months ago. This may very well have happened, but if a man be *sober*, and have daylight, there is no earthly danger. It reminded me of the path leading from Pool Ewe to the head of Loch Maree, in Ross-shire, which, by the way, I never travelled, but, from the description of the boy that attended me on a fishing campaign on the Ewe, it must be something like that in question. I asked him if there was a road to the head of the loch; "Oo aye, sir." "Is it a cart-road?" said I. "Oo no, sir, there's a pairt o't that a man himsel 'il no be very canny on!" I was highly amused at the idea of a *road* which was dangerous even for the pedestrian. We reached Megara at seven. What a city! a vast chaos of roofless houses—more desolate even than Corinth, and yet it is but nine hours' journey from the capital. We dined in the kitchen of the inn on one of my invaluable canisters of soup, and lay down in our clothes in a room above. The fleas, as usual, were in myriads, but I slept in spite of them.

"How use doth breed a habit in a man!"

At six A. M. yesterday, we set out for Athens. A ride of four hours brought us to a new road, the first and only one I had seen in Greece. I was panting for a sight of Athens. On approaching Rome, I felt strongly and strangely excited; but Athens, as the mother of Rome, claims a higher

enthusiasm. At length, after a ride of seven hours, on turning the shoulder of a hill, I looked down on the plain below: first a long forest of olives, beyond which lay Athens, reposing at the foot of the Acropolis: on the left of the town Mount Lycabettus, with its double peak, and behind the city, the far-famed Hymettus. Loath am I to confess that my sanguine expectations were far from realized. And is *that* Athens,

> "the eye of Greece,
> Mother of arts and eloquence?"

The town is a mere cluster of shabby houses, without steeple, or spire, or prominent feature; and even the rock of the Acropolis looked small and insignificant, its real proportions being veiled by the much greater height and extent of Hymettus in the back ground. As we neared the town, the columns of the Parthenon looked venerable and grand, certainly, but, on the whole, the first view of Athens has few charms for the eye; and, in spite of ourselves, the eye is the first to form an opinion. It was in vain that I reasoned thus with myself,—"How expect to find a fine city, where every house was prostrate seven years ago?" But if the eye were disappointed, what a mental treat in the associations of its past greatness and renown! Others may have tasted this rich repast, for myself, I confess the chief pleasure I derived

from the sight of the Greek capital, was in the immediate prospect of a clean and comfortable bed. We put up at the "Hotel de France," a palace compared with the inns of Corinth and Megara. After a delicious ablution, and excellent dinner, I strolled as far as the Temple of Theseus. This is a perfect gem of architecture—to my eye the *beau idéal* of the "simplex munditiis" style. The columns are all standing (so are the walls also), six at each end, and twelve, I think, at the two sides, of the most beautiful Doric order.

At eight o'clock I went to the theatre—a rude wooden circus in a half-finished state—on purpose to see their Hellenic Majesties. It was past nine before the Royal party arrived, but the house was so miserably lighted, that I had not a very good view of the King and Queen. Otho appeared to me a better-looking man than his mint makes him, and his consort, owing, I suppose, to the cap she wore, looked more old and matronly than her years would lead one to expect. Rope-dancing, the most wretched of all amusements, was the only entertainment, and I soon made my exit. A clean bed and soft slumbers have made me forget the fatigues of the road, and I now prepare to visit the lions of Athens.

May 11.—Engaged all yesterday and to-day in *ruinising.* Went first to the remains of the Temple of Jupiter Olympus. Sixteen columns are all

now standing of the original 120. They are most beautiful—of the richest Corinthian order—and, judging from a rough span with my arms, about nineteen feet in circumference—sixty feet in height—formed of round blocks of Pentelic marble, varying from fifteen to twenty to each pillar; the shafts are fluted, and the capitals, although having a close general resemblance, all differ in the details of their ornaments. Three of the columns stand at some distance from the others, and these are by far the fairest to look on. The rest are united by architraves laid across without abacus. This injures the effect. Surely it is an error in taste to lay enormous stones upon Corinthian capitals; this elegant and showy order being but ill suited to the support of a heavy load. Neither is durability associated with this species of architecture. It is all for show, or ought to be so; whereas the Doric, beautiful and simple as it is, combines solidity with grace. The one is like the dashing woman, whose entrance into the ball-room fascinates every eye—but, in a little while, the gaze of admiration falls upon the timid and retiring belle by her side, who, though less showy than her rival, is equally beautiful, while qualities more enduring than beauty, beam in her chastened countenance. To *admire*, I would have the Corinthian; but to be really *in love*, it must be with the Doric.

There is something very remarkable in the colour of the Athenian ruins—a sort of brown rust which covers a large portion of the marble columns, leaving the remainder almost white. The softening effect of this is admirable in all points of view. I lingered a long time among these majestic columns, but, if a wish could have done it, I would have pulled down all the architraves. The arch of Hadrian is a graceful but tiny edifice, and by no means harmonizes with the noble columns to which it conducts. I next strayed along the banks of the Ilissus, and here I expected to find a murmuring stream. Milton's poetic description was in my mind—

> "There Ilissus rolls his whispering stream;"

but lo! there was not one drop of water in its forsaken channel. Hymettus, too, is much beholden to Milton—

> "There, flowery hill Hymettus, with the sound
> Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invite
> To studious musing."

A more uninteresting and scraggy looking mountain need hardly be seen than the said Hymettus. It forms a long monotonous ridge of great extent, with no visible vegetation upon its sides. Nothing but rock and some stunted shrubs to be seen from Athens, from which its base is about two miles distant. As yet I have neither seen its flowers, nor

heard the hum of its bees. I have tasted of their honey, however; it was served at breakfast yesterday morning;—not pure and pellucid in the virgin comb, like the sweets of the heather-bell, that the bees of Scotia love to gather, but a dark and dingy liquid in a glass tumbler—in colour, and taste also, resembling a mixture of jalap. From the Ilissus, I returned to the town, and visited the "Stoa of Adrian," or what had been such; for to-day there are but seven Corinthian pillars standing, and these are built into a wall of which they form a part. The stranger might pass and repass without their attracting his observation. In the vicinity is the Temple of Æolus, a small octagon with bas-reliefs representing the eight winds. I next visited the Lantern of Demosthenes, or Diogenes, as some call it—a sweet little temple with Ionic columns; and lastly a Doric gateway of handsome pillars, which my cicerone informed me once led to the ancient market-place.

These are all the ruins not included in the Acropolis. It was only to-day that I got access to that renowned rock—a pass from Mr Pittaki, the curator of ruins, being necessary in order to visit it. On entering the lower gate, the first ruin is the "Odeum of Regilla," a picturesque wall, but without pillars or ornament. It forms a part of the exterior wall at the back of the rock. On entering

the second gate, the eye is immediately arrested and charmed by the beautiful little "Temple of Victory" on the right, and the majestic columns of the propylæa in front; the former has been restored by the ingenuity of Pittaki, from fragments that had been smothered by rubbish. Where portions of the shafts had been awanting, they are replaced by modern joinings, but so artfully, that the whole temple has quite the appearance of antiquity. It is very small, and of the beautiful Ionic order. On passing through the Doric columns of the "Propylæa," and ascending a slight eminence, the Parthenon in all its glory bursts upon the view. I passed several hours lingering around this sublime ruin. The *enceinte* of the temple is an oblong square, 228 feet in length, and enclosed by a peristyle of columns of Pentelic marble,—some entire,—some shattered by the shot and shells of the Turks, and a great number on both sides either altogether amissing, or broken into fragments by an explosion which happened during the revolution. In the centre of the temple stands a small Turkish mosque, destined I would fain hope to a speedy fall. The circumference of the pillars is, according to Pittaki (with whom I had a long conversation on the spot), six feet two inches; and their height, thirty-four feet. This does not accord with what is said to be the true proportion of the Doric shaft,

which ought to be six diameters in length; and yet, who could find fault with the dimensions here? a more fastidious eye than mine, truly. Perhaps the two grandest monuments of antiquity are the Temple of Karnak, at ancient Thebes, and the Parthenon at Athens. While seated musing on a marble block, at the foot of one of the columns, I tried to bring Karnak in juxtaposition, for the purpose of comparison. It is difficult to say which is the most remarkable, for both are excellent, though in different ways. The Egyptians aimed more at solidity and durability than grace. The Greeks combined these qualities; and yet, if the wand of a magician were to transport Karnak to the top of the Acropolis, the effect on the minds of most men would be far more astonishing than that produced by the contemplation of the Parthenon. The immense number of its pillars, and their gigantic proportions, with the multiplicity of reliefs, representing heroes, gods, and battle scenes, more than compensate for the absence of chastity of design. On the other hand, the Parthenon is built of pure Pentelic marble; the pillars consist of single blocks, laid one above another, and not built of masonry, like those of Karnak; situate on a bold and abrupt rock, it looks down upon a cultivated plain, hemmed in by a triple range of mountains, with the blue Ægean, studded with islands,

and famous for victories: the classic grove of Academus, the Lyceum, the Acropolis, the Bema of Demosthenes, are at its base, while the Acro-Corinthus, and the snowy range of Cithæron, are seen in the far distance: Add to these tangible objects, the associations connected with the renown of the Republic, and the glory of its citizens,—and there is a moral charm in the contemplation of the Parthenon, not to be found in the obscure traditions of the Egyptian temple. Judging from the architecture of the two countries, one would suppose that the Egyptians were a powerful but not a refined people; for a nation distinguished by refinement in taste, would hardly think of building a Pyramid, when the same materials, and infinitely less labour, would suffice for a hundred temples and monumental ornaments. The architecture of the Greeks, on the other hand, not only bespeaks power, but also the attainment of the highest excellence in art, and elegance of taste.

To the left of the Parthenon, and nearer the edge of the rock, stands the "Erectheion," which, though irregularly built, is a most elegant little temple; indeed, it comprises two distinct temples, according to the learned. On one wing there are five or six Cariatides of fine sculpture, and the Ionic columns, Pittaki described to me as the purest of that graceful order in existence. A number of labourers, under the direction of Pittaki, are constantly em-

ployed in clearing away the rubbish, and repairing the monuments of the Acropolis. Otho shews his good taste in applying himself to the restoration of these ancient and still splendid ruins. Indeed, they form the chief attraction of his capital, for the modern Athens is as paltry a town as can well be imagined,—a confined irregular cluster of streets, rubbish, and bye-ways. It is true that buildings and improvements are in rapid progress, and that a few years will materially change the aspect of the city, which, in the mean time, cannot boast of more than half a dozen large commodious houses. The royal residence is more like the dwelling of a citizen than the abode of a monarch; but the foundations are laid of a new palace, which has already made considerable progress, although the quantity of scaffolding surrounding the building prevents the plan of its construction from being seen. It stands on the rising ground between the base of Lycabettus and the Acropolis,—the best site, I think, that could have been selected.

Reports arrived to-day that a party of soldiers escorting treasure, were attacked and plundered by the brigands on the Isthmus of Corinth, the day after I had traversed it, and that two or three of the party were murdered.

A letter from the Consul at Napoli, informs me that, in consequence of the plague at Poros, the

British packet is forbidden to take passengers on board from Patrass. This places me in an awkward dilemma, for I cannot return to Malta, and I brought with me no more funds than were necessary for the trip to Athens and back to Malta. I must in consequence go on to Smyrna or Constantinople,—no great punishment, were I only possessed of the "sinews of war."

May 12.—Passed all forenoon on the Acropolis, and afterwards drove down to the Piræus in a London-built omnibus, which makes three or four trips daily to that classic port. Went on board H. Majesty's ship "Portland," to deliver a note of introduction to Captain M'Adam of the Marines. What a beautiful vessel the Portland is! Never have I stood on such a quarter-deck. It made me feel proud of my country, to witness such a model of cleanliness and order as that noble ship presented. Having to return again by the omnibus, I had only the pleasure of a five minutes' conversation with Captain M'A., whose kind manner, and Scotch accent, prepossessed me much in his favour.

This evening I drank tea with Rev. Mr Hill, an American missionary, who has, I understand, established schools on a great scale at Athens: these I hope soon to visit.

May 15.—Received to-day a most timely remittance of cash from my kind friend and fellow-pri-

soner Mr P. Stewart, who had the providence to forward a supply in case of emergencies. This has set my mind at ease, and I now wait the first favourable opportunity of visiting the capital of Turkey. I can easily return to Malta by the new line of French Government Packets, which has already commenced plying, and the length of my quarantine will probably be no greater, arriving from Turkey than from Greece.

Yesterday forenoon I attended divine service at the house of the Rev. Mr Hill. There is no English church at Athens; indeed, there are scarcely any residents to form a congregation. The service, after the Episcopal form, was conducted by Mr Hill. In the afternoon I rode to the foot of Hymettus, and to the summits of the various small hills to the south-west of the Acropolis, the monument of Philopappus, Pnyx, &c. up the bed of the Ilyssus, and round the Stadium. In the evening I had the honour of dining with Sir Edmund Lyons, the British Minister—a civility on the part of his Excellency which I had no reason to expect, for I came to Athens without any introduction or recommendation. But Sir E. is celebrated for his attention to his wandering countrymen. Several Greek gentlemen were of the party, all of whom (with one exception), spoke French fluently. In the evening I had the plea-

sure of being introduced to General Church, who holds both a high military and civil appointment under the Greek Government, and is a gentleman of polished manners and agreeable conversation.

To-day I visited the military hospital,—a large substantial, and rather imposing edifice, at the back of the Acropolis. It has accommodations for three hundred sick; but at present many of the wards are empty, and yet the beds in such as were occupied, approached so close as almost to touch each other. The walls were encumbered with the clothes of the patients,—a slovenly practice that should never be tolerated in any hospital,—more especially in a climate like that of Greece. Almost all the windows were shut, and this, added to the unnecessary crowding of the wards, made the air feel sickly and oppressive. The patients were nearly all Bavarian soldiers, with a scanty sprinkling only of Greeks. The latter have such a hatred of their German brethren, that they can with difficulty be persuaded to occupy the same tenement. Every Greek with whom I have spoken, has complained grievously of these foreign bayonets; and indeed I do not wonder at their discontent. The streets and cafés of Athens literally swarm with Bavarian officers—swaggering, vulgar-looking fellows, who, I am quite sure, would not be admitted into good society in their own country, and who

devour the revenues of Greece, and yet affect to despise the country that supports them. I firmly believe that if Otho do not take an early opportunity of *chass*'ing the German auxiliaries, the Greeks in their despair will try to get rid of his Majesty. On coming to the throne, he should have followed the example of Bernadotte, and identified himself with the feelings and interests of the people he was called on to rule. The Greeks are a warm and confiding people; and had their young monarch evinced a disposition to entrust himself entirely to his new subjects, he would, at the very outset of his reign, have gained possession of their affections,—thereby rendering the task of governing a distracted and unsettled country infinitely less difficult and embarrassing. More than one Greek gentleman has made this remark to me, and I can fully enter into its justice. If I had a voice in the Parliament of England, I would never vote another fraction to Greece, while its soil was polluted by a foreign soldier. If the £800,000 already *lent*, were really expended in Greece, it must have been these hungry troops that consumed it; for, with the exception of the hospital and mint, and a few miles of road towards Megara, I have seen no evidence of outlay on the part of the government. I asked a Greek the other day what had been done with the loans of the Three Powers,—he replied significantly that

an hospital for the Bavarian soldiers had been built out of them.

This evening I rode round the environs, up to the rocky peak of Lycabettus, and afterwards to the base of Pentelicus. Here I met the Queen on horseback, attended by the chamberlain and two grooms. I came so suddenly on the royal party as to have hardly time to give way, and take my hat off to her Majesty. The Queen is a rosy, plump, and pretty person, apparently not above nineteen, and the picture of health. The chamberlain returned my salute, but his mistress seemed frightened at my uncouth beard, and passed without bowing. I can conceive few situations for a young princess more desolate than hers; for with the exception of her own immediate dependants, she can have little society within, and no amusements without,—not even an opera, or any "spectacle" of a higher order than rope-dancing! Surely this is not the country for a monarchy!

May 17.—The weather continues fine,—that is to say, warm and dry; but the air is thick and hazy, and oppressive to breathe. Strange that I have not yet had the good luck to see a single fine sunset in Greece! Hence, I cannot realize the beautiful description given by Byron in the opening stanzas of the "Curse of Minerva." Yesterday forenoon I paid a visit to Mr Hill's princi-

pal school, where I had the pleasure of witnessing a most interesting sight. The schoolhouse is a large substantial building, containing a number of apartments of various sizes. All these were full of children from the ages of four up to fifteen. In the first room I entered, there were about a hundred boys and girls, none of them to appearance more than seven years old, and the greater part considerably under that age. This constitutes the "infant class," where the children are taught the alphabet previous to removal to a more advanced division; there are various smaller apartments occupied exclusively by girls, who are taught reading and writing, and the elements of arithmetic and geography. In the intervals of their lessons, they are employed in sewing, and making little ornamental articles of dress. Miss Baldwin, a young American lady, who, in the absence of Mrs Hill, is directress of the establishment, conducted me to the various compartments, and explained the manner of instruction, and the general discipline of the institution. Each room has one or two monitresses, according to its size. These are young Greek damsels from fifteen to eighteen years of age, who have all been educated and brought up in the family of Mr Hill purposely to act as teachers. I saw six or seven of them, and was much struck with their pretty, tidy, and modest appearance. I re-

mained nearly an hour in the establishment, eagerly scanning the character of the Greek countenance. Indeed, it is only in such a place that the stranger has an opportunity of judging of the females,—for an adult Greek woman is a rarity that one seldom meets in the streets of Athens. In the infant class, I saw some beautiful children, and two or three very pretty girls among the more advanced in years; but although the Greek countenance is certainly pretty as far as regularity of feature, and a large dark eye constitute beauty, judging from what I have seen, I should say the women were devoid of expression. They are too much like painted dolls,—prettily painted I admit; but with very little soul or intelligence. This may be owing to the neglect of education, so common among all classes; and probably if the schoolmaster were to do his part, as well as nature has done her's, the Greek women might be the handsomest in Europe. Meantime I should say, the children are beautiful, because in the face of a child we do not look for expression. And yet the countenance which we call Grecian in England, is not the countenance of the Greek women; at all events, of the women of the Morea, among whom I have not yet seen one with a *classical* Grecian countenance.

What chiefly struck me in the school of Mr Hill, was the perfect decorum and attention to their

studies that prevailed among all ages. In other countries—in Britain, certainly—the entrance of a stranger is the signal for all sorts of pranks and sly jokes, particularly in a boys' school, and the chances are, some hardy youth will pelt him with paper pellets, while the others are content with simply leering at and quizzing him. Here, on the contrary, my entrance did not call a single eye from the book, or if it did fall on me for a moment, it was only to resume its place the instant after.

Does this state of things result from a natural docility of character, or from the excellent system of discipline pursued? I put the question to Miss Baldwin, who attributed much of the order and propriety I was admiring to the former of these causes. She assured me, that so easy was the task of reducing her young flock to habits of attention and subordination, that her situation, far from being an irksome one, was the most delightful she could desire. No means of punishment are resorted to, except that of putting the offender in a corner for a few minutes, and even this lenient measure is rarely necessary. She spoke also in high terms of the quickness of the children—their exceeding aptitude to learn, and eagerness to come to school. They are all, or nearly all, of the poorest class. Nothing is paid, and no control is exercised except in-doors; and yet the number of

truants is but trifling. The school is constructed to contain 700, but the average daily attendance does not exceed 500. Of course, a great proportion of the remaining 200, being the children of the indigent, are often employed in aiding their parents to procure the means of support; and cannot therefore be looked upon as truants. Seven years have hardly elapsed since the school was first established, and yet there are now children in daily attendance, whose mothers had been pupils in the same place. This certainly does not indicate an indifference on the part of the poor to the education of their offspring. On the contrary, in proportion as instruction is diffused, so will the appetite for knowledge increase.

It is in such an institution as the admirable one of Mr Hill, that I would come to study the Greek character. The traveller who passes through the country, comes in contact only with men whose "bon naturel" has been perverted by ignorance, hardened by misfortunes, or degraded by a barbarous rule: hence, though the fount be pure and transparent, the stream in its course has become polluted and foul, through a combination of causes no longer existing. The sullen and bigoted Turk is for ever expelled from this fair territory, and Greece is now admitted into the European family. Let the government only do its duty by dismissing

the foreign soldiery, extending the political privileges of its subjects, and, above all, by diligently applying itself to the promotion of education, and the extension of knowledge, and I have no doubt, that, with so goodly a foundation to build upon, the Greek people in another generation, may be made to rank with any nation in Europe in the arts of civilization and the moral virtues. Even as they now are, I have not discovered the deceit, and lying, and cunning, which it is the fashion among travellers to ascribe to the Greeks. I find them a cheerful, lively, and intelligent people; and as for their knavery, I have often been worse cheated in my own country. The worst feature in their character is superstition. Their religion appears to have even more mummery than the Catholic, and the grossest superstition influences their private actions and feelings. If a horse fall sick, the owner walks him three times round the Temple of Theseus, as an infallible cure; and there is an ancient marble column overlooking the olive grove, the shaft of which is always covered with shreds and patches placed there as amulets by the friends of the sick. But all this is the effect of ignorance. Enlighten the mind, and superstition will fall to the ground. In proof of this, Miss Baldwin told me that the young girls, generally twenty in number, who are brought up in Mr Hill's

family, in proportion as they advance in knowledge, and their minds are opened to the full value of the Scriptures, lay aside many of the formalities of their religion, without any reasoning or remonstrance on the part of their teachers, but wholly from a conviction of their worthlessness. So will it be with the mass of the nation, when they are taught to know and believe, that true religion consists, not in the observance of an idle and cold ceremonial, but in the aspirations of a contrite heart, and an abiding sense of the Saviour's presence.

The last apartment I visited was occupied by about a hundred boys of various ages—all busy with their lessons under the superintendence of two male teachers. Here the same order and decorum prevailed as among the girls. At three o'clock the whole school was dismissed for the day, the hours of attendance being from nine till three. I stood at the outer-door admiring the quiet and orderly manner in which the numerous flock filed into the court; but I was especially interested and amused by the grave and becoming demeanour of the infant class, which marched out in double-line, keeping time with the feet, and clapping their little hands. On arriving at the door, the boys took off their caps to the monitresses, and the little girls dropped a curtsey. I do not know when I have

been more gratified than by my visit to this most interesting academy; nor can too much praise be bestowed on Mr and Mrs Hill, who arrived at Athens when there was but one roofed house in the ruined chaos. Here they took up their abode, and by their united benevolence, and energy of character, commenced those labours, of which they now reap such abundant fruits. This is true philanthropy, and *these* are the deeds that pave the way to heaven. Let all missionaries do the like, and the land of the heathen, instead of being choked with the rank weeds of superstition, will blossom with the roses of faith. To preach sermons to full-grown men, is to preach to the winds. Begin at the beginning—fashion the mind while it is young and plastic. Leave the aged to the errors of their fathers; but "train up the young and the rising generation in the way in which they should go, and, when they are old, they will not depart from it."

May 18.—Yesterday afternoon I rode round the environs with Sir Edwin Pearson. Horses are always to be found ready saddled near the palm tree:

> "Near Theseus's fane, yon solitary palm."

By the way there is not a more picturesque object in Athens than this said palm tree; a dozen such scattered over the town, would take much from the

monotony of its aspect when viewed from a height or distance. Two drachmas (1s. 4d. English) is the charge for a ride of a couple of hours; for which moderate sum the stranger may visit as often as he pleases every remarkable place and object in the vicinity of the city. We rode first to the classic eminences at the foot of the Acropolis, and, alighting from our horses, examined the position of the various open assemblies that were wont to be held in the days of the Republic's glory. What a multitude of interesting associations belong to that small space! Here is the "Areopagus," where the members of that august assembly held their open sittings, and from which St Paul boldly reproached the Athenians for their superstition, "Ye men of Athens! I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious; for as I passed by and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, 'TO THE UNKNOWN GOD;' whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, *him* declare I unto you." The Pnyx, from whence Solon promulgated his laws—the Bema, on which Demosthenes and Pericles were wont to harangue the eager citizens—and in a cave in the rock hard by, the prison where—"Athens, thy wisest breathed his last"—all these are here congregated. It is little wonder that Athens was so renowned for her orators, seeing that

they addressed their countrymen from a spot so full of natural as well as historical inspiration. Even now, the scene is one of imposing beauty. What must it have been *then*, when the eye of the speaker fell everywhere on monuments of art—temples and statues innumerable, of which no traces now exist, and whose excellence and grace of proportion succeeding nations have in vain attempted to approach—when the conquering fleets of Salamis were anchored behind him—and the victorious armies of Marathon encamped in his front? Some of the features still remain the same—the mountains, the sea, and the sky, continue unchanged; but, alas! how few of the monuments of art have escaped the destroying tooth of time, and the more destroying hand of man! The Parthenon, indeed, is still here to attest the ancient glories of the City of Minerva; but the goddess herself, although formerly three statues of her existed in the Acropolis, has left no visible trace of her once protecting ægis.

After standing for some time on the Bema of Demosthenes (a square portion of naked rock, with four steps cut in its side), we examined a second Bema, a little distance behind, and higher up the hill. From it the Piræus, with the Ægean and its islands, are distinctly seen; so that Themistocles, if this were (as the learned suppose) *his* Bema, had ample opportunities of rhetorical effect, for he had

only to look round and point to the scene of his victory—to "thy glorious gulf, unconquered Salamis!" What is called the prison of Socrates, is a triple cavern dug in the face of a perpendicular rock, between the Pnyx and hill of the Museum. I do not know that there is any authority for the tradition; however, I climbed over the paling that closes the entrance, and *believed* myself in the identical spot where the philosopher drank the fatal hemlock. It is now a sheep-pen! From the monument of Philopappus, we descended to the back of the Acropolis, and examined the site of the famous theatre which occupied the south-east slope at the foot of the rock. There is nothing to mark the site of a theatre now visible, although, if the rubbish were cleared away, the seat and semicircular form of their arrangement would be exposed. Above the slope of the theatre is a large cavern in the rock, immediately over which stand two marble columns, which formerly supported tripods dedicated to Bacchus by the successful Choragi.

We continued our ride up the banks of the Ilissus. Where now are the Muse Ilissiades? Dead of thirst, no doubt! for the channel of Ilissus is entirely dry. I dismounted to drink at the fountain of Callirrhoe, close by the river's bed; but here the frogs have usurped the place of the Muses; a number of these nasty animals leaped into the

water, which I drank, nevertheless. My horse was not so classical, and took the opportunity of scampering up the hill in the direction of the Olympic Columns as fast as he could gallop. My pursuit would have been vain, had not a young Athenian, who was tending some cattle in the neighbourhood, sprang forward, and caught hold of the reins. Having lingered some time among the Olympic Pillars, we followed the course of the Ilyssus, and crossing its dry bed, rode to the Stadium, where the Panathenaic games and horse and chariot racing were wont to be held. From the extremity of the eastern arm of the Stadium, the finest view of Athens and its vicinity is, I think, to be had. Riding round from the western side, the various objects gradually open upon the eye, till at length the beholder, arrived at the extremity, sees at a single glance, every famous object excepting the Temple of Theseus which is concealed by the Acropolis. I have frequently been on this spot to watch the setting sun, but have never seen him go down in his glory. Close to the Stadium, and separated only by the Ilyssus, is an English burying-place, consisting of a portion of ground enclosed by a stone wall, without taste or embellishment. Why not plant a few cypresses in it? Almost the only tenant it yet possesses is a countryman, whose tomb I visited in company with Mr Hill.

Still following the bed of the river, we arrived at the site of the Lyceum—the famous abode of Aristotle and the Peripatetics. No place could have been better adapted to study and contemplation; for, from the hollow on either side of the river, neither Athens, nor any of its remarkable objects, can be seen. There was nothing to distract the dreams of the sage, who might pursue his meditations under the shade of majestic palm trees, and by the side of a meandering stream. To-day, alas! there are no trees, and the murmuring brook is a dry and sandy channel.

A little farther on, but removed from the Ilyssus, is the supposed site of the Cynosarges, where the Cynic philosophers held their school; and hard by, near the base of Lycabettus, the Athenian army encamped, after descending Mount Pentelicus, on its return from the glorious plains of Marathon.

It was now late, and we regained the town, passing by the new palace of the King. I have seldom enjoyed a ride so much. It was impossible to visit so many renowned places, and see so many fair objects, without experiencing a more than ordinary excitement and pleasure. To me it was also a very profitable ride; for I was indebted to the extensive classical knowledge of Sir E. P., and his accurate acquaintance with the topography of Athens, for

much information as to its past history and present localities. He who has forgotten the studies of his youth, or who has never had the advantage of a classical education, necessarily loses much of the interest that attaches to visiting Greece. The great charm it possesses is not in the contemplation of her material beauties, but in the associations connected with her ancient glory. I envy the feelings of the learned Oxonian, as he treads in the footsteps of sages, orators, and heroes, whose words and actions are more familiar than the every-day events enacting at his elbow: but how few such find their way from the "leisure of the academic grove," to visit the theatre of events on which their thoughts so continually dwell? For myself, I belong to the category of those who learned Greek only to forget it. I cannot, therefore, boast of a high degree of enthusiasm; nevertheless, enough remains in my memory to shed a certain halo over the soil and the ruins of Attica.

Drank tea with Sir E. P.; and in the evening was asked by Mr Hill, (of whose active benevolence I have witnessed many examples) to visit the child of a Greek gentleman of some consideration. He accompanied me to the house, where I met in consultation one of the court physicians, a German, and two Greek medical men. The child was "in articulo mortis," from an acute affection of the

brain. Before entering, I had anticipated that the case was one of much urgency and danger, from the crowd of anxious relatives and friends of both sexes, that filled the passage, and every room of the house. This is, to say the least of it, an ill-judged testimony of friendship. Dr Whitmore, Otho's physician, detailed the progress of the malady in French, and the treatment that had been followed. The latter was judicious and energetic; but as the eyes of the poor child were fast fixing in death, I came away without recommending anything. This morning I learned that it had died in the course of the night. It was an only child, and the sole hope of its bereaved parents.

May 20.—The French steamer has not made its appearance, and some doubts are entertained if it will come at all. My hopes are now fixed on an Austrian boat daily expected from Trieste, on its way to Constantinople. Meanwhile time passes very agreeably. The more I see of Athens, the more I am charmed with its soft climate, and interesting associations. I have been many times on the Acropolis,—(all the details of which are now familiar to me), where I enjoy the pleasure of sauntering and idling among the ruins without other object, than that of communing with antiquity.

The day before yesterday I accompanied Mr Hill to a monastery at the foot of Hymettus, about six miles from Athens. It is a lovely spot, and sufficiently removed from the haunts of men to be the retreat of a hermit or misanthrope. The little church stands in a court overshadowed by vines and fig-trees—olives and myrtles. The monk was from home, but we regaled ourselves with a draught of cool and delicious water from a fountain built in the wall, and gushing from a ram's head cut in marble. The sun was too hot for us to attempt reaching the summit of Hymettus, but we ascended a sufficient height to command a fine view of the city and surrounding country. I prefer looking on Athens from a nearer point of view—the total absence of spire, or other prominent feature, gives to the town, when seen from a distance, a meaner aspect than it even deserves. On the slope of the hill are scattered a few pines, mulberry trees, and one firm Athenian poplar twelve feet in circumference. I saw no trees; but there were flowers in abundance: especially the "stinking *Arum*," which grows here in great profusion and luxuriance. Well and appropriately is it named; for I think it would puzzle modern chemistry, advanced as is the science, to produce, by any combination of nauseous substances, so horrible an odour as is

exhaled from the beautiful flower of the Arum. I had never smelt it before, and never certainly shall the memory of it pass from my nostrils.

On our return to Athens, we paid a visit to Dr Roeser the chief court-physician, to whom I was introduced by Mr Hill. I remained for some time talking on the medical statistics of Athens. About a year ago a monthly medical periodical, published in the Greek tongue, was established. I saw some of the numbers at the house of Dr Mavrocordato, a Greek physician who had been educated in France, and a gentleman of much professional zeal and intelligence. Dr M. is the editor and principal conductor of the journal, and also Professor of Anatomy in the New College, which was formally opened by the King in person, on the 15th of this month Lectures in the various departments of medicine and science are now about to commence, and degrees in Medicine are to be conferred after a curriculum of five years. This is always an onward move, and will secure to Greece the benefit of practitioners of education, instead of the egregious charlatans who now exercise the "Divine art" in the land of Hippocrates. The University is also to grant degrees in Divinity and Laws Of the newspaper-press, I have procured a few examples. One of the principal journals is printed in Greek

and German—another in Greek and French. The politics of the latter are violent opposition, and the tone and language bold and fearless. Indeed, the press appears to be quite free in Greece. The bench is also independent. These are certainly two of the pillars of a free government, and yet the King is all-powerful, having no representative body to control him. There is, indeed, a Council of State, but the nomination of the members rests with the Crown. This seems a sufficiently anomalous state of things, and one not likely to last long. The press being free, a constitution must inevitably follow. If Otho would only get rid of the Bavarian troops, and grant his subjects a constitution, he would become one of the most popular monarchs in Europe. Even now I have never heard him spoken of by the Greeks in other terms than of respect and attachment, as far as his person is concerned; but though an amiable and well-intentioned young man, he has not sufficient energy and firmness of character to shake off the German dictation. The dismissal of the late prime-minister Count Armansberg, was a step fraught with evil consequences for unhappy Greece. His Majesty is now aware of this; but the deed, which originated at Munich, is done, and time must develope the results of his successor's administration;—from all I can learn, no good is likely to come from it.

I rose this morning at five o'clock, by appointment with Dr Roëser, who was to call, and ride with me to examine a saline spring he has discovered near Phalerum, and to visit some marshes in the same vicinity, which he has in contemplation to drain. But the Doctor, though a most learned and benevolent man, is occasionally oblivious of his engagements, when not of a professional character, and, accordingly, he did not make his appearance. My horse being at the door, I rode to the Olive Grove, and traversed in various directions the portion supposed to have been the famous Academy where Plato composed his dialogues, and taught philosophy. The exact site is not known; but in order to make sure of treading in the footsteps of the sage, I traversed the grove in every direction. No tree is so tenacious of life as the olive. When the branches decay, or cease to bear, the trunk is cut across a few feet from the ground, and a new set of shoots springs up. I saw many in my ride this morning, as old, I verily believe, as the Philosopher himself: some in particular where the trunks were hollowed out to mere shells, supported chiefly by the bark, and yet sending forth numerous and vigorous shoots. In the intervals among the trees, there occur frequent patches of barley and vines: the former is now almost ripe. Outside the grove, where there is no impediment to the full effect of

the sun, several fields of barley have been already cut:—this speaks much for the mildness of the Athenian climate. In the course of my ride, which I prolonged to several hours, I had the pleasure of leaping my horse many times over the Cephissus. Aptly, indeed, has Byron called it the "meek Cephissus:"—it is a mere ditch, full of frogs and stagnant water. On my way home, I passed a Greek priest perched on the top of a load of grass, which he had cut in the wood for his horse: the animal was now carrying home its own breakfast, and his reverence on the top of it. The other evening I saw another holy man quietly sitting on the ground, and holding the tether of his horse, to let him eat the grass skirting the corn-fields. The Apostles could not have been more primitive in their manners. In the afternoon I returned on foot with Sir E. P. to the Academy, in whose soft and shady retirement we sauntered away many hours—each returning to the town with an olive stick of his own cutting, as a souvenir of old Plato.

May 23.—On my back all yesterday and to-day, from a sprained foot. While enjoying a ride in the olive wood on the evening of the 21st, my eye spied a stick more to my mind than the one I had cut the previous day. Descending from my horse, and scrambling up the tree, I succeeded in cutting through the stick; but the branch which

supported me having given way, I fell from a height of about six feet, in such a way as to wrench my left ankle very severely. It was fortunate I had a horse, otherwise I could not have left the grove; and a bed on the grass, even on so classical a couch, would not have been agreeable. The constant application of cold cloths for two days has brought down the swelling, and to-morrow I hope to be on horseback again.

Last Sunday I breakfasted with Mr Hill, and accompanied him to a Sabbath-school for boys in a different part of the town. The boys went through their lessons with much apparent ease; but, although a Testament was put into my hand, the enunciation was so prodigiously rapid, and the pronunciation so totally different from what I had been taught, that I could scarcely follow them. I afterwards went with the ladies of Mr Hill's family to the principal school, where all the children were assembled before Mrs Hill, in Sunday garments, and in the act of singing a hymn previous to dismissal. It was a sight full of beauty and harmony.

Yesterday a tremendous explosion of gunpowder shook the whole city—blew up several houses, killed three persons, and severely scorched several others. Two days previously there was a slight shock of an earthquake. I have been employed during my confinement with "Wordsworth's Athens and At-

tica," a most admirable work—clear, classical, and concise. Mr Hill had the kindness to send it me. I regret much not having seen it sooner.

May 24.—The Austrian steamboat arrived this forenoon, and sails to-morrow morning for Smyrna and Constantinople, touching at the island of Scyra. This is precisely what I desire. Now that the hour of departure is near, I feel loath to quit Athens. It is a city possessing many charms; for in spite of the efforts of time and barbarism to destroy, there remains yet much to interest even the common-place traveller like myself. To-day, accompanied by Dr Roëser, I took a farewell ride round the environs. We visited also the Royal Stables, a fine range of building, and infinitely more like a king's palace than the one now occupied by the Court. There were about thirty horses—the name of each written in large letters at the head of the stall. I observed a Romulus—Remus—Cæsar—and also a Mehemet Ali, and Ibrahim. These last, I thought, signal proofs of royal forgiveness; but probably they might have been presented by the name-fathers. In one wing of the building is the king's pharmacy. Dr Roëser introduced me to Mr Landerer, the "Pharmacien en chef," a most intelligent active young German, with whom I had a long conversation in French. Although only three years in Greece, he has made himself so

thoroughly master of the language, as to give public lectures on materia medica and chemistry. I have no objections to the number of Germans, such as Roëser and Landerer, that the king may have in his service. The former of these gentlemen, from his position at court, is naturally at the head of the profession at Athens; a position which his zeal, and learning, and benevolence of character, eminently entitle him to occupy. I have seldom met with a man uniting these qualities in a higher degree than Roëser. His time, I am told his purse also, is always at the service of the poor, whom he never refuses to visit at their homes, and to whom he also gives medicine and advice at his own house. I have seldom paid him a visit without finding him engaged in these labours of love.

Had an invitation to dine with Sir E. Lyons to-morrow, but as the vessel sails at seven, I am under the necessity of declining his Excellency's civility.

On board the "Arch-Duke Charles,"—Smyrna Roads, May 27.—Sailed from the Piræus at midnight on the 25th. New and comfortable boat—built in London—engineers both English—commander an Austrian. Fare to Constantinople twenty-one German dollars; living a dollar a-day extra. Eight or nine passengers—two Englishmen, besides Sir E. P. and myself. One, a German Baron,

A. D. C. of King Otho, who has been suffering for eighteen months from quartan ague, and is returning to Bavaria for change of air. He was recommended to my professional care by Sir Edward Lyons, and likewise by Roeser, who came on board with him. Yesterday was his fever day,—paroxysm came at the usual hour, one P. M., in spite of five grain doses of quinine frequently repeated before the hour of attack, which was milder, however, than usual. The Baron is a most patient sufferer, even to stoicism; and came on board without a particle of medicine, and without a servant to look after him. The spleen is the diseased organ. Fortunately Sir E. P. is rich in quinine.

We anchored in the harbour of Scyra at nine A. M., yesterday, having passed at daylight within two miles of the promontory of Sunium, famous as the scene of Falconer's Shipwreck, and for the beautiful Doric columns of the Temple of Minerva. Scyra is a fine large flourishing town, the largest probably in Greece, and owes its rise to the destruction of Scio and Ipsara during the revolution. The merchants who escaped the massacre of the Turks, having fled to Scyra and settled there, the town has grown up with mushroom rapidity.

We remained all day taking coals on board. After breakfast I went ashore to visit the missionary schools:—these, and a gaudy Greek Church,

being the chief objects of interest in the island. Mr Hill had provided me with introductions to Messrs Robertson and Hillner,—the one an American, the other a Prussian missionary in the service of England. Mr R. is chiefly occupied in superintending a Greek religious press. Mr Hillner's establishment is on a great scale,—larger even than Mr Hill's school at Athens, and under the same admirable discipline. It was a beautiful spectacle, and I was proud to see such an institution under the auspices of my country.

Dined on shore in a wretched Greek inn; but, nevertheless, the best in the island.

This morning we skirted the fine island of Scio, which, before the revolution, was a perfect garden of Eden, but is now a scene of desolation and waste. The hand of the spoiler has been there:—its women and children were butchered; and withered is its loveliness! At five P. M., we anchored in Smyrna Roads. The plague is raging with frightful mortality in the town, and hundreds are dying daily. All the European inhabitants, and many of the Turks, are keeping themselves in strict quarantine, in spite of the Moslem doctrine of predestination. The Austrian Consul came on board; but none of the passengers were allowed to go on shore. I am disappointed with the situation of Smyrna, having heard so much of its beauties. The town is a vast

assemblage of common-place houses, situated on the slope of a barren hill, topped by a castle, and flanked by extensive groves of the mournful cypress, which indicate the site of the burying grounds. There are few mosques of any note. Taking in coals will detain us till to-morrow evening.

Sea of Marmora, May 29.—Sailed from Smyrna at five P. M. yesterday. It was our King's Birth-day, and a salute was fired by all the men-of-war in harbour, in honour of the day. The English passengers drank his Majesty's health in a bumper of Burgundy. No true Briton should neglect this token of loyalty to his sovereign,—especially in foreign parts,—it is a feeling apart from politics, and ought to be the boast of every Englishman.

Emerging from the gulf, we skirted along a fine range of wooded mountains. At midnight I was suddenly seized with violent sickness,—rather an ominous symptom on quitting Smyrna. I had no apprehension of plague myself; but was in great fear lest I should have been overheard. Fortunately I had a cabin to myself, and all were asleep. Sickness lasted for half an hour,—went to bed—slept, and awoke well.

After breakfast to-day, skirted the Asiatic coast, sailing between the isle of Tenedos and main land. Had a distinct view of the ground "ubi Troja fuit," an extensive sloping plain, with an abundant

sprinkling of wood, and here and there some little round hills, or rather hillocks, and Mount Ida in the background. Shortly after we entered the Dardanelles. Two castles guard the first entrance; two guard the second: the latter is the real key, the strait being here not above a mile across. Passed near enough to see some of the huge guns for heaving stone-shot,—such as the granite balls discharged against Duckworth's squadron. The banks on the Asiatic side are the finest; but too distant to be seen in detail. The current runs strong down the strait where Byron swam across; and appeared to me to set rather from the European shore,—its straight course being turned by a small bay which receives the stream above. Pity Byron had not swam from both shores. I doubt if he could have succeeded from the Asiatic side. I am now in the Sea of Marmora:—waters as smooth as a mill-pond,—so have they been all the way from Athens:—delightful sailing truly! We shall be at Constantinople early to-morrow morning, after only sixty hours of steaming from the Piræus. Great are the blessings of steam; but in proportion as it facilitates travelling, so does it take from the opportunities of knowing a people. No man will hire a boat, or ride along shore with a Tartar, who can travel by steam; hence, he flies along, and loses much of the character of the peasantry

and seafaring race. The Baron's fever should have come at one P. M., to-day. I began the quinine at five A. M., and followed it up every two hours, till noon, and he escaped. Probably the sea air may have been the best physic. Living on board is excellent; and there is a well selected library of English, French, German, and Italian books.

PERA.—*Hotel d'Europe, May* 30.—We entered the mouth of the Bosphorus a little after seven this morning; was on deck at six, lovely morning. Approach to Ottoman capital superb:—mosques and gilded minarets—groves of cypress—Castle of Seven Towers—Seraglio—Bosphorus with its shipping—Turkish men-of-war at anchor—caïques innumerable skimming in every direction—Scutari on eastern shore—Prince's Island, and behind it snow-capped Olympus.

Landed at eight, and walked to Pera—European quarter. Put up here,—a dirty and indifferent hotel, or inn rather, kept by a Frank; cunning-looking fellow, and has a smattering of every language. I pay thirty-five piastres a-day for bed, breakfast, and dinner. At present the pound Sterling is 120 piastres, usually only a hundred. First thing I saw from the window was the funeral of a Greek; deceased borne in an open litter; face exposed, features ghastly and collapsed, as if from a lingering

death; hands also bare, and crossed over chest; a few men in front singing. Sinister commencement, —but plague is nearly over; but the alarm has not yet subsided, for breakfast and dinner were served without a table-cloth. In the streets, the Europeans all carry sticks, and give a wide berth, and sometimes a punch in the ribs, to the Turks. Two or three men wore cloaks of oiled silk.

After breakfast rode with Sir E. P. to explore the town. Each horse a dollar a-day, whether for one hour or for ten. Obliged also to take an attendant on horseback,—gross imposition. No donkies here as in Egypt. Streets of Pera most horribly paved: difficult to walk, and dangerous to ride over. Huge round stones scattered about, as if dropped from a cloud,—remind me of the stony bed of a forsaken river. Rode through a burying-ground leading down to the Bosphorus,—of great extent,—planted thick with the cypress. Turbans of every shape and sort cut on tombstones; these indicate the rank and calling of the deceased. Horrid stench passed over us,—like a blast from a charnel-house; lasted but for an instant. Know not whence it came; probably it passed over some human bodies dug up by the dogs. It felt as if charged with a pestilence. Crossed the "Golden Horn" by a wooden bridge that unites Pera to Stamboul,—a substantial and even comely structure; and can be

opened in centre, to let ships of war pass to and from the arsenal. Proceeded through the bazaars, with no object but to look around us.

Returned at one o'clock, to see the Dancing Dervishes, this being the day of worship. Extraordinary spectacle! Beautiful little mosque, with garden and shrubbery; interior clean and elegant,—boots off at door, and entered. Five minutes afterwards the Dervishes came in,—twenty-two in number,—sallow, sickly, middle-aged men, some of them with wild and excited expression, as if eaters, or smokers of opium, all dressed alike in grey conical hat, without brim, grey robe, and petticoat. Each, on entering, made a profound obeisance to the chief, a venerable-looking old man squatted on the floor. Now commenced the ceremony,—they first walked three times with solemn step round the circle, then made divers genuflections and prostrations,—presently off cloaks, and away whirling and pirouetting,—round and round they went, with the rapidity and steadiness of a spinning top,—both arms extended at right angles to the trunk,—petticoats inflated like so many parachutes. The order and regularity were remarkable,—not the smallest confusion or collision. Astonishing the length of time they kept whirling; some looked dreadfully exhausted, but none fell down. After spinning for twenty minutes, they stopped to repose,—then at it again. Extraordi-

nary incredible performance! And yet it was not one to provoke laughter; on the contrary, the utmost decorum and even solemnity prevailed among the spectators. After all, it is not a more ridiculous ceremony than that of the Shakers in the United States. Have frequently seen them at worship at the village of New Lebanon, in the State of New York. They dance instead of twirling; but the Shakers are patterns of industry, sobriety, and honesty. Their village of Lebanon may challenge the world for beauty and cleanliness. Dervishes, on the other hand, are the most abandoned of men, or have the reputation of being such.

After the service, returned to Constantinople. Visited the Hippodrome, bounded on one side by the huge mosque of Sultan Achmed, which has six minarets, but no elegance of architecture. There is an obelisk here, small and insignificant after what I had seen at Thebes, but I gazed on it with delight, for it reminded me of Egypt, and the bountiful Nile. Here, also, is the famous bronze column, formed of three serpents twined together, brought from Delphi, where it once supported a golden tripod, dedicated to Bacchus by the Greeks, in honour of the defeat of the Persians. The head is broken off. In a barrack-room opposite the mosque, 10,000 of the Janizaries were massacred. A regiment of infantry was manœuvring in the square,

men and officers dressed in the European style Rode next to two ancient cisterns, built by the Greek Emperors; one is an immense subterranean reservoir, supported by a wilderness of pillars, and now inhabited by a set of silk-spinners, meagre and sickly race—no wonder, from the damp and confined air they breathe. Saw in our ride a great number of public fountains, the Sibeels of Cairo Here they are more numerous and elegant,—small round buildings, with projecting roofs, gilt all over, and gaily ornamented, and rich in inscriptions from the Koran; drinking cups are chained inside, and handed through a grating These are pretty and useful charities,—the endowment of Sultans and pious Moslems, steps lead to each, where the thirsty may drink, the weary repose.

There are thousands of dogs in the streets of Constantinople, lean and hungry, and covered with mange; many of them blind, with broken legs, loathsome ulcers, and leaner than starvation,—living anatomies; "no eye hath seen such scare-crows." They have no masters, subsist upon offal, or the precarious charity of individuals. It is difficult to avoid trampling on them, being too weak, or weary of life, to be at the trouble to get out of the way—predestinarians as well as the Turks! The horses appear studious not to hurt them. Saw above a hundred all collected round the entrance of the

Seraskier's palace, like hungry beggars, waiting the distribution of their alms,—a sad spectacle! If the Sultan would issue a firman to have them all put to death, he would deserve well of humanity. Saw three great gaunt pups, their meagre ribs almost protruding through their sides, standing under their mother, and draining her of her scanty milk. They are born in the streets, live in the streets, and die in the streets, without having ever seen the inside of a house. Hydrophobia ought to be rife here, but the disease is scarcely known in Cairo, and is probably as rare in Constantinople.

Met hundreds of Turkish women shuffling along in yellow boots and slippers, droll figures, certainly. They are veiled quite differently from the Arab women, who wear a thin triangular veil of black gauze, depending from the eyes over the whole face. Here, the brow, chin, and mouth, are concealed by ample folds of white muslin—nose, eyes, and cheekbones, being exposed. Am struck by the fair complexion of the Turkish women—they all use rouge, which, contrasted with the white muslin and fair skin, gives them an unnatural and hectic appearance. Home to dinner at six, after a very interesting day.

June 1.—In the house till two o'clock—sprained ankle annoying me. Went to Seraglio Garden with

Sir E. P., crossing the Golden Horn in a caïque—beautiful style of boat, shaped like a canoe, tapering at the stern to a point as fine as that of a marlin spike: hundreds ply for hire on the Bosphorus. Some caution is required in stepping in and out—also in the stowage of the passengers. The Turks squat down in the bottom, so must every one who values his life, or a dry skin, if there be the least agitation on the water; when very calm, one may sit on the after-deck. Strangers are not allowed to walk in the Seraglio Gardens; but the promise of a "buckshish" to the officer on guard at the gate, admitted us. He accompanied us himself—a civil good-looking man, although his heels were out of his stockings. Liked the gardens much—of great extent—full of fine timber—ash, elm, fir, cypress, and fig—woods of Europe and Asia blended together. A number of buildings, Pavilion, Kiosk Palace, &c. are scattered through the grounds, which are much less artificial than those of Shoubra, here nature has some chance, and is not spoilt by too many gardeners. There were clumps of nettles and thistles in full and undisturbed luxuriance, and which pleased and arrested my eye. No women to be seen, of course; but many gazelles sported around—lovely creatures—all elegance and grace, but without the timidity of freedom. Passed under the "Sublime Porte:" this is a misnomer; "Lucus

a non lucendo"—sublime only in name; guarded by two Æthiops.

We were above an hour in walking round the gardens. The officer touched a dollar very sweetly, begging, in a whisper, it might not be mentioned. The Seraglio, seen from a height, is the finest object in Constantinople; nor does it disappoint on closer inspection. If its towers and dungeons could speak, what tales of horror could they not unfold! but the days of wholesale and indiscriminate massacre are on the decline in Turkey.

June 2.—Under the auspices of Mustapha (Janisary of the Consul) to the Mosque of *Solimaniah.* Toiled down hill to the Bosphorus—up again on the opposite side—had almost foundered—nowhere in the world is walking more difficult or detestable than in the streets of Constantinople; it is not walking, but jumping from stone to stone. Got admittance to the Mosque for a consideration of thirty piastres, 5s. Interior fine and imposing, though not equal to the hypæthral court of the Mosque of Sultan Hassan at Cairo. Floor matted—hundreds of little lamps suspended at end of long strings, also tawdry ornaments, and ostrich eggs; dome supported on four columns of red porphyry. Our stay was but short, for Mustapha was ill at ease: there is always the possibility of some un-

pleasant occurrence when "infidel dogs" are in a Turkish Temple. There was only one man at his devotions while we remained. From the Mosque we ascended the Seraskier's Tower, some hundred and fifty steps or more. Hard work to get up—worse to come down—ankle much swelled—view dazzling, gorgeous, bewildering. Pity the eye does not embrace the Euxine, as well as the Propontic. Men are stationed night and day here, to give notice of fires. These are of daily occurrence in Stamboul; and most of the houses being of wood, the safety of the town demands the earliest notice of danger. It would be a blessing for humanity if the whole town were burnt down, and rebuilt on a better footing. Surely the plague might be exterminated from this fair city! but it must first pass from the dominion of the Moslem—an event at no great distance, I verily believe. The Giant of the north advances with rapid stride. He has already been here with his fleets and armies. *Then*, as a *Protector*—his next visit will be as *Master*.

Descending from the Tower, we visited a Lunatic Asylum, founded by Soliman, the builder of the Mosque. The cells, fifteen or sixteen in number—and all occupied by men stricken of God, are ranged round a nice clean court. Was both surprised and pleased with the cleanliness of the establishment, as also with the good clothing and respectable

appearance of the lunatics, who must evidently have belonged to the better class of society. There were no furious maniacs, and few with the vacant gaze of idiocy. Had difficulty in believing that reason was not *there*. With exception of a strong iron chain round the neck of each patient, there was nothing to offend the eye of humanity. The mad-house of Cairo was before me ("horresco referens"). Here there was nothing to make a man sad, but the sight of his fellow-men bereft of reason—a melancholy one at all times—only rendered less so by the knowledge that their personal comforts are attended to.

Near the mad-house—a very appropriate vicinity—was formerly the range of cafés for the opium-eaters. These no longer exist. The Sultan came at the head of a party of labourers, and ordered them all to be pulled down. His orders were obeyed, and the practice of opium eating is falling into disuse. May it not have contributed to people the madhouse? In the streets of Constantinople, one is not shocked by the multitudes of blind that are to be seen in Cairo.

We next entered the bazaar; it is very amusing to saunter leisurely through this labyrinth of wealth. Here every thing in the world is to be had, from the ready-made cradle to the ready-made tomb! These are the two extremes of man's necessities; and all his intermediate wants may here

be supplied. What plunder for the Scythian troops! and the day will assuredly come. It is idle to talk of the regeneration of Turkey; and it is devoutly to be hoped that England will never be mad enough to go to war, in order to prop, or rather attempt to prop, a falling dynasty. For myself, I firmly believe that the fiat of the Almighty has gone forth, and that the Turkish Empire *must* fall; indeed, it is already falling, and with no measured movement. We may bully Russia, and accuse her of every abomination, in the London press, but she sees her way clearly; and when the pear is ripe, will put out her hand and pluck. And who will be bold enough to snatch the pear from her grasp? Not England, I sincerely hope; but she may secure a pear for herself. I defy her to keep Constantinople out of the hands of Russia. Let her not therefore hazard an attempt in which failure would be inglorious. Suppose England destroyed every ship in the Russian navy, what then? Would *that* save Turkey? assuredly not. For myself, I do not wonder that the Czar should look with eager eyes on Constantinople and really, considering the acquisitions *we* have made in the East, England should be the last to cry out against him.

Mustapha is a great character in the bazaar. He is loudly hailed by all the merchants, and receives, no doubt, a fair per-centage on the grist he brings

to their mills. Sir E. P. bought some beautiful amber mouth-pieces; stools were brought us, and a chibouke and coffee presented. The Turks are very civil to purchasers. They are said to be very honest, too. I know not if it be so, but our merchant to-day took one-third less than he asked, and would probably have been content with a half, had my friend been a better "marchandeur."

From the bazaar we hastened to Scutari, to see and hear the howling Dervishes. Landed from the caïque near a new barrack of vast dimensions, and traversed the huge cypress grove. It is a forest rather than a grove, extending for miles and miles. An astonishing cemetery, being twenty times the size of any on the European shore, *because* it is in the land of the prophet! It fills both eye and mind with gloom to gaze upon it; tombstones planted in closer array than men on a chess-board.—Yet it is not a place for pious or poetical meditation. The secluded nook of a country-churchyard in Scotland would awaken far more interesting emotions. Here it were idle to speculate on the fate and fortunes of those who sleep under your feet. If any such meditations arise, they must be on the *million*, not on the *man*—on the fate of whole nations, and not of the solitary pilgrim.

Reached the mosque just as the ceremony was commencing. What a ceremony it was! There

were about twenty worshippers, without uniformity of dress, and of all ages: one was a soldier in regimentals—others were boatmen, &c. How they roared, and groaned, and trembled! such voices I never before heard! they belonged not to earth, but to the deepest depths of hell;—and then the movements of their bodies—it was at *them* that I chiefly wondered—rapid as the lightning—not a general agitation of the whole frame in one direction, but an individual, and as it were, distinct, action of each separate muscle. The voices I could account for as the result of forcible expiration, and resistance to its escape by the vocal apparatus; but the rapidity and individualism of the movement, puzzle me still. I almost believed myself the dupe of my senses, and expected every minute towards the close of the first act, to see their heads tumble on the ground;—one in particular, a youngster not above thirteen, surpassed all the others in the rapidity of his gyrations. The chief called a halt before any of them sank exhausted. In the interval some patients were introduced, ulcerous and lame, to be healed by his touch. I asked Mustapha if he thought he could cure my sprain; but he gravely replied, that he would not dispense his virtues to a Christian. The second act was a mere repetition of the first. We staid till the end, and saw the worshippers, dripping at

every pore, rush to the open air, and hasten to refresh themselves by the all-powerful pipe. On the whole it was a most wonderful, although far from a pleasing ceremony.

June 7.—Went on the 3d to Therapia, nine miles up the Bosphorus. Two small English steamers were in the habit of plying daily from Constantinople; but they are now prevented from running: As they throw hundreds of caiques out of employ, the boatmen threatened to destroy them. Therapia is a beautifully situated village, inhabited chiefly by the European Ambassadors, and Greek and Armenian merchants. The latter come down to business in the morning, and return in the evening. This was a fertile source of employment to the caiques, which the steamers entirely dried up; but the boatmen demanded their suppression, and the Sultan acquiesced. Meantime the matter rests "sub judice."

Had the honour of dining, on the 5th, with Lord Ponsonby, the British Ambassador. The hotel of the embassy in Constantinople, was burned by the fire which consumed nearly the whole of Pera a few years ago; and his Excellency now lives in a wooden mansion at Therapia.

Yesterday, the Sultan arrived from a tour in the

Provinces. The thunder of cannon announced his approach :—he made his entry at eleven A. M., but I did not see him.

This evening I went on board the French steam-boat for Marseilles, the third of the new line,—a magnificent ship; but too splendidly fitted for comfort. Her predecessor is now fast on a sand-bank in the Gulf of Smyrna. While returning to the shore, the whole Turkish fleet fired a salute in honour of the safe arrival of the Sultan. It was a fine sight, and might have been a broadside at the battle of Navarino. Tremendous roar! the evening was quite calm; the smoke concealed the ships entirely, except the masts and flags; and the flashes gleaming through the dense veil, resembled lightning through a lurid cloud. The shores of the Bosphorus, and all the minarets, were illuminated, producing a striking and picturesque effect: looking down from Galata Hill, it was like a scene of enchantment. The city is rife with rumours of conspiracies, and of arrests made in the Sultan's absence :—many heads are said to have been rolled into the Bosphorus. But the stranger has no means of ascertaining the truth of these rumours. True, there is a public journal, the "Moniteur Ottoman," in Turkish and in French. I called at the office and purchased a number, which contained nothing but the most ful-

some praises of the magnanimity, &c. of the Sultan. The boat from the Danube came in to-day, and sails again on the 10th. I have determined to enter Christian Europe by the Danube. How little did I calculate on such a voyage on leaving Malta! I now feel like a vessel borne on the tide of events without compass or rudder. But why return to ride a second long quarantine in a lazaret, from whence I am only just escaped? The voyage to Vienna opens up a new world. The quarantine, moreover, at Orsova, on the Hungarian frontier, is only one of ten days; whereas, going from Constantinople to Malta, it is twenty-five. This is something. My two friends, the Baron de Würsburg, and Sir E. P., both go up the Danube, and I am loath to part from them. From Vienna I can easily reach the Adriatic; and from thence, transport myself to any southern port I may select for the winter. Meantime I float on the current of destiny, laying no plans for the future, nor "taking thought of the morrow." Circumstances which I cannot foresee, must determine my steps. If I must be an exile from my country for another year, I shall try and enjoy the society of my friends, while in my power.

June 9.—Went with Mustapha to see the Sultan go to prayers. The mosque is on the Asiatic side.

A regiment of soldiers was drawn up in double line for the passage of his Highness: got a good stand at the window of a coffee-house, close to the line of procession. Waited about an hour; during which I amused myself by watching the solemn bearing of the Turks in the café. There were about a dozen assembled, squatted on the divan,—absorbed in vacancy,—puffing out smoke, and sipping coffee:—not one syllable was uttered: the low guggling of the narguilé, was the only sound that fell on the ear. The Turk desires no other or sweeter music. He is a human automaton, callous, indifferent, impassible—an emotionless lump of clay. Living—but without life. He has no imagination. His gravity is not the result of thought, but of mere "vis inertiæ." There is less trouble in being grave than gay. He has no appetite for knowledge, and a contempt for all who have. Give him his pipe, his coffee, and his women, and he desires no more. His affections are not like those of other men: he is a stranger to domestic bliss,—woman is his slave, not his companion: used to gratify the pleasures of sense, not to share the affections of the heart. But he *has* no affections—his soul evaporates in tobacco smoke. I could conceive no greater anomaly on earth than to see a Turk dance! And yet is he a well-made man Many profess to admire this imperturbable demeanour, calling it dignity, and

so forth. Yes, the sculptured marble has dignity; but from living man, we expect indications of life. For myself, I see nothing to admire. Were it the indication of profound thought, of exalted virtue, or even of enthusiastic faith, it might be commended; but as the fruit of ignorance, bigotry, and sloth, it calls forth only pity. In other countries, the procession in state of the monarch or chief magistrate, excites an interest,—here it excites none. If a man wish to have the difference between the Greek and Turkish character exemplified, let him enter a coffee-room in Greece, and a coffee-room in Turkey:—in the one he will be stunned with laughter and merriment; in the other he will find the silence of the tomb.

A movement among the troops announced the approach of the Sultan. Some of his staff preceded him on foot;—he followed on horseback, surrounded by ministers and dignitaries, all walking by his side. His dress was the common red cap, (here called "fezz"), and a dark green military cloak. The attendants were all dressed in European fashion, except the red cap. A Turk should never adopt the European costume. The same man who, in the turban, and voluminous habiliments of the east, looks to be somebody, has the air, in a Frank suit, of any thing but a gentleman. I had ample evidence of this to-day. The Pachas of the Sultan

appeared like butchers. But in this so-called reform, some see the symptoms of *regeneration!* To me it is proof of the reverse,—a sign of decadence, nothing but decadence,—a confession of inferiority; but it is too late: the confession comes at the eleventh hour, and the "owl has already begun to sing her night-watch from the towers" of the Seraglio. The Sultan is a good looking-man, fifty or thereabouts,—beard black as jet,—dyed, no doubt: his expression was anxious and care-worn, and he looked hurriedly from side to side, as if apprehending some sudden danger. The rumours of conspiracies increase daily. Surely there must be "something rotten in the state." I heard to-day from a person likely to know, that above a hundred heads were thrown into the Bosphorus by the son-in-law of the Sultan, during his absence; but these things are managed with wonderful composure and silence in Turkey. Having remained above half an hour at his devotions, he entered the barge of state—a carpet was spread for the sublime feet, and he was led by dignitaries to a gilded couch. The bargemen—twenty to twenty-four in number, and all dressed in fine wrought muslin shirts, now took their places, and in five minutes, the shadow of a great man had vanished from the view! On the whole, it was a sorry sight, and had none of the richness of a European, or the picturesque effect

of an oriental pageant; but was a mongrel-jumble of both. As for the troops, they were miserable fellows,—small in stature, and much darker than the European Turk—recruited probably in the Eastern Pashaliks. They would not be a breakfast for the hardy Russians; but like Falstaff's soldiers, they "will fill a pit, as well as better."

Returning to our caïque, we rowed up the Bosphorus to the valley of the "Celestial waters." Here all the Turkish ladies congregate on the Fridays. The valley itself can boast of no particular beauty, but the scene I witnessed was the prettiest imaginable. From 400 to 500 Turkish ladies were ranged on the ground, under the shade of some lofty trees, skirting the shores of the noble Bosphorus. They arrived in carriages drawn by a pair of bullocks, fantastically caparisoned, and tricked out in ribbons and tassels: some with looking-glasses covering the whole of the forehead. Nothing could be more droll than to see the lazy ox, sullenly chewing his cud, altogether unconscious of the fair forms reflected from his brow. Each carriage had an awning supported by hoops, under which were squatted from six to eight females, dressed either altogether in white, or with green robes over a white underdress.

They scrambled out of the vehicle by means of a ladder, and spreading a little carpet, arran-

ged their cushions on the ground, and seated themselves for repose. Scarcely a word was spoken. There they sat—silent as mutes—sprinkling rose-water—eating lollypop—smoking long amber-mouthed pipes, and sipping coffee. The male creation held far aloof, neither looking at nor thinking of the fair sex. It was with some trepidation that we ventured to approach. One old dame reprimanded me sternly for daring to advance and look at her; but the young had no objection to meet the eye of the Frank. I saw some soft and beautiful, but no sparkling eyes, and not unfrequently the whole face was visible when they were eating. The mouth is the worst feature in the Turkish countenance. One young woman, whom we all declared to be a goddess before she began to eat, descended to a mere common mortal when we saw her mouth. But the women of Turkey are surely pretty; at all events, they have a very thorough-bred air. I saw some beautiful hands to-day, but the nose, from being alone exposed, has generally too prominent an aspect.

It is not to meet their friends and converse that they assemble; during the two hours I remained, I observed no symptoms of friendly greeting. They come solely to sit, and smoke, and look; enjoy their "Kaef," in short—the earthly Elysium of all true believers! Strange the difference of man-

ners and customs in this world! What a clatter of tongues would have proceeded from an equally numerous conclave of European women! and how insipid would have been their deliberations, without a plentiful sprinkling of beaux! Yet here, the approach of a man would be a high breach of decorum. About five o'clock they began to depart, gathering up their effects, and slowly and noiselessly regaining their carriages. The state of the parties might be known by the style of the equipages. Of these, some were elaborately and richly carved, others handsomely gilded, and those of the highest class had a eunuch riding alongside. I left the valley exceedingly gratified by the sight; it was a pretty, an interesting, and a thoroughly national one, and which no stranger could witness without being struck with the extreme propriety and even lady-like deportment of the Turkish fair sex.

Got back to Constantinople at six, and dined with Mr Cartwright. Steamer for the Danube goes to-morrow. Shall wait for the boat of the 22d. Meantime, I am tired of Constantinople, and propose going to Therapia or Buykdereh, to enjoy the solitudes of their romantic valleys.

BUYKDEREH, *June* 12.—Came up here yesterday, intending to remain till the 22d. Have taken up

my abode in a small Greek inn. It is a delightful village, about two miles higher up the Bosphorus than Therapia. The Russian, Austrian, and Prussian Ambassadors live here. Passed the forenoon in the "Valley of Roses." A tiny brook flows through its bosom, beautifully wooded hills hem it in on each side, and a few patches of cultivation occur in its bed. A number of pine trees, giant walnuts laden with fruit, some fine oaks, elm, plane, hazel, fig and wild apple, vine, honeysuckle, and the weeping willow, grace its banks. The day was divine, and the solitude enchanting. After the streets of Pera, it was paradise. Nature ruled supreme. Butterflies in thousands, of the gaudiest hue, fluttered on every side. The song of the nightingale —the cooing of the turtle-dove—the whispering breath of Zephyr, rustling through the thick foliage —the hum of the bee, searching out flowers from whence to draw the "liquid sweet"—and the hoarse croaking of the frog—sole discord to the general harmony,—filled the air with melody, while to the Great Creator they poured forth a hymn of praise. I remained till evening, and departed with regret.

June 13.—Hired a caïque and crossed the Bosphorus to the "Valley of the Sultan." The Turkish name is "Unkiar Skelessi," where the famous

treaty of the name was signed. A large extent of green pasture occupies the embouchure of the valley; as likewise a number of immense plane-trees, from twenty to thirty feet in circumference, many of the trunks hollowed into capacious caverns, and the principal boughs smitten by the thunderbolt, or stricken with decay. A herd of cattle was grazing on the rich pasture, and half a dozen lazy Turks sat smoking their pipes in moody silence, utterly regardless of the beauties before them. I sauntered about half a mile up the valley, then ascended a hill of copse to the right, from whose top I had a fine view down the Bosphorus, although an intervening hill prevented my seeing the Black Sea. After a long search, I spied a fine young oak, straight and sturdy, which I cut down, and carried away as a souvenir of the Asiatic Bosphorus.

On my return to the water, I encountered two most lovely Greek damsels, the one a brunette—the other a blonde—neither above eighteen—elegantly dressed, and graceful as sylphs. I was standing looking into the decayed trunk of a plane-tree, when they came suddenly and unperceived on my solitude. The instant they saw me, they wheeled about, and with the grace and fleetness of two young gazelles, rejoined their mammas, who were some distance behind. But they soon returned, and I had now a full view of their faces.

What faces they were! and what eyes! especially those of the blonde. I never saw such an expression of melting softness in a human countenance! They talked to each other in Greek, and the words fell sweeter than honey from their lips. I had inwardly resolved to address them in French, and more than once the words were on my tongue, but the severe aspect of the two old duennas, deterred me. From the use they made of their eyes, the damsels themselves would evidently have had no objections. It is probable we might not have made ourselves understood, but I was a fool for not making the attempt. A Frenchman would have accosted them at once. I followed them at a little distance, and had many opportunities of beholding their radiant faces. At length they stepped into the caïque; the tiny bark, with its virgin freight, pushed off into the pellucid flood, leaving me

"Alone on sorrow's dull shore,"

—a prey to bitter self-upbraidings, for not having offered to hand them into the caïque.

I should like exceedingly to know who these damsels are. Their language proclaimed them Greeks, and their whole air evidently bespoke gentle lineage. One sees far more Greek women in Constantinople than in Athens, and certainly the "Fanariotes" bear away the palm of beauty. A man might travel from "China to Peru," and

not meet with two more elegant and beautiful maidens than those that captivated me this forenoon. And yet these damsels will be given in marriage probably to men whom they may have never seen before the nuptial day! All Greek marriages are unions of "convenance," and decided on without consulting the inclinations of the parties themselves. In spite of this to us cruel and unnatural state of things, their marriages are said to be generally well assorted and happy. The Baron, who has seen a great deal of domestic society throughout Greece, tells me that such is the case; that the wife devotes herself to her husband, looks up to him with the greatest respect, waits upon him at dinner, brings him his pipe, and that instances of conjugal infidelity are extremely rare.

June 14.—I am now seated under a group of the largest plane trees in the world:—they are four in number—nearly all united at the trunks, and forming the large segment of a small circle. The external circumference of the whole is thirty-eight paces, and the trunk of the largest is thirty-five feet. Almost all are hollowed out into capacious caverns, where many persons may shelter themselves, secure from sun, and rain, and elemental war. It is a most delicious retreat; but I do not enjoy the shady repose alone: eight or ten cows are my companions—some

standing close to my seat, scratching themselves against the aged trunks:—others stretched on the ground, chewing *not* the "cud of sweet or bitter fancy," and two of the number are standing before me in solemn vacuity, whisking their tails, and shaking their ears, with not a thought in their heads save how to rid themselves of the flies that torment them. Stretching up the valley is a large plain of green grass, gemmed with flowers, and fringed at its upper extremity by a row of olives; beyond which is a range of richly wooded hill. At a little distance on the right is an encampment of gypsies. Three small dingy tents are pitched on the green lawn, at the doors of which men are plying their handicraft. A number of broken pots and pans are ranged about:—clank, clank, goes the hammer on the anvil. It is the only sound I hear, and it teaches me, that the vocation of the gypsies of the east, differeth not from that of their brethren of the west of Europe. The females of the party are squatted in sunny idleness, at some distance from the tents, and five or six shaggy and half-naked children, swarthy as the Æthiop, are frolicking in the neighbourhood, in happy ignorance of the world and its cares. One of them has just come and asked for charity in the Arab tongue. He is a wanderer like myself, and I give him a piastre, with which he is now scampering off with delight.

Behind me is the noble Bosphorus—translucent, beautiful, and blue—rolling his never-ebbing tide from the bosom of the capacious Euxine—

> "Whose icy current and compulsive course
> Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but holds
> Due on to the Propontick and the Hellespont."*

Unlike all other arms of the sea, his course is ever the same, "yesterday, to-day, and for ever,"—type of Him who traced out his channel and bade him to flow. Several vessels, and caïques without number, are floating on his cerulean wave:—there, the "meteor-flag of England" on a merchantman—here the star and crescent of the Moslem from the mizen-peak of a line-of-battle-ship. The day is heavenly. How unspeakable is the luxury of such a retreat after the filthy streets of Constantinople! Escaping from that detestable town, I feel like the long-fettered prisoner who is admitted once more to taste the sweets of liberty. In all my experience, I have never been in a city possessing fewer attractions for a prolonged residence than Constantinople; and yet, for external beauty and splendour, it may challenge and defy the world. But let the stranger, after surveying its congregated and wondrous beauties from the towers of the Seraskier or of Galata, descend from his pride of place, to seek for the details of the gorgeous panorama, and he finds them not—he is hemmed in on every side—the horizon

bounded by walls of ricketty houses, having no elegance without, and no comfort within,—and then what streets he must walk upon! what hills to toil up, and what odours to inhale! Constantinople with all its boasted beauties is a mere delusion:—from the tower of Galata it is all that the eye of man can desire. The beholder looks with eager and delighted gaze—at length he is fairly bewildered—presently, sated with beauty, he descends into the heart of the town, and finds himself tricked—fairly hoaxed:—he now feels that his admiration was lavished not on a real picture; but that on the top of the tower he had indulged merely in an "amabilis insania"—a mirage in the desert—a "mentis gratissimus error."

The view of Constantinople is like the apples said to grow on the shores of the Dead Sea—all fair, and blooming, and inviting without—within containing only black and bitter ashes. Even the mosques and minarets, so striking from a distance, will not bear close inspection or analysis. The former fix the eye solely from their immense mass, forming land-marks amid the wilderness of houses, like islands in a stretch of ocean; but they have no architectural grace. The same may be said of the minarets—huge long white-washed poles of masonry, terminating in grey or gilded cones. I have narrowly examined the handsomest, but I looked

in vain for the fanciful Arabesque decorations that adorn those of the Egyptian capital. I still hold to the opinion, that the view from the citadel of Cairo is the finest I have ever seen—that is to say, it exhibits a picture, less dazzling I admit than the Turkish capital, but infinitely more satisfactory to the mind, and pleasing to the eye. Three ascents of the Towers of Constantinople satisfied me; whereas I have been ten times at least on the citadel of Cairo. The chief peculiarity which distinguishes Constantinople, is the quantity of trees growing in the very heart of the town—the contrast of whose green leaves with the brown-red colour of the roofs, is at once remarkable and beautiful. But in winter, when the trees are shorn of their foliage, half the beauty of the city will have disappeared. There is certainly one most majestic and enduring feature in the Bosphorus, not only from its own natural and unadorned beauties, but from the thousands of vessels on its bosom:—from the tiny and swift canoe, to the thundering line-of-battle-ship. Take away the Bosphorus—let the season be winter, and the huge mosques and glittering minarets may rear their heads in vain. The only buildings worthy of a moment's admiration are the sibeels, kiosks, and palaces of the Sultan. These are indeed beautiful—generally skirting the shores of

the Bosphorus—of no particular order of architecture, but so light, and fanciful, and aërial, that one might imagine them to have been erected by a band of fairies in a single night. As for the seven hills on which the city is said to be built, I have endeavoured in vain to define them by the eye. The silence that pervades this vast city, is a circumstance that must strike every one. A carriage or cart, or even a horse, is hardly ever to be seen; neither are camels used here as beasts of burden: the climate first, and, secondly, the pavement of the streets, would destroy them. It has often been matter of surprise to me how the immense population is supplied with the necessaries of life. Venice with her canals and gondolas, is not more free from the ordinary din of a large city than the capital of Turkey. But although there are few permanent attractions here, there is much to amuse and interest the traveller for twelve or fourteen days. He has hourly before him a population, more motley, perhaps, than that of any other city in the world: —the solemn Turk—the lively Greek—the smooth and Jesuit-like Armenian—the sharp-eyed Jew—the sturdy Tartar—the tea-pot-faced and woolly African—the tall and graceful Circassian, with his loose grey robe and shaggy cap—the slight, but active Arab—the European traveller—and, lastly, the indigenous Franks. These are a miserable race. Pera

swarms with them :—fellows without country, without character—the very scum of the earth—despising the Turks, and despised by them in return —men who have escaped the gallows or the jail in their own country, and have rendezvoused here, because they are free from all moral restraint. Such is, I believe, the general character of this race. Exceptions, of course, many exceptions there are ; but these only strengthen the rule.

The Circassians come here as panders to the sensuality of the Turks, bringing their daughters to dispose of as slaves and mistresses to the great. Anxious to see a woman of their country, I called at the café where they congregate, but was told that the market was for the present empty.

As for English society, it is, I believe, confined solely to a few British merchants; but having no introductions, I cannot speak as to its extent or attractions. The English traveller has only to present himself to Mr Cartwright, the Consul-General, even without recommendation, to be sure of a hospitable reception ; so at least I found it, and others have found the same. But if the city itself possess few lasting attractions, it is not so with the lovely and romantic solitudes of Therapia and Buykdereh. I know no transition more delightful than to pass from the crowded and confined streets of Constantinople, to the free, and fragrant, and bracing airs

of the valleys of the Bosphorus. It is to me a positive luxury to rise in the morning, and feel that the day is my own, to smoke my long pipe after breakfast, without the fear before my eyes of Mustapha entering the room, with his rubicund face and grey beard, announcing that it is time to be off—to wander during the whole forenoon whithersoever the spirit prompteth—losing myself in a labyrinth of sweets, and seeking my home with the declining sun. I know no greater hardship than that of rushing through a large city, having the eyes and senses dazzled and confused by a multiplicity of new objects, and the ears dinned by the tedious loquacity of a Cicerone. To do Mustapha justice, he is sparing of words, although rather tyrannical as to time. But the traveller must necessarily go through this ordeal :—then comes the pleasure, the sober pleasure of reflection—to linger in the place—to inhale its moral atmosphere—to saunter about without other object than that of looking about—to enter the thoroughfares and bazaars, not intending to buy, but merely to catch the hundred peculiarities, however trifling, which distinguish a new people from one's own, or from other nations—then to stray into the country, to examine its productions, and to watch the peasant at his labours. This is what constitutes the real pleasure of travelling, and not the boast of how many lions one

may have slain in a single day; but when I took post here, the wind that was but a gentle zephyr, is now increased to a gale, and I proceed to explore the upper extremity of the valley.

Eight P.M.—Had a long and delightful walk to the aqueduct that traverses the head of the valley. It rests upon twenty arches; the water flows in a roofed channel two feet broad, and six inches in depth. A number of tributary valleys branch off from the main one; the hut of a peasant, overshadowed by a walnut tree, and surrounded by a few patches of barley, generally occupying their embouchures. Returned to my inn at six; walked on the promenade at seven. This is the anniversary of the prophet's birth-day. Flags are flying on all the castles of the Bosphorus, and a salute was fired from every battery between Constantinople and the Black Sea. The effect of the distant booming of the cannon—gradually becoming louder and louder, as the volleys approached, till at length they died away on the bosom of the Pontic—was solemn and imposing. There is an illumination in Constantinople to-night, which I had intended going down to see, but my abode here is so agreeable, that I am loath to quit.

June 15.—Day divine—early dinner—went afterwards to Therapia—walked up the valley—

beautiful, like all the valleys of the Bosphorus—abounding in fig and cherry trees—cherries quite ripe, and of great size—met nobody. The Greek and Armenian inhabitants appear insensible to the charms around them. Saw many ladies gaping from open windows, but none enjoying the beauties of the valley. Returned at sunset, and walked on the promenade, a pleasant evening lounge. The space in front of each house is watered: this allays the dust, and diffuses a grateful freshness; the ground, after a few minutes, from the evaporation, is covered with a white layer of salt, not unlike hoar-frost. Few persons are to be met, except the gentlemen of the various embassies, and the officers of the vessels of war. Of these there are two small frigates, anchored within a stonecast of their respective Ambassadors—the one Russian, the other Austrian; both beautiful vessels, mounting twenty-four guns each. I come every evening at sunset, to watch their manœuvres. Even to a landsman's eye, the discipline of the Russian, and the trim of his yards, &c. are far before those of the Austrian; his crew are a set of fine hardy-looking active young fellows. This is the first time I have had an opportunity of judging of the Scythian countenance on a scale of any extent. It is a very peculiar one—neither Asiatic nor European—neither fair nor dark. The peculiarity is

not in the features taken singly, (although there is a prominence of brow, and a sinking of the eye, more striking than in other nations); but in the expression of the whole face, which it is difficult to describe in words, although very manifest to the eye. The men are never idle—always either trimming the yards and rigging, sailing the cutter, or rowing in the gigs. The moment of sun-down, the gun fires—the drum beats—the boatswain pipes—the ports are hauled up—the flag pulled down—the seamen run up the rigging, and in an instant the top-gallant and royal yards are lowered upon deck. The commander now comes ashore—a grim resolute looking man, with severe expression of countenance. He speaks only Russian, otherwise I would ask permission to go on board. If all the Russian ships of war are like this one, their navy is far from contemptible. The Austrian is a fine vessel also; but if it came to a fair field, and no favour, between the two, I would bet five to one on the Czar. Indeed, I doubt if the British navy could turn out a finer or better disciplined set of active seamen. What they might be in a gale of wind, or in an action, I know not, but good manœuvring in port will be followed by proportionate discipline at sea.

Russia is a wonderful power. Other nations have taken ages to grow into strength; she has

sprung up in a single century to be a first-rate European power. Whatever may be the *means* she employs, her *end* is daily accomplishing. England had better look out, for if Russia have only a few more years to devote to her navy, I firmly believe she will meet us on equal terms. Half of our ships are on foreign stations; all that we could bring into action in our own seas, would not outnumber the Euxine and the Baltic fleets. As to the notion that one British frigate is a match for three Russians, others may believe it,—I do not. Meantime, if we *must* come to the scratch, it is a pity the "Vixen" affair did not serve as a pretext. England, I hear, has knocked under on this point. Of course, her reasons were good; but right or wrong, the moral effect is all against her; and grievously did the remark of a Turk the other day mortify me—"Yes," he said, "England can demand redress from the weak (alluding to the affair of Churchhill and the Porte), but she fears to do so from the strong." There seemed some justice in the remark. I have made several attempts to visit one of the Turkish first-rates, but an order from a high functionary being necessary, I failed in procuring it. There are above a dozen of all sizes at anchor in the Bosphorus, and certainly of beautiful exterior, but from all I can learn of their discipline, they are more adapted for peace than war;

for the repose of the port, than the "battle and the breeze." At the arsenal there are several huge three-deckers, mere shattered hulks, the few that escaped from the battle of Navarino. Judging from appearances, they are fit only for fire-wood. An American, famed for his science in naviteoture, is now building a ship or ships of war for the Sultan. But ships without seamen what do they avail? and the Turks can never make good seamen. It was the great superiority of the Greek navy, if navy it could be called, that mainly contributed to the success of the revolution. By dint of superior tactics alone, the gallant old Admiral Miaulis kept at bay the whole naval force of the Turkish Empire, backed as it was by auxiliary squadrons from Egypt and Tripoli. Nay, he often captured their vessels, and burned several frigates. But the imperial eagles will soon take the place of the crescent on the beautiful ships now in the Bosphorus: and *then* they will be more than mere decorations of the capital.

June 16.—Left home in a small caique for the Black Sea. A hard pull of two hours brought me to the last castle on the European side: here I went ashore, and scrambling up a rocky eminence, enjoyed from its top a full and uninterrupted vie

of the inhospitable Euxine. Before returning to my bark, I smoked a chibouke at a café established for the convenience of the garrison. No where do cafés abound so much as in Turkey. Town and country, it is all the same:—if there be nó house at hand, a fire-place is built under the shade of some trees, in the vicinity of a fountain, for the ablutions previous to prayer, and there pipes and coffee are supplied to the passer by. I seated myself on the bench among the soldiers, who scanned me with great curiosity. There is something very seductive in these long pipes, and in the mild and soft flavoured Turkish tobacco. The coffee too, is always good, although as thick as gruel. The Turks drink grounds and all, and never use sugar, which is not considered an orthodox accompaniment to the pipe. Felt strongly tempted to enjoy a swim in the clear pellucid flood of the Euxine, but prudence restrained me. Two lean and miserable dogs were drinking of its waters. Struck by the circumstance, I also tasted them, and found them much less salt than the water of the ocean.

Regaining my bark, I glided swiftly down the stream, gradually inclining to the Asiatic side in order to visit this ancient castle, on whose circular watch-tower I am now seated. The ascent to the top of the hill is rather fatiguing; but well repays the trouble. The castle must originally have been

one of great strength, but it is now a mere ruin, and the towers and walls are covered with ivy. It is surrounded by a large garden, well stocked with fruit-trees of every description. The white mulberry was in great abundance:—the old gardener conducted me to a tree, and shaking one of the branches, a plentiful repast was soon spread at my feet. On going away, he evidently seemed surprised that I should have offered payment for what he had intended as a gratuitous feast.

There is a singular bird of mysterious habitudes, constantly to be seen on the Bosphorus. It has a small black head, short bill, black tail, dark grey back and wing, and white belly. Scarcely five minutes of the day pass, in which a flight—varying from half a dozen to forty or fifty in number—may not be seen going up or down the Bosphorus. They fly with prodigious rapidity, skimming the surface of the water, sometimes in close phalanx, but generally in a long extended straight line. What their object may be, it is difficult to conjecture. The remarkable thing is, that they are never seen to alight. The Turks tell you they never *do* alight; and believe, or affect to believe, that they are possessed by the spirits of the wicked, who, metempsychosed into these birds, are doomed as an atonement for their sins upon earth, to fly on ceaseless wing be-

tween the Seas of Marmora and Euxine. So much for superstition; but it is a fact, that they never do alight on the Bosphorus. I speak from my own observation, and the experience of others. To-day I sat watching many flights at the mouth of the Black Sea, anxious to ascertain if they really did turn on arrival there, in order to descend the Bosphorus; but they all put straight out to sea until lost to the eye. It must be searching for food, I imagine, that keeps them thus ever on the wing; but it would be curious to know where they build their nests, and whether or not they *do* turn, or how far they push out to sea. All this is doubtless well known to naturalists; but I have found no one here who could give any thing like a satisfactory account of their habitudes or history.

The porpoise is a fish abounding in the Bosphorus, which may be said, indeed, to be alive with them. There are hundreds, either singly, or in shoals, now sporting in its blue flood: some showing merely the dorsal fin,—others describing a large curve, as they rise and descend; and some more frisky than the rest, leaping high in the air, and tumbling with a loud splash into the water. On my way here, some of them played their uncouth gambols so near me, that I was afraid of being upset: for it would be easy for one of these

mimic whales to capsize the lightly poised-caïque. Such accidents are not unknown.

The fishing stations on the Bosphorus attract the attention of the traveller. Two of them are now before my eye. In most of the creeks and bays there are wooden huts erected on a scaffolding about forty or fifty yards from the shore. These serve as depots for the fish, and habitations for the fishermen. The nets are disposed in the form of a quadrangular basin, open at one extremity, at the edge of which is planted, in the bottom of the water, a long mast, inclining outwards, at about an angle of 75°—its top supported by long stays attached to large stones or trees on the shore. A rope coiled round the trunk serves as a ladder, by whose aid the watchman scrambles to his aërial abode, where he sits in a sort of cage during the day—relieved of course occasionally by others of the craft. Flanking the three sides of the net, are distributed the rest of the fishermen in boats, waiting for the cry of him aloft, announcing the presence of a shoal in the net. The whole forms a very picturesque, though sufficiently perilous bivouac on the water. The fish of the Bosphorus are better to eat than any I have tasted on the shores of the Mediterranean.

There are no fewer than ten batteries between

Buykdereh and the Black Sea, mounting from eight or ten to sixty guns. There are probably as many between Constantinople and Buykdereh, so that the Strait, though only sixteen miles in length, is guarded by about twenty batteries. These, with a well-served artillery, would effectually hinder a fleet from entering, or escaping from the Euxine; or if it succeeded in passing, the ships would be so much crippled as to be unfit for action. Strong as the Bosphorus now is, a civilized power would render it still stronger, and when Russia once gets possession of Constantinople—an event almost certain to arrive on no distant day—all the powers of Europe will not succeed in driving her out. The secure possession of such a stronghold will give to that growing and ambitious power an enormous and preponderating influence in the councils of Europe. And yet, by what means is her onward tide of aggression to be thrown back? England committed a fatal error, so also did France, in turning a deaf ear to the Sultan's entreaties for aid against Ibrahim Pacha. They should either have done what Russia was too happy to do, or have allowed Ibrahim to hurl the Sultan from his throne, and place his crafty old father Mehemet Ali, in his stead. Mehemet and Ibrahim together *might* cope with Russia, and keep her back; but

now the opportunity is lost, and the fate of Turkey is sealed. Let England get Egypt for her share of the spoil, and I care little.

The climate of the Bosphorus, since my arrival, has been delicious, neither too hot nor too cold, and without a single shower of rain; yet the changes of temperature have often been sudden and considerable. In winter and spring, these are severely felt, and must render Constantinople a very unfit abode for the pectoral or rheumatic invalid. A gentleman told me yesterday, that, in the month of January last, he had seen the thermometer fall from 62° to 31° in a single hour. I can readily imagine this, for it depends on the north or south winds whether one is shivering in the frigid clime of Russia, or luxuriating in the balmy airs of Greece. The north wind has prevailed ever since my arrival, hence the comparative moderation of temperature. In winter, however, I can well imagine the piercing blasts rushing down from the Black Sea, along the narrow Strait of the Bosphorus. The sky here is not the deep azure of Italy, nor the light cœrulean of an Egyptian sky, but English, genuine English, —here a portion of blue, there a rolling mass of white cloud. Like that of England, too, it is seldom twenty-four hours the same.

June 17.—Thunder and some rain. Kept the

house. Saw the funeral of a child pass the window: three Greek priests walked in front singing a hymn; about half a dozen persons followed, among whom was the father, who carried his child in a basket bedecked all over with flowers. The face and hands of the infant were exposed, and their pallid hue contrasted strangely with the bright flowers and roses scattered over its body—appropriate accompaniments, and fit emblems of the purity of the deceased. It was a touching and an impressive sight. I do not wonder the Greek children die. To me it is a matter of surprise that any of them reach the years of manhood, considering the discipline of their early months. On my arrival here, I was struck with the extraordinary appearance of my landlady's child. I saw it first in the nurse's arms, with the face quite blue, eyes almost starting from their sockets, mouth open, and tongue half protruded. Having had but a casual glimpse, my impression was that the poor infant had been born with a disease arising from imperfect closure of the *foramen ovale*, but on seeing it a second time, and examining the dress, I found it strapped round the chest and abdomen with a broad flannel belt, drawn tighter positively than I would girth a horse. It was in vain that I tried to force my finger between the bandage and the body. Here was a ready solution of the lividity, &c. The nurse could

speak only Greek, but I sent for the mother, who knows a little French, and explained to her the danger of such a system, and that she would to a certainty suffocate her child if she persisted in strapping it so. She heard me with great *sang froid*, and then coolly made answer, that she was the mother of ten children, all of whom she had treated precisely in the same way, without choking any of them. This was certainly strong practical refutation of my fears. However, I was so earnest in my entreaties, that she consented to slacken the bandage, which was immediately done in my presence. I thought if the poor infant could but speak, what blessings it would have poured upon my head. However, I was more than rewarded by seeing it an hour after its girth was undone, throwing back its head, with a natural colour in its face, and crowing and smiling in the nurse's arms. The child is two months old, and the mother tells me that it is a universal practice among the Greeks of Turkey, to pinion the arms to the body with a similar bandage for forty days after birth; the arms are then released, and the bandage is applied to the body only, for forty days more, so that this poor child has yet twenty days of girthing to undergo. Strange and unnatural practice! Can it have any influence in causing the exceeding thin waists of the Greek men?

Sir E. P. and the Baron arrived to dinner from Belgrade. Spent the evening promenading with them by the side of the Bosphorus.

June 18.—With Sir E. P. to the old castle, and afterwards to the "Valley of the Sultan." Day divine; but we looked in vain for the sylvan goddesses who shed a halo of enchantment round the scene during my former visit.

June 19.—Have taken up my abode for the forenoon in the "Valley of Roses." Left home after breakfast, and wandered along the paths that wind up the wooded banks on the left, through a dense thicket of copse and hazel. I descended in a different direction, following the path, without thought of whither it was to lead. The sound of voices attracted me to this spot—a sheltered and a charming retreat, where I have been enjoying my "kaef" for the last two hours. Pipes and coffee are as usual to be had in abundance. I have smoked two chiboukes, and, being thoroughly refreshed by their balmy influence, I take out my note-book and scribble down the scene that is before me. I am seated on a low stool, close to the edge of a capacious basin of water thirty feet by twenty feet, under the shade of a great variety of trees, and immediately at the foot of a precipitous

and richly wooded bank. The basin is supplied by two streams, one of which falls down from a height of twenty-five feet into its centre from the heart of an umbrageous tree. This is a pretty and a pleasant conceit; for the spectator is at first puzzled to see a fountain pour its sparkling waters from a cluster of green boughs, whose thick foliage prevents his observing the hollow poles that conduct the water from the cascade descending the brow of the hill. The basin has a flat terrace on every side, on which is now reposing a motley group of Turks, Greeks, and Armenians. On my right two respectable and well-dressed Armenians are playing at cards, their long pipes lying neglected by their side, and their eager expression denoting considerable stakes. Behind me two lively Greeks are busy at backgammon, under the shade of an arbour of vines. This is a favourite game among the Christians of Constantinople, but instead of rattling the dice in a box, they throw them simply from the hand. The largest group consists of nine Turks, all squatted together, and smoking their pipes in profound silence. Near them are four men, apparently travellers, stretched at full length on the ground, and fast asleep:—a sunbeam, for some time playing on one of their faces through the leaves above, now falls on his eye: he awakes with a start—yawns—stretches himself—and, turning

on the other side, goes to sleep again. Five or six soldiers have just entered: they are seated opposite me: not laughing and rioting like the soldiers of other countries, but gravely smoking out of two pipes, which pass from mouth to mouth. A long-bearded Jew bread-seller is standing beside his cakes displayed on a tray supported by a cross-legged stool, at the side of which is standing with wistful and uplifted eye, a lean and hungry dog. There is but one busy man to be seen, and he is arranging the rigging of a miniature frigate, soon, I suppose, to be launched on the basin. A venerable Mussulman with long white beard has been for some time at his ablutions: he is now before me with legs and arms bare, washing himself previous to prayer. He now dries himself—adjusts his turban (whose green colour proves him to be of the seed of the Prophet), spreads his little mat, and, with the profoundest solemnity of countenance, commences his orisons. I see him begin: there he stands (his face turned towards Mecca, the birth-place of the Prophet) stroking down his beard—now holding his hands at each side of his head, and muttering to himself—now he bends down the trunk at right angles to the lower extremities, the hands resting above the knees: he preserves this position for a few seconds, then stands erect—still muttering inaudibly: he now drops on his knees—

seats himself on his calfs—heels and soles of the feet appearing behind: remains thus for a few moments—then, supporting himself on his hands, he leans forward—touches the ground with his head, which he partially withdraws from the turban, that he may press the *bare* forehead to the earth: recovers himself for an instant—resumes the prostrate attitude, and again presses the ground with his brow: he now rises to go several times through the same ceremonial. From fifteen to twenty-five minutes is the usual time allotted to prayer; and when the performer happens to be a venerable old man, like him now before me, it is a solemn and impressive exercise. Although differing so entirely from the manner in which the Christian approaches his Maker, I can see nothing of the ludicrous in the devotion of the Mussulman. I do not know if he have a stated form of prayer, or mutter according to the impulse of the moment. He frequently divides the service into two parts; making a slight pause in the middle, during which he looks about, and even speaks to his neighbour—then resumes and finishes. But the worship of the Turk consists in outward form. When he has said his prayers five times a-day, he thinks he has done enough: indeed, he *has* done what his religion requires of him; yet I doubt if he would do this in the solitude of the forest, or of his own chamber. Effect seems

to be his chief aim; and the greater the number of witnesses, the more earnest is his devotion. Fatal mistake!—he contents himself with the form, but knows not the essence of prayer.

The frigate is now launched upon its mimic sea, I am watching with a malicious pleasure to see it come beneath the descending cataract; but although it frequently advances to the very verge, it regularly wears round at the right time, and drifts away whither the wind listeth. My scribbling has attracted the notice of some inquisitive young Greeks, two of whom are now looking over my shoulders.

It is a most delicious retreat, and one I shall certainly visit again. Meantime I pay the sum of one piastre (2d.) for my entertainment, and rise to depart.

June 20.—To-morrow I descend to Constantinople; and the day after, embark on the steamer for the Danube. I feel loath to quit the delightful solitudes of the Bosphorus. He who contents himself simply by sailing up and down the channel, can form no idea of the exquisite valleys that abound both on the European and Asiatic shores of this noble strait. Let the traveller take up his abode either here or at Therapia, and he may pass a month, varying the direction of his steps each day.

I spent the whole of this forenoon in the same sequestered retreat as yesterday; smoked a chibouke also, at another place of similar resort, situated on the skirts of the cemetery, near the mouth of the valley; here also is a fountain, and a square platform elevated a few feet above the ground, and overshadowed by some majestic oaks and elms. The class of Turks frequenting this shady bower are of a higher caste, and there was no gaming. Almost all those assembled performed their devotions, after a due indulgence in the pipe. I saw three highly respectable men standing close to each other on the same mat, devoutly engaged in prayer. Took my farewell stroll on the promenade this evening; afterwards hired a caique for fifteen piastres, to carry me to Constantinople to-morrow.

BLACK SEA.—*On board the "Ferdinando Primo," June* 23.—Left Constantinople yesterday at noon. Numerous and motley group of passengers—deck covered with Turks, seated on their cushions, and smoking their pipes. Two dangers from carrying Turks as passengers—first, of plague, from the quantity of cotton or woollen articles they drag along with them; second, of fire, from the everlasting pipe. Best figure on board is a Greek Palliken—fine hard-featured brawny fellow—carries all

his effects on his back—armed to the teeth—pistols and dirk in his belt, and a sabre by his side—an excellent representative of his hardy tribe who are one year soldiers—the next robbers—the third serving with the Turks or Greeks, as it may happen, on the frontiers. Should not fancy encountering this fellow in one of the deep rocky ravines of Greece. He reminds me of my own cattle-lifting, cathedral-burning ancestors. We are ten or twelve cabin passengers—Sir E. P. and myself the only Englishmen; the others are Germans and Italians; a Smyrna Jew—a Greek merchant, and a Russian traveller, who speaks all languages—English with the accuracy and pronunciation of an Englishman. The Russians are by far the best linguists of Europe—every other language being of easy acquirement after their own horrible jargon. There is only one lady, Madame Fry, wife of a Bavarian Councillor, returning from Athens, where he had been confidential Secretary to King Otho. The most exalted character on board is a Turkish Bey, black as ebony, a downright Negro in short—wears the decoration of his rank—star and crescent of diamonds, on his breast—likewise a splendid diamond ring on the little finger. He has four persons in his suite, one of whom is a Turkish officer and Aide-de-Camp, the three others are servants—smokes a handsome silver chibouk all day. The Turks are true philo-

sophers in one respect—they make no distinction as to colour. Here is an absolute Negro, originally from the slave-market perhaps, elevated for his good conduct no doubt, to the high rank of Bey, with Turkish officers and men to wait upon him, and who see no degradation in so doing. What would the Yankees say to this? Although a thorough-bred Negro, he is a good looking man, and not without a certain dignity of manner. He was much pleased by my asking to examine his decoration—produced also his sword, a superb Damascus blade. He goes to Varna on military duty.

This is a clean and comfortable boat—living excellent and cheap—dollar a-day, including an *ad libitum* allowance of delicious wine of Tenedos. Have paid my fare all the way to Presburg, a few hours sail from Vienna—129 florins, or 64 Austrian dollars. Captain an Englishman—Everson by name—at present enrolled as an Austrian, and sailing under Austrian colours—a thorough seaman, I am sure, and most attentive man. Perfect cleanliness and order prevail—only drawback is in shortness of berths, none of them being six feet. Reached Varna after breakfast to-day, and went ashore to visit the Pacha—the captain having been sent for to have an interview with his Highness. Found him squatted on the Divan—a stout hale man, with black beard—very debauched face—had surely

been drunk last night—eyes blood-shot, and cheeks bloated—received us with politeness and good breeding. Half a dozen menials brought pipes, with beautiful amber mouth-pieces, adorned with diamonds—coffee, of course—and lastly, iced sherbet. He has engaged the whole of the ladies' cabin to convey his hareem to Constantinople on the return of the steamer—his principal wife is dangerously ill. Unfortunately, Captain Everson had introduced me as a military man, otherwise I might have been conducted to the hareem. He ordered horses to be brought, and a janizary to accompany us round the fortifications. Varna *had* been a place of great strength, and resisted the attack of the Russians for a long time during the last war—at length it was taken, and all the fortifications levelled and destroyed—now nearly rebuilt—an extensive wall, topped with fascines, and broad ditch beneath—surrounds whole town. Men are still employed in completion of the works—Sultan may save himself the trouble—Russia will do the like again. Town made up of a wretched assemblage of houses. A few men-of-war anchored in the harbour might blow it to atoms in a very short time. Observed that the Russian passenger, although he accompanied us ashore, and to the house of the Pacha, declined entering; perhaps he feared a cold reception. In three hours we were on board again—weighed

anchor immediately, and skirted the shores of ancient Thrace—passed the extremity of the Balkan range, the Hæmus of the Romans—immense and endless forests, probably of pine, but not near enough to ascertain. To-morrow morning we expect to enter the Danube. Much rain last night:—to-day, weather fine and calm, and sea smooth. Varna is only forty miles from Silistria on the Danube; a canal or railroad made between these two towns would cut off two hundred miles of navigation, and do away the necessity of entering the river by its mouth. This is a practicable scheme, and will probably be carried into effect some day or other.

June 24.—Ten P.M.—Entered the Selima mouth of the Danube, at six o'clock this morning. Russia is in possession of the entrance, where she has a station for troops and gun-boats:—whole of Delta belongs to her—worth nothing in itself, being a mere swamp, but gives her undisputed possession of the only navigable mouth—the Georgian arm of the Delta, which is the south boundary, not being navigable on account of shoals. On the right bank is the Russian province of Bessarabia. Sentries are stationed all along the edge of the river every quarter of a mile—live in straw huts, resembling the North American Wigwam. Why condemn

human beings to such a horrible existence? No one would think of breaking the quarantine laws by traversing an impracticable swamp. For myself, I would as soon be dropped in the midst of the desert. Nothing on either side but swamp—interminable swamp—a wilderness of reeds and bog, fit abode only of frogs and wild ducks, agues, and musquitoes. The latter are in myriads—air alive with them—expect no sleep to-night—larger, and bite worse than those of the Ganges. Passed a great many vessels from fifty to two hundred tons:—crew towing them from the bank—poor fellows! it was pitiable to see them, plumping up to the ankles in mud—their faces enveloped all but the eyes and mouth, and a broom in one hand beating away the musquitoes:—vain precaution, for they are in swarms. Captain tells me that a month later, the locusts make their appearance—dense clouds of them passing to and fro. Fortunately, they can do no harm here—no river so tortuous as the Danube; the masts of vessels are to be seen in whatever direction the eye turns.

At two o'clock P. M., we reached Tulcha—a village on Bulgarian bank, situate a little above where the Danube bifurcates to form the Delta. Aspect of the town from the river, wretched in the extreme. Went ashore in a canoe hollowed out of a single trunk, sculled by peasants, wild-looking as

the Esquimaux. Entered several of the huts, and was surprised to find them so clean. Population Christian. and women not veiled. Saw a numerous group seated against a wall, which strongly called to mind the women of the Highlands of Scotland, particularly the old dames, who had the same hard features and deep lines. We are now within an hour of the Pruth, which falls into the Danube on this side of Galacz. The Pruth forms the boundary between Bessarabia and Moldavia, and limits the Russian territory on the banks of the Danube. But although she has no *territory* beyond the Pruth, she has ample influence. The Hospodar of Moldavia, though paying annual tribute to the Porte, is under the thumb of Russia. Above Tulcha, the Bulgarian shores are green and waving with fine pasture land, but no cultivation or wood. On opposite side, still a dreary swamp. Musquitoes biting me to death—can scarcely sit still. Passengers tossing and cursing, and groaning in spirit:—some quitting their beds in disgust, to go and sleep upon deck—a dangerous experiment, I tell them, in such a situation. Hope to reach Galacz in an hour. Colour of the water a dirty grey, very unlike the rich brown loam of the noble Nile, unlike it also in taste. Nile water the most delicious in the world: that of the Danube has rather a disagreeable taste. Although I got up at six

o'clock to hail the river Monarch of Europe, felt no sort of enthusiasm at sight of his clay-coloured flood. Breadth of Selima arm not exceeding 200 yards generally.

On board the "Pannonia," June 26.—Arrived at Galacz, at midnight, on the 24th. Detained there all yesterday,—the "Pannonia" not being ready to sail. Moldavian Government having a quarantine against Turkey, we were not permitted to land. Judging of the town from deck of the steamer, nothing can be more miserable. Much rain had fallen, and the shores were nearly inundated. Galacz is the only portion of the Province of Moldavia that touches the Danube. Great misery caused by the musquitoes,—passengers swelled and blotched, and half blind. I never closed an eye the first night *Now*, thanks to Sir E. P., who has lent me a spare musquito net, I am independent. These are the only nets on board, and being in possession of two Englishmen, keep up our character for love of comfort. The Pannonia is a small vessel of only 36 horse-power :—has no beds or sleeping accommodations,—passengers lie on the cuddy benches, or floor. The Commander is an Italian, *i. e.* an Austrian Italian from Trieste.

Sailed from Galacz at eight o'clock this morning —Bulgaria on left, Wallachia on right bank. This

province also, as regards moral influence, belongs to Russia, who is all-powerful with the Hospodar, although a tributary to the Porte. The two provinces Moldavia and Wallachia, pay somewhere about £12,000 or £13,000 annually. Scenery continues uninteresting in the extreme, and there are several cases of fever on board. Baron attacked again, after a long exemption—also two deck passengers: effect of the marshy air no doubt. My services are in active requisition. Sailed through numberless islands on our right—low, flat, and fringed with willows. Captain says he never recollects the Danube so high as at present. Weather cold, cloudy, and rainy:—evident we are approaching the north. Few trading-vessels to be seen above Galacz. The Danube boats are of a peculiar construction—large and unwieldy, with vast cabins of circular roof extending fore and aft: only one mast, and a single triangular sail—its base attached to a yard aloft. Bulky lazy-looking crafts—very different from the graceful canjies of the Nile.

June 28.—Nine P. M. At anchor for the night at Sistof. All yesterday and to-day sailed between the shores of Bulgaria and Wallachia. We never touch Wallachian side. One cannot cross from any part of Bulgaria without performing a quarantine of twenty-one days! Scenery on right bank of same

monotonous character as formerly; begins to improve on the left. To-day for the first time I saw cultivated fields, with undulating and wooded banks in the back-ground. Stopped three hours at Silistria yesterday, to take in coal. A young Pacha came on board as passenger, with an officer and two servants to wait upon him. Although not above seven years old, he has the air of an old man—a supercilious whelp in manner, "a writhled shrimp" in body; looks as if he had never eaten any thing but plum-cake. Will cut off heads in his day and generation. The attendants never leave his side. They made a bed of pillows on the table of the cuddy last night for his worship; handed him his pipe, which he deigned to smoke, then laid him down—a man on each side fanning him to sleep, and chasing away the musquitoes. The Turkish children are just as grave and apathetic as their fathers—without curiosity, frolic, or playfulness. Any other boy would have romped about the vessel, and asked hundreds of questions at the passengers. This little imp knew his consequence too well; he sat all day on the bench with the gravity of a judge, looking with silent contempt on us "Infidel dogs." His dress was a claret-coloured surtout, red cap, and pair of tiny pistols in his belt. We put him ashore at Rutschuk—a miserable town, like all the others of Bulgaria. Climate gets worse and worse;

heavy rain, and squall after squall. Yesterday it blew a hurricane:—the attacks of fever are on the increase. Baron's has changed its type from quartan to quotidian: poor fellow! He suffers much; and with a resignation such as I never before witnessed,—asks for nothing,—troubles no one,—stretches himself on the bench, and there he lies, with Mussulman resignation. I have never met with a man of so perfectly placid and enduring a disposition. He is a universal favourite on board—all of us regret that nothing can be done to stop his fever till we escape from these low and damp regions. If all patients were like the Baron, the duties of the Doctor would be light and agreeable. He has no caprice, nor doubts,—likings, nor dislikings—never worries one by asking unanswerable questions—takes whatever is put into his hand—sweet or bitter, potion or pill—all one to the Baron, down it goes—not a murmur escapes him, nor a wry face even. His is a rare character—the best adapted in the world for campaigning in Greece; but he has had too much hard service; for though young in years, he is sadly shattered. His native powers, however, being strong, I make no doubt he will yet recover. This fever was first brought on by riding a quarantine on the northern frontier of Greece, when coming from Thessaly,

whither he had been sent to buy horses for the King. There was no Lazaret, and he had only a blanket to serve as tent. He was exposed for ten days, on three of which rain fell in ceaseless torrents. He was drenched to the bones,—had fever every night, and a raging ophthalmia,—was without assistance and medicines,—and had only his servants along with him. After the rain came a hot and dazzling sun, under which he travelled to Athens, where he arrived stoneblind, and almost dead. Six weeks of skilful treatment under Roëser restored him to sight; but the fever has stuck by him. I am certain that amid all this suffering, not a murmur would escape his lips. Yet is he a man of warm and kindly feelings—without much imagination, but of sound judgment. Adrift at the age of sixteen,—first in the Saxon Army,—he knows little of college lore; but a more instructive page was opened to him—that of human nature, which he has not neglected to study. His observation is acute, and his knowledge of mankind far from superficial. He sees things with an unbiassed vision. I would take the Baron's opinion of a public man or matter, which he had the means of knowing, as soon as that of most men: for he is clear-sighted, impartial, and thoroughly honest.

The river broadens as we go, and is here fully a mile across; I should say the average breadth may be half

a mile. Defend me from a residence on its low and swampy banks! Two rainbows to-day, dim and imperfect, and no compensation for the rain that gave them birth. We lose all this night at anchor, it being too dark and stormy to advance. This will be a loss of six or eight hours. It is the first time, however, that we have been obliged to stop during the night.

June 30.—Within ten hours' sail of Gladova, which we hope to reach by day-light to-morrow: here ends our voyage for the present. Steamer cannot go through the "Iron-gate;" and we have a ten days' quarantine to ride at Orsova. Took on board coals at Rava yesterday—the plague making sad havoc in the town and neighbourhood. Shortly after quitting it, we passed a deserted village: its inhabitants having either fled from, or been swept away by the pestilence. The doors of the huts were all open,—no smoke, nor stir, nor living thing: a melancholy spectacle,—the hand of the destroying angel had been there! A few miles farther on, the families were bivouacked in the open air. Large fires were burning, round which I saw the wretched women and children clustering without shelter or protection from the elements.

At five o'clock this afternoon, we left Bulgaria behind us. On our left now is Servia, an inde-

pendent state, having Prince Milosch as ruler, though still continuing tributary to the Porte. Its shores are green, waving, and beautiful. There can be no finer grazing land on the earth. We passed one herd of at least 500 head of cattle, but I wonder we have seen so few flocks. Stopped three hours this forenoon at Vidin—the last considerable town in Bulgaria, and wretched and filthy as all the others. It contains a mixed population of Turks and Christians. Walked through the bazaars and market-place. In the latter, there was a number of immense sturgeons. My companion bought 10 lb weight for 2s. At dinner Captain treated us to a bottle of tokay. The Baron's fever has not returned to-day.

LAZARET OF ORSOVA.—*Frontiers of Hungary. July* 2.—Once more

> "Give me to drink Mandragora,
> That I may sleep out this great gap of time."

At eight o'clock yesterday morning, we reached Gladova, a Servian town, situate a little below the commencement of the "Iron-gate." I was in bed when we passed the remains of Trajan's bridge, which can be seen only when the Danube is low. A large lugger came alongside the steamer, into which the baggage and passengers were transferred, to be towed up to Orsova. The river is hemmed

in between two ranges of high and richly wooded hills; and the scenery on both sides is very imposing. The breadth of the stream is about a quarter of a mile; and the current runs with great velocity. But there are no rapids, (properly so called): From the great flood in the Danube at present, all the rocks are covered to a depth of many feet, except in two or three places, where there are breakers: hence, we lose much of the fine effect of the "Iron-gate." The Captain tells me that when the river is low, the whole distance from Gladova to Orsova, is one continued waterfall, with a deafening noise caused by the torrent rushing over the rocks. The scenery reminded me of Loch-Ness, except that in place of a blue and placid lake, we had a swift and muddy current. The continuity of the hills is now broken by a valley:—now a conical hill detaches itself from the line, and rears its naked peak aloft into the sky. The day was divine. Eighteen pairs of bullocks were yoked to the tow rope—each pair having a male or female driver. Three stately young Servian damsels formed part of the train. When about half-way to Orsova, we all got out to walk—the current being so rapid, that it was necessary to lighten the boat. Servia preserving a quarantine against Turkey, we were guarded on all sides, and obliged to march in line, preceded by a raggamuf-

fin soldier, who cleared the road of all passengers, lest pestilence should exhale from our bodies. Even a few hogs which were quietly turning up the earth with their snouts under a tree on our path, were driven away by the officious sentry! The quarantine master, and a Servian captain, brought up the rear on horseback—the latter a majestic-looking man, dressed half as a European, half as a Turk, and carrying a whole armoury on his stately person. We walked about a mile, and would have been well pleased to perform the remainder of the distance on foot; but it was the will of our masters that we should return to the boat. It was a pretty and picturesque sight to see the long train of reluctant oxen dragging the cumbrous boat, while there was a wild music in the cry of the drivers as they brandished the long canes, and applied them to the heaving sides of their respective cattle. The distance from Gladova to Orsova, is only ten miles; and yet we were exactly eight and a half hours in accomplishing it! Why not transport the passengers and baggage by land!

A few minutes below Orsova, I was struck by the sight of a minaret surmounted by the crescent; it arose from a small mosque on a little isle near the middle of the river. The tiny island belongs to the Porte. Strange that this spot should be left

to the Moslem, in the bosom of a Christian country! but there it stands, a moral weed in a garden of beauty—nevertheless it is highly picturesque to the eye. We had to glide across the river to reach the seat of our imprisonment. It was five o'clock in the evening, and the vesper bell from the church of Orsova fell with soft and impressive tones on the ear—a pleasing substitute for the summons of the *muezzin* to prayer; but the tranquil emotions it produced, were soon dispelled. No sooner had we stepped on the soil of Hungary, than we were told a tale that should have been "howl'd out in the desert air." The superintendent of the Steam Company informed us that four days ago, an express had come down from Vienna to double the period of quarantine! So that instead of the *ten* days we had bargained for, we are doomed to a durance of *twenty!* This news fell heavy on our hearts; but complaint would have been unavailing. The Baron alone heard his doom with unshaken tranquillity of brow. Seeing me rather discontented, he handed me his pipe, quietly remarking, "Fumez un pipe, Docteur." I did so, and, seating myself on a large stone, poured the Nicotian balm into my wounded spirit. An English gentleman, who had just escaped from the Lazaret, after a confinement of only ten days, gave an unpromising account of the establishment. At length the baggage was landed. We

were all marshalled together—some eighteen or twenty, including the steerage and deck passengers—and, with a soldier in front, in rear, and flank, we proceeded with mournful steps and slow, to our prison-house.

The Lazaret is a mile and a half from the village. We were received at the gate by the Director and his assistant, both medical men, who examined our passports at a most respectful distance, and conducted us to our respective habitations. We are extremely fortunate in our quarters. The Baron, Sir E. P., the Czar (as we call the Russian), a German invalid, and myself, are all shut up together, occupying four tolerably decent apartments, entering from a double court, and walled all round to a height of twelve or fourteen feet. We cannot communicate with the other departments of the Lazaret, but we have two square yards to exercise in, and also the shade of six trees to repose under.

I am new seated under the thick foliage of a mulberry tree—its branches bending under a profusion of fruit—the berries, large, black, and luscious, are falling thick and fast around me—the ground below is strewed with them—the birds over my head are in numbers, singing a joyous glee, and feasting on the sweets of a bountiful Providence—but they are not prisoners like me—hence the

music of their tongues—they come and taste the rich repast, then away to roam through the pure fields of ether. Close to me is another mulberry tree—the branches intermingling with that under which I sit, and though its size and age are apparently the same, there is not upon it one single berry. Is not Nature here as capricious as Fortune, who showers her favours into one man's lap, while his equally deserving neighbour knows only her frowns? In the adjoining court, larger than this one, and separated by a wall having a door at its extremity, there are two apple and two cherry trees, all groaning under a load of fruit—the apples, of course, not ripe, but the cherries (or rather the small black geens), are in ripe perfection, black, glossy, and tempting. I hope, ere the sun go down, to climb the tree, and feast. Our invalid fellow-prisoner is now flitting like a ghost in the court before me. Judging from appearances, his days are numbered. His body is emaciated, his cheek hollow, his eye sunk, and the whole voice sounds as if it came through the walls of the chest. I have just had a long conversation with him on the subject of his malady, and the history he gives of himself, leaves little doubt in my mind that the hand of death is upon him; in all probability, there is a large cavity in one of his lungs; he coughs and spits a great deal, and his sputa are often streaked with blood. Poor man!

I am sorry for him. It was a cruel thing to allow him to set out on a voyage from Smyrna to Trieste in such a state; and yet he talks confidently of being set up by the climate of Italy. Vain delusive hope! It is my belief he will never reach Italy. I never hear him cough, that I do not dread the rupture of a blood-vessel, and his immediate death. In justice, however, to his physicians, it is not by their advice that he quits home.

This morning the Doctor made his appearance, and examined us as to our state of health, insisting even on a sight of the bare axilla; he then proceeded to take a list of all our goods and chattels, and demanded from each the amount of his cash. I thought this last a strange question, and felt half ashamed to acknowledge that my whole worldly wealth, for the time being, amounted to no more than thirteen sovereigns! The little man seemed surprised at my poverty. Whence all these absurd regulations? Is it lest we should be penniless vagabonds, that the government is afraid of having to send out of the country at its own expense, or is it rather a sort of compulsory testament in the supposition that we must die of the plague before we get out? Be the reason what it may, it is a most degrading task to devolve upon a medical man. However, judging from the appearance of the Doctor, he is not fit for more exalted duties. He is a

dark, skinny, restless, little man, with all the grimace of a Frenchman, and knows no language except his own, and dog Latin—in which latter he always addresses me; but though I can understand him perfectly, I find it no easy matter to reply. Our arms were also demanded, and taken from us, lest (I suppose) we should shoot each other or ourselves, or haply overpower the guards of the establishment, and make our escape! Our effects not having been registered, yesterday counts as a "dies non," and our durance dates from to-day. This is a hard and unjust regulation, and at variance with every other well regulated quarantine station. But we have only to submit. I congratulate myself on being shut up with such agreeable companions; and, I thank God, my health—in spite of all the swamps of the Danube, is at present excellent.

July 10.—Half of our durance is now expired—day after day passes with the same unvarying monotony. Weather has been throughout changeable and unpleasant—showers of rain almost daily. The variations of temperature, although frequent, have not been severe—thermometer seldom under 68° Fahrenheit, and yet at this elevation, it feels cold. There is much damp in the Lazaret, and we are all more or less ailing in body, and grumbling in spirit. The Baron alone gets fat upon confinement; notwith-

standing the *à priori* unfavourable circumstances of our position, he has not had a single attack of fever since our imprisonment began, and he gains in flesh and strength daily—so much does a change even for the worse benefit certain maladies. From the height of the surrounding walls, the air cannot percolate freely through our rooms. The trees, too, tend to favour the damp, and yet I should be sorry to see them share the fate of the Sycamores at Zante, which were cut down, lest a bird should perch on their boughs with a cargo of plague in the feather or tuft of cotton he carried in his bill! Thus, "by the merciless mandate of the Board of Health, the poor prisoners in the Lazaret were deprived of the only solace of their captivity! I have paid frequent visits to the two geen trees, from whose boughs I enjoy the double advantage of feasting the eye and appetite.

The Lazaret is a square building, occupying a large space of ground, surrounded on all sides by a circle of well-wooded hills. Our quarters are Nos. 1 and 2, on the north side of the square,—the largest, and probably the best, in the establishment. They have the great advantage also of being opposite the *cuisine* of the *traitteur*, who supplies us with a dinner of four dishes at two o'clock. His culinary powers are not of a high order, but we have not much to complain of.

We prepare our own breakfasts, having a small kitchen within the inclosure. The cost of both meals per day is about 3s.—a moderate sum certainly, and we pay nothing for our rooms, neither for the "guardiano," who acts as servant, receiving merely an optional gratuity on our departure. It is not in the power of a prisoner to dine at a later hour than two o'clock, as the *restaurant* is shut immediately after the meals are served. On the whole, the season being summer, we have little reason to be dissatisfied. In winter, or early spring, the cold and damp would render the Lazaret a dangerous abode. As far as regards liberty, I am as well here as at Malta, and at one-third of the expense. But *there* one is in a flourishing centre of civilization,—books, journals, and intelligence, are to be had daily, as also many comforts and luxuries. Here, on the other hand, one is out of the world entirely. Nothing is to be had save the bare necessaries of life; and as for political intelligence, I doubt if ever a single newspaper has penetrated to shed a mental ray on the thick solitudes of Orsova.

Chest has been plaguing me a good deal the last five or six days—in some degree, perhaps, my own fault; for, on first entering, I was in the habit of going to a well in the court, hauling up buckets of water, and pouring them over my body.

I had hoped by this means to gain strength, and diminish sensibility to cold, but I was mistaken. The Doctor visits us all twice a-day, at eight A. M. and five P. M. It so happens that at these two hours I am always in bed—not having quitted my couch for the day in the morning, and lying down upon it for an hour after dinner. The little man, however, gives me the credit for a greater capacity of sleep than I deserve, and many are the shrugs and ejaculations he makes on entering my room. "Semper dormis!" and "Quomodo vales?" are generally the only remarks he favours me with. Poor little man! his is a most wretched duty; and yet he performs it with much seeming alacrity. His pay for all this dirty work, amounts to but 600 florins a-year—equal to £60 Sterling!

Yesterday I finished the perusal of "England, Russia, and Turkey," by Urquhart. It is a work that shews no lack of talent, but I never rose from the reading of any book whose reasonings and opinions convinced my understanding less. In fact, his Russo-phobia, and partiality for the Turks, are too glaring for his views to make any impression; at least they made none upon me, and I doubt if they will do so upon any man who has been a month in Turkey. He is all for *regeneration!* a fine sounding word, no doubt; and avers, that when Turkey's first Parliament shall have met,

she is safe from the grasp of the Autocrat.. A Parliament of Turks save their country!! Prodigious! His abuse of the Russians is of the most rabid sort, charging their Government with the foulest and most unscrupulous political atrocity. It is not my wish or province to be the defender of Russia, but I certainly think that language such as Mr Urquhart makes use of respecting her, is neither decorous on his part, nor calculated to advance the credit of his own views. I have lent the work to the Czar, telling him to beware of the vengeance it breathes against his country. He said nothing, but smiled significantly, as much as to say, Mr Urquhart may thunder till he is hoarse, but Russia will go on her way, little heedful of his denunciations. He is really an astonishing fellow our Czar—a living dictionary of knowledge and of languages. At first I took him for an Englishman; the Baron never doubted he was a German; and the Smyrna Jew, who is an Italian, set him down as a countryman. There was no Frenchman in the steamer, otherwise he would have been equally deceived. Add to these four languages (besides his own), I heard him make himself understood in Sclavonian, in some of the bazaars in Bulgaria. He has travelled over every inch of Europe, and is now returning from an extensive tour in the East, comprehending a voyage

up the Nile, a visit to Mount Sinai, Jerusalem, and even to Petra. Wherever he goes, he has his eyes and ears wide open, and no man carries more away with him, in shape of accurate observation and sound inference. He has seen more of the Highlands of Scotland than I have done. Ireland and England, too, he knows thoroughly. Yesterday Sir Edwin and I were disputing on a point connected with the succession to property in England; the Czar interfered, and said he believed we were both wrong; but we rejected his decision of the question; upon which he stepped into his room, and forthwith returned with an immense folio of notes, extracted in his own handwriting from Blackstone's Commentaries, and without difficulty or delay, he turned up the passage, which proved him to be in the right. What may be his vocation, whether travelling as an independent amateur, or as an agent of his Government, we know not, for he is a man of exceeding reserve of character, but I do not think he is in his country's service. With a set of men like him at the head of affairs, it is little wonder Russia makes such onward strides. She exhibits the spectacle of first-rate talent and intelligence of the few, and the grossest ignorance and even barbarism of the many. Here is the secret of her strength:—Men so well trained and versed in human nature as the Russian function-

aries, can wield at will the brute energies of the nation. We often have long and keen discussions on political subjects, on which, so long as they relate to other countries, the Czar expresses himself freely; but when the subject comes near home, he retreats behind a curtain of reserve. It is difficult to know what are his precise opinions, but it is impossible that so enlightened a man can be other than a liberal in his heart, although expediency, or constitutional caution, will not allow him to pass strictures on his own Government, lest, possibly, "a chiel should be takin notes," and he might get into trouble at home. On the whole, though an exceedingly reserved, and perhaps a mysterious character, he is one of the most learned, observant, and enlightened men I have for a long time met with; and were I the Autocrat of all the Russias, and had a difficult and delicate political mission to execute, Constantine Krone is the man I would select.

July 14.—My fears for the poor German have been in part realized. Between eleven and twelve o'clock last night, while preparing to go to bed, I heard a rush made at my door, and the words, "Doctor," "Doctor," eagerly pronounced. I instantly opened it, and found the poor invalid

leaning against the wall, with a spit-box in his hand half-full of florid blood. He was trembling all over, and still coughing up large mouthfuls. I assisted him to bed, and laid him flat down, never, as I thought, to rise again. His eyes were sunk and fixed, as in death,—his face that of a corpse,—pulse nearly imperceptible, and a cold sweat all over the body. Yet in this state he clung fondly to life, and extending his hand, and in a voice half choked by the life-blood rising in his throat, implored of me "not to let him die." What could I do? Nothing. To bleed him was out of the question. I covered him up, put hot bottles to his feet, which were as cold as lead, and gave him a mouthful of sour drink. In half an hour he became warm, the blood returned to the surface, the breathing became less oppressed, and his countenance changed from that of a dead to a living man; but he continued at intervals to cough up mouthfuls of bloody sputa. Every one was in bed except myself. I alarmed the watch: the tocsin was sounded, and the Doctor of the establishment sent for. In about an hour and a half both the medical men made their appearance—a file of soldiers at their backs. They entered in the greatest trepidation, holding out their sticks to guard against contact. I explained in dog Latin that it was a case of alarming hæmoptysis, and totally uncon-

nected with plague—in proof of which I produced the spit-box, but neither would look within a mile of it. At length the old man put his head in at the door—asked the patient if he had thirst, and instantly retreated, saying he would send an emulsion. I sat about an hour with the poor man after their departure, and on his expressing a wish to go to sleep, left him with the servant placed at the door. This morning he has rallied wonderfully. Who would have thought he had so much life in him? But he hovers on the brink of eternity. I enjoin silence, rest, and abstinence. It is a sweet emulsion of almonds that the Doctors have sent; which, if it do little good, will do no harm. He was in bed at the moment of the rupture of the vessel, and the immediate cause was probably the change in the density of the atmosphere caused by a violent thunder-storm which was passing at the time. How is such a man to travel to Trieste? For myself, I would not ensure him till we are out of the Lazaret; and should he die here, it is probable we shall have an extension of quarantine. A death from whatever cause occurring in a Lazaret, has always a suspicious character, and I have no great hopes of the intercession in our behalf of the Doctors, with the military superintendent.

An hour ago, an English traveller, passing down the Danube on his way to Persia, came to visit us

through the grating. From him we learned that the King of England had died on the 24th ultimo. This is an important event; and, strange enough, one that I had often predicted to Sir E. P. we should hear at Vienna; and yet we had never heard a word of his illness. What an interesting moment to be in England, or indeed in any other part of Europe than the Lazaret of Orsova! but for this chance traveller we might have been six months here and not have learned it.

No answer has been returned to a petition which we all subscribed for a diminution of our durance, and probably none will come: hence we shall not get out till the 21st; and as the boat for Pesth sails from Drenkova on that day, we shall be obliged to wait for six days until the departure of the next boat. On many of the party this is a hardship. For myself, time being no object, I am not sorry, as I shall have an opportunity of visiting the Baths of Mahadiah, only three hours' drive from Orsova. These are now much frequented by invalids from Hungary, Servia, Wallachia, and Bulgaria. The waters are sulphurous, and have a high efficacy in all cutaneous affections, for the cure of which they are chiefly resorted to. It will be amusing to see a reunion of four nations all differing from each other, and new to me; besides it will afford a field for observing the diseases of the skin. The

weather continues variable, with frequent thunder-storms, causing a close and oppressive atmosphere.

July 20.—Our last day of durance! To-morrow we are free! and the note of preparation for departure is heard on all sides. The invalid is still in the land of the living, and has had no return, beyond occasional streaks of blood in the sputa. He thinks he has now renewed his lease of life; that all the evil humours of his body were discharged on the night of the attack! in proof whereof he adduces, that the bugs, and fleas, and musquitoes, which formerly eschewed his body, now fasten with eagerness upon him! I am glad it is not to me that he expresses his ardent hopes. It would be as cruel to blight them, as it would be sinful to encourage them. Meantime he prepares to depart. The distance to Drenkova is twelve hours. I have strongly enjoined the necessity of his bespeaking the easiest waggon to be had in Orsova for his own express accommodation; but the first jolt on the road may cost him his life. We have bribed the steamer to wait for us. Mons. Fry, Ex-private Secretary of King Otho, got up a paper proposing fifty florins of *bonus* to be paid by the party. As the others all signed, I did so likewise: hence we cannot go to Mahadiah, and I am disappointed. The weather is better, but I am not so well as

on entering. A voyage of eight or ten more days is before us to Vienna, besides the jolting of the waggon to Drenkova to-morrow. I would never recommend a traveller to ascend the Danube. Going down is all very well: there is then no quarantine, and the whole voyage is performed in ten or twelve days. Neither should a solitary traveller ever embark on such a voyage. From the arrangements of the Lazaret he cannot have quarters to himself, and to be shut up with a set of Jews, or low Franks, would be the bitterest ingredient in the cup of his captivity. For myself, I have had nothing to desire in this respect, and, in addition to the enlightened society of Sir E. P. and my other companions, I have had free access to his travelling library. In short, now that the time is over, I look back upon it without feelings of regret. I have read a *good* deal—slept a *great* deal—and smoked a *vast* deal. In these occupations, varied by good society, time has passed smoothly, and even profitably.

On board the "Francis I."—Semlin, ten P. M. *July* 22.—Admitted to *pratique* yesterday. The Doctor entered my room at five A. M. with the usual salutation—"Quomodo vales?" On answering "Bene," he rejoined—"Ergo pestem non habes!" and extended his hand for me to shake.

This was the magic touch that unbarred the gates of our prison-house! The formalities of the Customhouse occupied a couple of hours. At length the waggons made their appearance—open carts, without hood or covering of any sort. We drove to the village of Orsova, where there was a delay of many hours touching passports. Dined at twelve, and wandered through the town, which is clean and flourishing, and beautifully situate.

Through an open window I was witness of a curious ceremony:—that of a woman indulging in the most extravagant and riotous grief over a coffin, which, from its size, must have contained the body of a child, or very young person. From having taken her place at the window, it seemed as if she courted the public gaze: her gesticulations were violent in the extreme—tearing of hair, wringing of hands, and beating her bosom: her howlings, too, were hideous. I know not if she were the mother, but I suspect, from the extravagance of the woe, she could not have stood in so near a relation to the deceased. Certain it is she moved no sympathy in me. Methought "the tears live in an onion that should water her sorrow." Hers was not

> "the grief that does not speak,
> Which whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break."

It was two o'clock before we started: the day had been lovely until we were in the act of stepping into the waggon, when a heavy thunder-shower greeted our departure. It soon passed away, however, and was followed by a brief though treacherous interval of sunshine. Nothing can be finer than the first four hours of the drive: the road skirts the edge of the Danube, which is here extremely narrow and rapid, and hemmed in between majestic rocks, much more romantic and precipitous than those between Gladova and Orsova. *Here* is, properly speaking, the IRON GATE. A number of workmen were engaged on the road—a great part of which seems now, and frequently passes through a channel blasted in the rock. The interval of sunshine lasted only for half an hour; when the rain recommenced—at first a slight drizzle, gradually becoming heavier and heavier—at length descending in torrents. During the last three hours it fell as from buckets—the lightning flashed with a blinding brilliancy—and the thunder roared most awfully. Verily, "a naughty night to swim in!" The darkness was extreme—and the road in many parts most dangerous. An upset, which one of our horses had more than once nearly occasioned, would have tumbled us into the Danube. The glow-worm and fire-fly shed their

mimic lights on our path despite the pelting of the flood. Their tiny torches, the lightning of the heavens, and the instinct of our horses, were all we had to rely on. Sir Edwin and I were in the same cart, trying to endure with the best grace we could. It was quite impossible to smoke. I made an attempt, but the rain soon acted the part of extinguisher. It was exactly midnight when the cavalcade reached Drenkova. Never have I had such a ten hours' ride! I was drenched to the bones, and my joints nearly dislocated by the jolting of the waggon. But present discomfort was nothing compared with dread of consequences. My fears were not confined to myself; the poor Invalid and Baron claimed a large share of them. There is no inn, or semblance even of an inn, at Drenkova, hence we had to take refuge in the steamer. What a comfortless reception was ours! I was the first to enter the cabin; the waiters were fast asleep; one solitary candle, with a wick two inches long, shed a glimmer of light through the gloomy space. I took possession of a corner of a bench as bed. My effects were soaked through and through,- flimsy Turkish trunk which I bought at Constantinople having been no protection. I searched in vain for a single dry article of dress, and must have remained either in my wet clothes, or "in puris

naturalibus," all night, but for the well-timed loan of a shirt and blanket from Sir Edwin, whose trunks had oil-skin covers, and thereby escaped. The poor Invalid was in woful plight, but he had contrived to keep his portmanteau dry.

What a scene presented in the cabin this morning! Floor, benches, and tables, strewed with garments, wet as if wrung out of the Danube—confusion and misery! Strange to say, no one has as yet been a sufferer. I fully expected an attack of bronchitis, and that the Baron's fever would have returned; but we have all escaped hitherto. "He who tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb," hath enabled us to come scaithless through the storm. I suffer nothing farther than a stiff and bruised feeling in the back from the jolting of the cart.

It is disgraceful in the Steam Company not to provide better accommodation for passengers; they might surely supply *covered* instead of open carts; or, at all events, furnish sufficient tarpaulins to protect the baggage. The captain of the steamer, instead of slumbering in bed, should have been up to do what he could for our comfort. We had paid him £5 for waiting, and he knew perfectly we *must* arrive last night; yet he left us to go supperless to bed, after a ride of ten hours. At four A. M. we started; at eight o'clock the sun shone

out, and the deck was covered with wet garments. The boat is sixty-horse power, and living so much a-meal; charges high, and wine hardly drinkable. With an additional number of passengers, the inconvenience would be great. There is no bed, nor blanket, nor covering of any sort, to be had. Our party is just large enough to occupy the whole of the cabin benches, so the next comers must select the softest plank on the floor or deck. Scenery to-day was pretty and pastoral; gently waving hills of green grass, and new-mown hay. We are now at Semlin, the first Hungarian town on the left bank of the Danube, and separated from Belgrade (the capital of Servia), by the river Sāāve. I was surprised to see a number of mosques and handsome minarets in Belgrade; but the Turks have still a garrison in the town, notwithstanding the recognition of Servia as an independent State by the Porte—an anomalous state of affairs!

Our Invalid left us here, to pursue his way to Trieste by land; he squeezed my hand at parting, and said he owed his life to me. Poor man! I told him it was the Great Physician, and not me, he had to thank, for human means did nothing to restore him.

"*Francis I*," *July* 23.—*Ten* P. M.—Torrents of rain until noon; the sun then made his appearance.

Passed Peterwarraden at twelve; here is a bridge of boats across the Danube, uniting that town with Neusatcz, on the right bank. I landed for a few minutes at Neusatcz, and saw a number of Hungarian peasants, wild, half-savage looking men, with hard features, long shaggy hair hanging down over the shoulders, immense broad-brimmed hats, loose wide trowsers, and shoes made of thongs of leather; some wore leggings of the same material. Several passengers came on board, and the crowding becomes inconvenient; the new comers are preparing to sleep on the floor. Scenery of to-day was most uninteresting—the only objects to attract the eye being the wood-rafts floating down the river, and the water-mills; the former were small, and not to compare, as to the picturesque, with the floating villages or communities to be seen on Lake Ontario, and the St Lawrence. The water-mills are in great numbers, built upon boats moored in the stream, occasionally above a dozen in a row, resembling a little village, each house having its own peculiar boat. The families do not sleep in these floating abodes, which in winter are all taken to pieces, and housed till the disappearance of ice from the Danube. A similar precaution is required with the bridges of boats; hence, the accommodation to the public is but temporary; the descending masses of ice would carry all before

them. The breadth of the river in various places to-day must have exceeded a mile, and its shores are flat, swampy, and overflowed.

* * * *

July 24.—At length we have a fine day! The Captain tells me it is almost the first he has seen. Rain, eternal rain, hitherto. Called at two villages —the name of the last Mohatch, which we reached at 5 P. M.; it is famous as the battle-field where the last King of Hungary fell. Went ashore, and walked through the village; the houses are clean and substantial, but the streets are of an absurd breadth. Notices in the Hungarian language were posted in various places—a most incomprehensible tongue, and like to no other; but every one speaks Latin here. A fresh addition of passengers came on board—the cabin is extremely crowded, and the deck entirely taken up by huge bales of cotton, piled up one above another, leaving only a narrow passage on the larboard side. The cotton was taken on board at Semlin. Musquitoes were in myriads below. Sleep would have been out of the question, had they not been destroyed by fumigation: The windows were closed, the lights removed, the door left wide open, and some herbs were burned in the cabin. I could only learn their Hungarian name; however, their anti-musquitic virtues are unquestionable. We ranged ourselves near the door, and

smote them down with towels in thousands, as they made for the only exit left to avoid suffocation. In a quarter of an hour, scarce a single enemy remained, and, in consequence, loud and deep are the slumbers of many now around me.

July 25.—Passed a most wretched night—crowded state of cabin intolerable; every inch of the floor, all the stools, and even the tables, were used as beds. Atmosphere positively pestilential. Could not sleep. One man on the floor kept us all awake,—he snored like a rhinoceros; positively I never heard such strange unearthly sounds. It was laughable for a time, but soon became past a joke. At midnight the Jew, who could submit no longer, got up and awoke him—he had no easy task of it. It was our turn now, and I for one fell asleep.

I feel extremely tired of this voyage, and long for the luxury of a bed, which I have not known since quitting Constantinople. The crowding is both disagreeable and unwholesome, and some of the most indispensable necessaries of life are wanting. It was with great difficulty, and not without treading on a man's head, that I could pick my way to the door last night. We reach Pesth to-morrow morning—a cheering prospect truly. These boats must pay handsomely. The Captain of this one tells me he takes an average of 4000 florins each trip

from Pesth to Drenkova and back again. Were it not for the losses in the lower portion of the river, the company would soon be rich. It has blown a cold piercing north wind all day, with occasional wet squalls—a November, rather than a July day. Had my hat carried away by a sudden gust—strange enough, I had saved it from a watery grave in the Seine, to perish in the Danube!

PESTH, *July 27.—Nine* P. M.—Arrived here at eight A. M. yesterday. Put up at the Jäger Horn, a large and magnificent hotel, with the word "Willkommen" (welcome), written in prominent letters over the stair-case. Pesth is a beautiful town—as such at all events it strikes me—emerging from the barbarism of the East. It has spacious and well paved streets, substantial stone houses, elegant shops, excellent hackney coaches, a handsome theatre, an establishment of sweet and mineral baths, and lastly, a public reading-room and library (Caçino) that would do honour to any city in the heart of Europe. To the traveller arriving from the East, it is an unspeakable luxury to find himself all at once in the midst of the comforts and *agrémens* of life. Both yesterday and to-day I passed many hours in the Caçino, to which I was readily admitted without introduction, although, by the rules of the establishment, it is necessary to be introduced by a member. The respectable stranger,

however, passing through the town, has only to present himself at the door, to be at once admitted. Galignani is the only English journal taken in; but there are quantities of French papers, and likewise the Edinburgh, and Quarterly Reviews. I did not see Blackwood, but a Hungarian gentleman told me it was also taken. Nothing can surpass the order, and cleanliness of the institution. In a saloon adjoining the reading-rooms, there are two beautiful billiard tables—the walls of the room ornamented with a number of sporting prints, horse-racing, &c., both English and native, for the turf is a favourite amusement with the Hungarians. In one of the reading-rooms smoking is allowed, and a collection of pretty little pipes, all ready charged, with taper and matches at hand, is at the service of the subscriber or visitor. The opposite part of the building is devoted to a library of books in every language, of great extent, and choice selection. Nothing, in short, is wanting in this superb establishment, which says much for the civilization and intelligence, and even the political liberty, of the Hungarians. Count Schekeni, the same distinguished patriot to whose influence and exertions the steam navigation of the Danube owes its rise, was the founder of the Caçino. I do not know the exact number of members—450 I think. No entrance-money is required, but there is an annual

subscription of 50 florins (£5 Sterling), and the election is by ballot. I found a file of Galignani, which has put me "au courant" with the interesting events connected with the beginning of the new reign in England. It surprised me not a little to find that the heat and drought had been so great in London. Verily it has not been so on the Danube.

Last night I went to the theatre. The house is exceedingly elegant, and was filled by a most respectable audience; the play a comedy, and the performers, judging from their spirit and manner, were far above mediocrity. The only thing to be regretted was the bad lighting of the house; but I make no doubt, from the onward impulse at work here, that the theatre and streets and shops will ere long be lighted with gas.

Yesterday I crossed the Bridge of Boats to the town of Ofen, exactly opposite to Pesth. The Palatine, who is uncle of the reigning Emperor, resides here. Ofen is strongly fortified, and the view from the ramparts, on which there is a promenade sheltered by an avenue of acacias, is an extensive one. The surrounding country is cultivated with the vine, and the wine is the best in Hungary. I drank of it both yesterday and today at dinner, and with infinite relish after the sour trash of the steamboat. On crossing the bridge, a trifling pontage is exacted from all who

have not the privilege of nobility. My companion and myself walked across without interruption, so that the guardian must have set us down as nobles. These abound in Hungary—the peasant who ploughs his little farm, and the mechanic who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, are often *noble.* They pay no taxes, and enjoy all the privileges of the "haute noblesse," except that of sitting in the Chamber of Peers. They have even a jail to themselves, as it would be considered the last step of degradation for an illustrious criminal to be immured with the ignoble delinquent! This is a strange anomaly in a country which is governed by a liberal constitution, which elects its own representatives, where the vote is by ballot, and the suffrage universal. The maintenance of the abuse must depend on the great numbers who are clothed with the escutcheon of nobility.

PRESBURG, *July* 29.—*Eight* P.M.—Left Pesth at eight A.M. yesterday, in the boat "Arpad," of eighty-horse power, and with double deck, something after the manner of the American boats. There were a hundred passengers, and meals were served under an awning. The weather, fortunately, was delightful, and almost all slept upon deck. Had it rained, we must have been suffocated below, and obliged to sit bolt upright all night. As it happened, I had room to

stretch myself on one of the cuddy benches on which I slept profoundly. On approaching Presburg, the windings of the Danube are most remarkable, and the current is of great velocity; two men were constantly at the helm, but it was with difficulty they could keep the vessel from driving ashore. On one occasion, we were swept within a few feet of a sand bank.

Among the passengers, I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of a Hungarian nobleman (Loyola D'Orasay by name), with whom I had a great deal of conversation in French. I found him a most enlightened man, and perfectly acquainted with the past history and present political condition of England. He told me, there was no nation of Europe which his countrymen respected so much as England; and that no stranger was so heartily welcomed in Hungary as the Englishman. Of the celebrated British Statesmen, Earl Grey was his especial favourite. I never heard a more glowing, and, in my opinion, juster eulogium, than he passed on the high and consistent character of that distinguished nobleman, whom he pronounced "homme sans pareil dans l'histoire d'Angleterre." He then discussed Lord Brougham, for whose genius and eloquence he expressed a high admiration; but he regretted deeply, in common with myself, and many others, I believe, that his elevation

to the Peerage had removed him from the floor of the House of Commons, where alone he was calculated to shine. Indeed, he remarked, that he considered Brougham's star to be on the wane, from the day he quitted the leadership of the opposition in the House of Commons.

The heads of the Tory party were next brought on the tapis, but now the language of praise was exchanged for that of censure. I was really quite surprised at the intimate knowledge he displayed even of the most trivial political transactions of my country. Although he does not speak English, he reads it with facility, and says he always looks with impatience for the arrival of the Edinburgh Review at the Caçino. Having discussed the politics of England, he gave me a sketch of the history and present condition of Hungary. He was a member of the last diet, which sat for three years, and was only recently dissolved. The Constitution of Hungary is not unlike that of England; it has two Chambers—the first consisting of two hundred members, elected by universal suffrage and by ballot, and sent to the diet rather as delegates than free representatives. On every important question, they are obliged to consult the wishes of the majority of their constituents. The second Chamber, or House of Lords, is composed of the *haute noblesse*, and has much the same privileges as our Upper

House ; but the authority of the Palatine is merely nominal, as the bills that pass both Houses must be ratified at Vienna, where Metternich is Palatine, Emperor, and all.

At three o'clock to-day we reached Presburg, where I bade adieu to my agreeable acquaintance. A carriage was in waiting to convey him to a country-seat in the neighbourhood. On parting he gave me his card, expressed many civilities and good wishes, and, after a cordial squeeze of the hand, and a hearty *kiss* in spite of our grizzly moustaches, jumped into his carriage and set off.

Presburg is a pretty town, with an air of much cleanliness and comfort, as indeed I have found all the towns and even villages of Hungary to possess. A bridge of boats 330 paces in breadth stretches across the Danube, and conducts to some fine and shady walks, where I lounged away the afternoon in the midst of a large assemblage of well-dressed men and pretty women, enjoying their evening promenade. The boat starts at five A. M. to-morrow for Vienna, to arrive there about the same hour in the evening. To-morrow will be the thirty-eighth day since I embarked on the Bosphorus. It has been a tedious and uncomfortable voyage, and one I would not perform over again upon any consideration. Neither should I ever recommend it to another, unless he were certain of escaping with a

quarantine of ten days at Orsova. The Steam Company must provide better accommodations for the conveyance of their passengers from Gladova to Drenkova, if they hope to gain the public favour. In a country like Egypt open waggons might answer very well, but they are but ill adapted to the rainy shores of the lower Danube. Meantime, I congratulate myself on having escaped with no other injury than a bad cold, which has been hanging about me during the last three or four days.

VIENNA.—*Hotel "Arch-Duke Charles," August* 5.—Out of bed to-day for the first time since my arrival in Vienna. I awoke on the morning of the 30th at Presburg, with a sharp pain in the right side. During the voyage up the river it kept increasing, and at midnight became so insupportable, that I had to rise from bed, and, groping through the passage until I found a bell, rang it loudly, and regained my room with difficulty. In a few minutes the head waiter made his appearance. I ordered him to call a Physician, and was rejoiced to learn that there was one living in the house. In half an hour the waiter returned with his *so-called* physician, but the manner in which he began to examine me, proved at once that he was an arrant quack; besides, he knew not a word of French, nor Latin

enough to understand "Fiat venæsectio instanter."*
I told the waiter that I must be instantly bled: he interpreted this to the man of soap (for he is a barber), who felt my pulse—looked, doubtingly, and desired the waiter to ask if "I had ever been bled before." This ridiculous question irritated me beyond any thing—the pain was so acute that I could scarcely breathe or speak, and, with a threatening look, I presented my naked arm, and pointed to the proper vein. He went away presently, and returned with a lancet, or rather fleme, for it entered the vein with a spring: however, the blood gushed out in a full stream, and as it flowed, I felt speedy relief. After one large cupful had been drawn he wished to stop the orifice, but I would not permit him. At length, after a second was filled, he tied up my arm in spite of me: it was the quantity, and not the amount of relief, that the blockhead considered. My breathing was now comparatively easy; but in an hour the pain returned. I sent for him again, and ordered him to undo the bandage, and let the blood flow until the pain should entirely subside. With much difficulty I prevailed on him to do so, and, with a discharge of a third large cupful, I felt in paradise. It was now two A. M., and I slept till seven; at that time the Courier of Sir E. P. (unfortunately for me, Sir E.

* Open a vein instantly.

himself had been left behind at Presburg, and did not arrive till three days afterwards) brought the physician of the British Embassy to see me. To that gentleman I am most deeply indebted: for he has attended me throughout with a father's care. Dr Schœffer Fyffe is his name; and, strange enough, he is a graduate of the Edinburgh Univerty. Indeed, from his accent and appearance, I could hardly persuade myself that he was not a Scotchman. He speaks English perfectly, although it is thirty-five years since he took his degree in Edinburgh. I have seldom met with a more kind and attentive man. His treatment was precisely what an English physician would have ordered under similar circumstances, viz. antimonials, and a large blister to the seat of pain. I thank a gracious God, to whose repeated "mercies it is, that I am not consumed," I am now entirely free from pain, and suffer only from rawness of chest and great debility. Dr Schœffer told me that the so-dubbed physician who bled me, is nothing but a barber-surgeon, and keeps a shop at the door of the inn, where his apprentices exercise the art of shaving, until, like the master, promoted to the higher duties of phlebotomy and tooth-drawing.

This is a very large and good hotel, but the most expensive in Vienna. I pay 4s. a-day for a dark dismal chamber looking into a narrow court.

My intention on coming was to stay only one night until I could provide a lodging; but illness has forced me to remain.

. . .

Aug. 14.—807 *Stock-eis-en-platz.*—Removed from the "Arch-Duke Charles" on the 7th, and am now lodged in a handsome and commodious apartment in the same stair with Dr Schœffer, at the moderate charge of 2s. a-day. Feel my strength returning rapidly: fortunately the weather has been most propitious: there has not been a drop of rain since my arrival, and the thermometer has seldom been under 80° Fahrenheit!

Vienna is a well-paved, common-place town, with good streets and houses, but with few fine buildings to attract admiration. The cathedral is a handsome Gothic edifice, and in one of the gardens there is a temple built after the model of the beautiful Temple of Theseus at Athens. Although the proportions here are the same, or nearly so, it is surprising how inferior the model is to the original: hence it is not mere exactness of dimension and size that imparts architectural grace—the ancient temple is the aristocratic, the modern the plebeian belle. It was built expressly to contain a masterpiece of Canova—representing Theseus killing the Centaur, which was purchased by the Austrian Government at the price of £20,000. As a work

of statuary it is certainly faultless, only I think the muscular lines in the right arm and side of Theseus are not sufficiently developed.

Vienna has one nasty characteristic over other large cities—namely, in the abominable smells that greet the nose at every turn. Whatever house or hotel you enter, in the largest or the smallest street, no matter where, the empire of Cloacina is supreme. The nuisance is no doubt greater now than at other times, on account of the extreme heat; but where is the boasted medical police of the Germans when such a state of things is tolerated? The town is surrounded by a wall and ditch, and forms the centre of a circle whose radii consist of gardens and promenades, and the circumference of *fauxbourgs.* These are also surrounded by a wall and ditch, and form a second city, less compact and dense, but covering a far greater extent, and more populous, I should imagine, than the town itself.

In no city have I ever seen a gayer population—pleasure seems the sole object in life of the Viennese. Every evening the gardens are filled with company, —bands of music are in attendance, and ices and refreshments of all sorts served out. The women are pretty certainly, but neither beautiful nor graceful. The general character of expression is one of gentleness and accessibility. The well dressed

stranger may accost almost any lady he meets with in the gardens, without the necessity of a previous introduction.

Two days ago, I passed the forenoon in visiting the chief hospital,—a young German, M. D., introduced to me by Dr Schœffer Fyffe, having acted as Cicerone. It is a vast institution, containing upwards of 2000 beds, and having special wards set apart for the different departments of medicine, such as the eye, the skin, &c. The clinical lectures are all delivered in Latin—a ridiculous enough preference of a dead over a living language, and serving only to mystify a subject, that, above every other, should be treated with clearness. Behind the great hospital is an institution for the treatment of lunatics, in the form of a round tower, and consisting of five stories, each floor being divided into an equal number of small cells. I went over the whole of the institution: economy of space seems its chief recommendation, for it is deficient in air and light.

In the skin-wards of the General Hospital I was surprised to see some of the patients lying between two large fleecy sheep-skins, with the whole body covered up to the mouth: the thermometer at the time was upwards of 80° Fahrenheit, and the poor devils were literally "dissolving into dew." On asking my conductor the meaning of this strange treatment, he told me that such was the discip-

line always administered to *itch* patients. They are first rubbed with sulphur-ointment, and then smothered for forty-eight hours in sheep-skins. This is certainly a barbarism in physic that I could hardly have believed possible in the nineteenth century. I wish the physician who practises it no worse than an attack of itch himself, and a similar means of cure. Why melt a man away for the removal of a malady that eight days of the simplest treatment in the world are generally sufficient to effect? Judging from the prescriptions written over the acute cases, I should say, the German practice was midway between the energy of the English, and the expectancy of the French system. Vienna has but one other hospital, and as a school for the English student, is not to be compared with Paris.

Yesterday I accompanied my friends the Baron and Sir E. P. to the Imperial Stables. Although the Emperor and his court are now absent, we saw above 300 horses quietly eating their heads off in the stalls. Surely this is an unjustifiable waste of the public money, and proves the truth of the saying, that the trappings of monarchy cost more than the whole government of a Republic.

The "Belvidere" is the only collection of paintings I have seen. It contains a vast number—but comparatively few of the ancient master-pieces. Of the suburbs of Vienna, I have seen only the

Prader, and Palace of Schœnbrun. The former is a magnificent approach to the city through a triple avenue of well-grown chesnut trees, and on either side a park swarming with deer.

Schœnbrun was the abode of Napoleon during his occupation of Vienna, but I could not gain admittance to the interior of the palace. The gardens and grounds are pretty enough, and contain a number of wild beasts:—elephant, tigers, lions, &c. &c., besides a variety of other quadrupeds and birds.

To-morrow I intend setting out for Munich. Before leaving Orsova I had half engaged to accompany Sir E. P. on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; but several reasons not then existing, have made me renounce this darling project:—1st, My illness which, for the present at least, unfits me for travelling in a country where few of the commodities of life are to be found. 2dly, I see by the papers, that the cholera is making sad havoc at Malta, hence the British steamer will probably be put in quarantine at Alexandria. 3dly, I have received letters from Callander, informing me that the 29th of August is the day fixed for his marriage, and earnestly inviting me to be present at the ceremony. This decides my movements. To see so bright a prospect of happiness open upon so old

and valued a friend, I would cheerfully undertake a far longer journey.

Palermo, where I had thoughts of wintering, is in a state of open revolt, and thousands are said to be dying daily of the cholera. Were I to go to Trieste, —my original intention, I should get into a labyrinth of cordons and quarantines from which I might never escape; and verily I have had enough of Lazarets. From Munich I can reach the Rhine, descend to Rotterdam, and from thence cross over to some mild quarter on the Channel for the winter. It is, however, with much sorrow and regret that I relinquish the society of Sir E. P. To make a tour through Syria in his company, would to me be the greatest of all pleasures; but having maturely weighed the *pros* and *cons*, I do not think I would be justified in incurring so much risk. In my wanderings hitherto, I have been chiefly alone—having no fancy to attach myself to strangers—but in Sir E. P. I find a companion with whom I would cheerfully travel round the globe. His is a character but seldom to be met with. To an enlightened and highly cultivated mind, he unites the highest tone of moral and gentlemanly feeling—an utter want of selfishness—a benevolence of spirit that has often surprised me—and, above all, a firm reliance upon Him who is alone the wanderer's friend.

Such I have invariably found him, and I have seen him under circumstances where disguise was impossible. I have derived much pleasure from my intercourse with him, and am not too proud to acknowledge—much instruction also. He sets out for Trieste to-morrow, and will be guided by circumstances as to proceeding to Syria, to visit which is his present intention, and ardent desire. Go when and where he may, my best wishes for a prosperous journey and safe return, will ever go with him.

LINTZ, *August* 18.—Left Vienna at three o'clock P. M., on the 15th. My friend the Baròn and myself had engaged a return carriage, in which we jogged along quietly and comfortably enough. The early rising and dust, were the chief annoyances. Habit soon reconciles one to the former, and some heavy showers that fell last night have allayed the latter. The journey occupied two and a half days, over a good road, and through rather a pretty country, abounding in wood and dale, rivers and corn fields. The operations of the harvest were in full activity, and the crops excellent. Much grain has already been cut, and the reapers are busy with the remainder. The scythe, and not the sickle, is in universal use—a very ungraceful occupation for the *yungfraus.* On the Continent of Europe, one never

sees a well-stored stack-yard. It is a puzzle to me where they stow away their grain. Throughout the whole journey from Vienna to Lintz, I did not see a single stack of corn, and yet half of the fields were bare. Large granaries are used for the purpose, but even they are "few and far between." In no country where I have ever been, is there such beautiful agricultural scenery as in England. Here, the eye looks in vain for the smiling hedges, the graceful sprinkling of wood, the undulating character of the fields, and above all, the trim rows of corn and hay stacks of "Merry England." Neither is there such a thing as a gentleman's seat to be found. The wealthy of the Continent abjure the sober pleasures of rural life, for the din and bustle of the crowded city.

Mölk is the prettiest town on the road: it stands on the base of a hill overlooking the Danube, and commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country. I like the inns of Germany—they are cleaner and more comfortable than those of France; only the beds, without exception, are a foot too short; and yet the Germans are not a diminutive people. Having the Baron with me, I have been at no loss for the language; but we part to-day: he to go to Ratisbon, on his way to Wurtzburg—I to Munich. I am sorry to lose the Baron. We have now been together since the day of quitting

Athens, and in all that time his character has shewn in the most amiable light. Reduced to a skeleton when we sailed from the Piræus, he is now a perfect Hercules. I have never seen so great a change wrought in so short time.

This is a large and bad inn, rendered worse to-day than usual by the arrival of the King and Queen of Saxony, whom, with their attendants, I saw drive into the court an hour ago. The king is a pale and delicate looking man, and is now on his way home from a watering place in Austria.

The beer is good at Lintz, for the first time. In Hungary, Vienna, and all along the road, it was execrable. One might be sure of nearing the frontier of Bavaria, from the manifest improvement in the quality of this grateful beverage. It is a curious circumstance, and one that I have never heard satisfactorily explained, that they make really good beer nowhere in Germany, except in Bavaria.

ISCHEL, *Aug.* 19.—Left Lintz at two P. M. yesterday, by the railway—train consisted of two carriages joined together—at different prices—about thirty passengers in both—whole drawn by two horses, tandem fashion—road almost a dead level—rate of progress between six and seven miles—country uninteresting. Had intended stopping at

Lambach, but a most agreeable and elegant German lady, whose acquaintance I made in the carriage, spoke so much of the beauties of this place, that I determined to deviate from my way in order to visit them. Accordingly, I proceeded by the same carriage to the town of Gmünden, where the railway ceases, and where I slept last night. The approach to Gmünden must be superb, for so even it appeared to us, although indistinctly seen by the light of the moon. At six o'clock this morning, my agreeable acquaintance, her husband (a cavalry officer, who spoke no French), and another German lady and gentleman, embarked at Gmünden to descend the lake to Ebensee. The morning was delicious, and the scenery of the little lake of surpassing beauty. Our bark was rowed by six men, all standing and looking to the bow. We skirted close to the left shore, to escape a swell in the middle of the lake, caused by a gentle breeze. This exquisite little sheet of water has every variety of scenery and landscape, and the base of the majestic Trounstein is washed by its green wave. I have seldom seen a more noble rock—the top terminating in a sharp cone, and perfectly naked—so also is the precipitous side, save here and there a few graceful pines, clinging with the fond fidelity of the friends of adversity. Every where on the water's edge are planted little cottages,—neat, smiling, and clean

—the walls clustered with vines, and the roofs literally smothered by fruit-trees of every sort—and then the grassy knolls,—so beautiful, waving, and green, where fairies might delight to dance! What exquisite retreats for the hermit or the sage! We passed close under the edge of a precipitous rock, in the face of which was dug a little cavity, containing an image of the Virgin and the infant Jesus. On the opposite side, standing on what appears to be a small island, is a pretty little village church, and some distance beyond, on the same shore, a monument erected in memory of eight persons who were drowned here some years ago. While we passed this simple memorial, the chief boatman relinquished his oar, and dipping his hand into the lake, sprinkled some water in my face, and at same time baptized me, in name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, "Ferdinand Sonenstein." He then performed the ceremony of baptism on all the others, giving to each person a different name. *Sonenstein* signifies "Rock of the Sun," a sufficiently Ossianic appellation, which I must always appropriate in this neighbourhood. All persons who pass this spot for the first time are similarly christened. Even the Emperor, while on his way to Ischel, was not excepted. My lady friend had a hearty laugh at my expense, declaring that I was now a Catholic for the rest of my life

In two hours and a quarter our voyage was over. Never have I made a more agreeable one. My companions, although only two of the party could speak French, shewed the strongest desire to be courteous and kind. Our acquaintance was but a day old, and yet we parted at Ebensee with feelings of mutual regret, and with many wishes for a future meeting. These are the sun-blinks in the traveller's life that peep out through the clouds that o'ershadow his path, to gild his wanderings, and to cheer him on.

Of all the lakes I have seen in Switzerland, there is none to my eyes so beautiful as the little sheet of water between the towns of Gmünden and Ebensee. It possesses every element of the sublime and the beautiful, without the terrible and chilling severity of an Alpine landscape. On stepping ashore, we passed under triumphal arches of evergreens, erected in honour of the Imperial Family, who recently arrived at Ischel by the same route. While a car was preparing, I had time to visit an extensive manufactory of salt. Large cavities are dug in the rock, into which fresh water is made to flow; and salt being an abundant, if not a principal ingredient, the water, after being fully saturated, is conducted to an evaporating reservoir, from whence the salt is shovelled out almost in a pure enough state for immediate use.

In the parlour of the inn, a number of peasants of both sexes were assembled. They had just returned from a funeral, and had bands of crape round their hats and caps. The beer-jugs were circling rapidly, and the mirth of the mourners was riotous and loud. It appears the custom of drowning sorrow for the dead in the bowl, is not confined to Scotland and Ireland.

The drive from Ebensee to Ischel is along the banks of a rapid mountain-stream, with steep and wooded banks on both sides. It has many noble pools for angling; but I looked in vain for an angler by its side! Two hours brought me to Ischel. All the inns were full to overflowing, and I had difficulty in procuring a shelter from the sun. At length the postilion conducted me to a baker's house, where I am now lodged in a clean little bedroom. Nothing can be more romantic than the situation of Ischel—mountain towering over mountain, and rock over rock.

Before dinner I visited the Bathing Establishment—a spacious building surrounded by a colonnade of wooden pillars, and partitioned into a number of nice and commodious bath-rooms. On the façade is inscribed in prominent characters the following motto:—

"In Sale et in Sole omnia consistunt."

I thought they might have given precedence to the

sun; but human nature is every where the same, and as the Ischelites *gain* more by the one than the other, they cast into the shade even the god of day! There are no natural mineral waters here, but from the abundance of salt, and the facility of obtaining it from the manufactory, baths of every degree of strength are to be had at a moment's notice.

At two o'clock I dined in the saloon of the principal inn. Here was a vast assemblage of company, but, judging from the despatch they made of their meals, there were few invalids amongst them. The latter lodge in private dwellings. For a wonder, I descried no countryman; at least, after a careful survey of every face at table, I could discover none, and I am seldom mistaken in an Englishman. There is something extremely agreeable in entering a large assembly of utter strangers. Two friends travelling together, do not profit nearly so much from contact with foreigners, as he who is alone. They converse with each other, and are independent of new acquaintances. Whereas, the solitary traveller seats himself at table, eagerly scans every face, anticipating within himself the character and nation of the different strangers; *this* man he would choose to avoid; with *that* man he would like to become acquainted. I accosted my two neighbours, but as they did not understand

French, our parleying was cut short. There was one man at some distance, whose physiognomy pleased me much, and after dinner I accosted him in front of the house. My judgment was not wrong, for he proved a most worthy man, a Dane, who spoke a little English. From him I learnt there was to be a grand artificial cascade in the evening, which the Imperial Family was expected to witness. We agreed on the spot to hire a car, and set out for the place. In less than half an hour we started. The distance is ten miles, along a road unequalled, in my eyes, for romantic beauty. In two hours we reached the scene of amusement. A vast number of persons,—all of the upper class of society, had already assembled. The river was dammed by a substantial wall, having a sluice in the centre, closed by a moveable slide. Nature had already made a fall here, and the stoppage of the water was only to increase the amount, and thereby the effect. Above the barrier, the river had gathered to the size of a considerable lake. An arbour of evergreens, in the most favourable position for the view, was erected for the accommodation of the Royal party, which arrived about ten minutes after us, and consisted of two Arch-Dukes, one the brother—the other uncle of the Emperor, and one Arch-Duchess, with two children. The Emperor and Empress came not. A

handkerchief waved by the Arch-Duke Francis, was the signal for letting go the water. Out it rushed, in a tremendous burst—tumbling and roaring over rock and linn, and sending up a prodigious cloud of spray. It was indeed a lovely sight,—not the cataract alone, but the exquisite beauty of the scenery, the golden tints of the descending sun, and the crowds of joyous faces that thronged around. A full half-hour elapsed before the little lake was drained of its waters, during which time the Royal party moved about among the people, and conversed familiarly with many in the crowd. They had no host of fawning courtiers in their train, having arrived in two plain carriages and pair, without state or pomp whatever. It would have been the same thing had the Emperor been present. The stranger might have remained ignorant of their quality, but for the uplifted hats in whatever direction they passed. It is one pleasing feature, at least, in despotic governments (and I believe the rule is almost universal), that in proportion as the sway of the Sovereign is absolute, so is the love of his people towards his person. No man is more beloved or safer among his boors, than the Czar of Russia—so it is in Austria. Would Louis Phillippe trust himself thus unguarded among the citizens of the "Grande Nation?"

The first act over, a second was in store for the entertainment of the company. In the bed of the now dried lake, a majestic stag was liberated from his wooden prison. Here again the signal was given by the Arch-Duke, but there was so much hammering and thumping to undo the boards, that when the way was open, the prisoner refused the boon of liberty. At length he was routed out,—indeed a noble animal, and beautiful as the woods that sheltered his birth. On first escaping, he stopped and looked wildly around, as if to afford time for the spectators to admire his stately person; he then made a bound—paused again—bewildered in short—but even in his very awkward ness there was a matchless grace. At length he recovered from his trance, and snuffing with dilated nostril the sweet air of liberty, he made three or four majestic bounds, and disappeared from the view among the thick woods of the forest. The cheers of all the party accompanied him, and he is now resting, perhaps, beside his despairing mate, pouring into her "greedy ear" the strange adventures of the day.

The sun had by this time gone down in a blaze of glory, and the company began to depart. I rubbed shoulders in the crowd with the Imperial Dukes, and received from both a gracious return of my salute. They are short and plain-looking

men, with little intelligence of expression. The younger of the two, however (Francis), has a very pleasing countenance. At eight o'clock we reached the inn, where I supped with the Dane, and retired to my cottage to scribble these notes in my diary, in memory of a day that has passed without physical or moral cloud; from the rising until the going down of the sun, my eyes have feasted upon landscapes, such as (viewed merely as scenery, unconnected with association), I have never before seen. I owe a large debt of gratitude to my fair acquaintance, for having pointed out this exquisite watering-place, which I have been able to visit without material deviation from my path, and of whose name and existence, until I had met her, I was entirely ignorant.

SALTZBURG, *August* 21.—Left Ischel at one P. M. yesterday. Finding no return carriage, I was obliged to post the three stages between Ischel and Saltzburg. It was Sunday, and a most charming day. I saw the Emperor and Empress at church in the morning. They came at different times, and entirely unattended, except by one or two members of the Imperial Family. The service was all mystery to me—jingling of bells—kneeling and rising of the priest—mumbling of Latin—turning over the leaves of a huge folio, which I suppose

was the Missal. The church was full of an apparently devout peasantry; the women dressed in the most grotesque gowns, with the waists between the shoulders, and immense broad-brimmed men's hats on their heads. The Emperor is a sad specimen of humanity; of an insignificant person, fair, flaxen hair, and expression of face bordering on fatuity; he did nothing but look vacantly around, scratch his nose, spit, and cross himself hundreds of times. I marvelled to myself how so small a man could govern so vast an empire; but Metternich directs the helm, and all goes well. I was very sorry not to have seen Metternich, but he was absent from Ischel. His Christian name is *Clement*, and the German wags have a *bon mot*, "L'Empereur est *Clement*."

The Empress arrived half an hour after her husband's departure. I stood within three yards of her pew, and had a full view of her face and figure. She is a very pretty person, with small regular features, and pleasing expression of countenance. Nothing could be simpler than her dress,—a modest pink bonnet, with a flower fastened to the side, and without a veil;—a plain white gown, with coloured sash, and pink silk handkerchief thrown negligently over the shoulders. Her figure, though small and slender, is well proportioned, and although wanting in dignity, is not without grace.

The service over, she stepped into the carriage, with a single female attendant, and drove home. It was pleasing to see Royalty thus divested of its pomp, and humbly kneeling before the same altar with the peasant, in temporary oblivion of all human distinctions.

The drive from Ischel to Saltzburg is beautiful, more especially the two first stages; but I lost much time in shifting the baggage from one rattle-trap conveyance to another. Unless a man have his own carriage, he should never travel post on the Continent. Besides the delay, nothing is more irksome than to be obliged to move into a new vehicle, just after getting comfortably ensconced in the old one.

The last stage was tremendously hilly, and it was dark long before I reached Saltzburg, the journey having occupied eight and a half hours, at a cost of one pound Sterling. I put up here at the "Vaisseau d'Or," a large house, ill provided with waiters. In front of the door is one of the most fantastical and prettiest fountains in Germany.

Saltzburg is a curious and romantic town, situate in the bosom of rocks and wooded hills, and with a large river flowing through its centre. After dinner I dawdled through the town, and explored the environs. The heat is intense, but I thrive upon it. Some of the streets are built against the perpendicular face of the rock, which forms the

posterior wall; the houses are only a few feet in depth, and have a very singular appearance. I strayed beyond the gate, and drank a jug of beer in a café hollowed out of the rock, overlooking the river. Three men were fishing from a boat anchored by a stone in the middle of the stream. I watched them closely for half an hour, but saw no fish caught,—they appeared to be spinning a minnow. The Munich gate is bored through the rock, forming a tunnel 135 paces in length, and broad enough for two carriages to pass.

In the public room I made the acquaintance of a very agreeable Frenchman. We soon became intimate, and he narrated to me the eventful story of his life. Leaving France on the breaking out of the first Revolution, he entered the British army, where he remained sixteen years, and obtained the rank of Captain of Artillery. He quitted the army in Jamaica, became a sugar-planter, and amassed a considerable fortune. At the peace in 1815 he sold his property—returned to France—bought a large estate in his native province—and entered the military service of the restored dynasty, in which he rose to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. The "trois jours" were fatal to his fortunes. He refused to swear allegiance to Louis Philippe, or to serve under the tricolor. Accordingly, his commission was cancelled, and he retired to his estate

a suspected man. In 1832 he joined the Rebellion in La Vendée, fomented by the mad expedition of the Duchess de Berri: his three sons took arms along with him. They were defeated by a detachment of troops,—the sons taken prisoners,—he himself escaping after a series of hair-breadth adventures. His sons were tried by a court-martial, and were saved by a casting-vote from a rebel's death. The father made his way to England, where he now lives an outlaw from his country. His object in coming here is to visit the Princess of Beira, sister of Don Carlos, who resides at Saltzburg with two sons of the Pretender, and a little court. He introduced me to the Secretary of the Princess, who came to wait upon him this morning at the inn. I was really touched by the simple narrative of his misfortunes, and to see a man so completely a gentleman, obliged as it were to begin life anew. He regretted nothing for himself he said, but deeply deplored the ruin of his family. In speaking of the blighted hopes of his sons, the feelings of a father rose in his breast, and " tears, big tears," gathered in his moistening eye. Although far above sixty, he thinks of joining the standard of Don Carlos in Spain. A Frenchman never grows old: there is a resiliency of character about him, and a power of accommodating himself to reverses, such as the citizen of no other nation possesses.

Witness the emigrés of the first Revolution.—Nobles teaching the guitar in every town of Europe; and even the son of Egalité himself (now the King of the French) conducting Yankee boys over the "Pons Asinorum." An Englishman is not endowed with this philosophy, and would blow out his brains rather than descend from his "pride of place."

Have engaged two places in a return-vetturino for Munich to-morrow morning: one for myself—the other for my legs: price ten florins—£1 Sterling. Without the power of stretching the legs, my knees become paralysed.

ALMANSHAUSEN, *Aug.* 25.—Left Saltzburg at six A. M. on the 22d. The two remaining seats of the carriage were occupied by young German pedestrians, who had no baggage except their knapsacks, and whom we picked up outside the gates. The younger of the two could speak only German—the other was a young Saxon divine, who had been some years tutor in a nobleman's family at Vienna, and was going to make a tour in Switzerland previous to returning home. He did not speak French, but expressed himself fluently and well in Latin, in which language we contrived to keep up a tolerably sustained conversation during the two days of the journey. I have

seldom met with a more thoroughly amiable young man than this Theologus, as he called himself. He is deeply versed in classical learning, but ignorant of mankind as a child. In proof of which I may instance, that the very first question he put to me was—if "I was a Frenchman or a Turk!!!" I gravely replied—"Turcicus sum," and in this belief he continued, asking me many questions about the "Imperium Turcicum," until he saw my name and country on my passport, when I presented it at the Bavarian frontier. The weather was most lovely, and the tedium of the journey was agreeably beguiled by the artless conversation of the young Theologus. He commented severely on the laxity of morals in the Austrian metropolis, as compared with Dresden, and the other cities of Protestant Germany—imputing much of said laxity to the Catholic religion, which was not, he said, "vera religio cordis, sed profana superstitio, et imaginum cultus." This was less tolerant than true in the young Theologus. His Latin flowed with the utmost readiness;—as for mine, it was enough to have evoked the indignant shade of Cicero! however, I both understood, and made him understand, and this after all, is the true end of language. An Englishman, however classical he might have been, would have been fairly non-plussed, for the pronunciation of Theologus was broader than that of

Scotland. This is the case all over the Continent, and yet it is one of the absurd and dogged prejudices of England to be wedded to her own ridiculous mode, as if Latin had been invented for her especial benefit. A language which may well be called universal in Europe, should surely have a uniformity of pronunciation. I regret to think that even in Scotland the love of innovation is introducing the English fashion into the schools and colleges.

We deviated from the direct road in order to pass the "Chiemsee" and other beautiful lakes. Our halting-place for the night was at the pretty little town of Rosenheim, situate on the *Inn*, which is here a vast stream. In the room where we supped, I was amused to see the portraits of an aged couple (the ancestors probably of the present proprietors) hanging on the wall, each with a huge goitre depending from the neck. Among the many goitres I have seen in these mountainous parts, few have been more conspicuous than that of the old lady in question. Instead of trying to conceal or diminish this unsightly deformity, the natives appear rather to consider it ornamental!

At seven A. M. we left Rosenheim. The second young German had left early on foot, possibly from want of funds to ride any farther. Before quitting the town, we stopped to pick up a passenger in his stead—a middle-aged, well-dressed, but coarse-

featured man, with large black mustachios, and gold ear-rings. The Theologus was seated by my side, and the seat opposite was as usual occupied by my legs. No sooner had the intruder seated himself, than he looked at me, and afterwards at my legs, with an expression of mingled astonishment and ferocity, and then commenced a furious tirade in German. Although not understanding one word of the harangue, I was at no loss to divine that my unfortunate legs were the "causa teterrima belli." The Theologus now explained in Latin the determination of the new comer not to sit beside them. Of course I only laughed at the impertinence of the fellow, who became more and more violent, and peremptorily demanded that I should take down my legs; adding, if I did not, that he would relinquish his seat. This was really too good, seeing that I had paid 10s. for their express accommodation; instead, therefore, of complying, I sprawled them out in such a manner as to occupy the whole of the seat. This drove him frantic, and, seizing his bundle, he jumped out of the coach. The driver now descended, and the uproar was terrible. It was in vain the man explained, that I had paid as much for my legs as for the whole remainder of my body. This only made matters worse, and the fellow was in the act of hurrying away with his bundle, when Theologus (exceedingly against

my will and entreaties) transferred himself to the seat of dishonour, resigning his own to the unreasonable monster, who took possession of it accordingly. I really do not remember when I have felt more enraged than by the conduct of this ruffian, and perhaps it was well that I could not speak German, otherwise we should in all probability have come to blows. The coach now drove on, and I could not but admire the amiable character of the young divine, who, though shocked by the manners and indecorum of the intruder, continued nevertheless to converse with him in a spirit of true Christian charity. At length he addressed himself to me, saying—"Homo incultissimus est." I immediately replied —"Non homo est, sed bestia ferox!" It was a pity the fellow had not Latin enough to understand this classical colloquy. The stage was one of three hours, during which time I never once took down my legs, although a change of position would have been a great relief. When we stopped to bait the horses, I walked on in advance, and the road being very hilly, had proceeded three miles before the coach came up. When it stopped to take me in, I was surprised to find the fellow seated beside where my legs *had* been, and were assuredly soon to be again. On sitting down, I lost not a moment in parading them as formerly, fully expecting a renewal of the brawl.

But to my surprise, no objections whatever were made; on the contrary, there was a grin of contrition on his savage face. I was altogether at a loss to account for this sudden change in his deportment, and immediately turned to the Theologus for an explanation, which he readily afforded. The fellow had told him, that on first entering the carriage, and seeing my legs so comfortably disposed, he had imagined that they must be covered with sores, and he was confirmed in this belief, when the driver told him that I had taken a seat for their express accommodation; for it was manifest, thought he, that no man but a leper or a fool would voluntarily divide his body into two parts, and pay for both. However, on finding that I had walked stoutly for three miles and more up hill in advance, he relinquished the idea of my being a leper, and attributed the phenomenon of my legs to the well known love of comfort of an Englishman. Hence his return to his old seat. I saw evidently that he was now desirous to be on good terms with me; for at Peiss, when we stopped to dine, he wished me, after the usual fashion in Germany, "guten appetit." I made no reply; but devoutly wished that a scalding potato might stick in his throat. I could easily have pardoned his rudeness to me, and his unwillingness to sit beside what he considered to be leprous legs, but I can never forget his cursed

selfishness in allowing another person, and a stranger, to do what he supposed a disagreeable thing, in order to save himself. Here lay the *gravamen* of his offence, and for which he never shall have my forgiveness.

We reached Munich at five P.M. on the 23d. I was really sorry to part with the young Theologus, with whom I exchanged cards, and sincere wishes for a future meeting. "Wilhelm Herrmann, Candidat. Theolog. No. 952. in Gotha, Sachsen," is his name and address. If I am not mistaken in my estimate of his talents and dispositions, he will one day fill a high station in the Saxon Church. Meantime, he goes to wander in Switzerland. He burns with desire to see the sea, of which he has only an indistinct and vague idea. I envy him, his feelings, when,

> "Calm as a slumbering babe,
> Tremendous ocean"

first bursts on his delighted gaze. I told him, that like the toil-worn soldiers of Cyrus, he would assuredly exclaim, θαλασσα, θαλασσα. But he fears he will be under the necessity of retracing his steps before travelling so far—possibly from the scanty contents of his purse. My own is not overstocked, but I would willingly have contributed to the replenishing of his, could I have proposed to do so without injury to his feelings.

On my return from a most delicious bath, I found Callander in my room. What a joyous meeting was ours? If life be a wilderness, as some assert, surely the true friend is an oasis. All the anxieties and petty annoyances, inseparable from travelling, were now forgotten. Under any circumstances, our meeting would have been a joyful one. Now, it was peculiarly so, for I had expressly come to see him united to one whom I knew to be in all respects calculated to render him happy. What mutual budgets we had to unfold! but how flat and weary were the details of pyramids and cataracts, compared with the more tender tones of his narration! Each ran through the "story of his life," from the day of parting at Geneva, and we did not retire to rest until the "deep of night had crept upon our talk." Next morning we drove to Almanhausen—a beautiful old place on the shores of Lake Wormsee, where I experienced the kindest welcome from Lord Erskine, and the other members of his hospitable family.

August 29.—The event which brought me to Munich was celebrated this day. The morning was cloudy and wet, but just at the proper moment the sun burst through the gloom, and caused all nature to smile. What a change in human existence is operated by the repetition of a few words! and

what a tide of new hopes, and joys, and cares is borne on the solemn mutual pledge to love, and honour, and obey!

At twelve o'clock I saw them depart—with a bright sun to gladden their way—a cloudless sky to canopy their heads.—Emblems, I fondly hope and believe, of a bright and cloudless career through life; and truly if a man's union to one possessed of every grace of person and charm of mind, can render him happy, a brilliant prospect now opens before my friend. May Heaven's choicest blessings descend upon their heads!

VILLAGE OF OBER-AMERGAU, *Bavarian Tyrol*, *August* 31.—I set out yesterday for this place, intending to pass a fortnight in the enjoyment of the "gentle art" in the river Amer—travelling in a vetturino carriage with a gentleman who was on his way to Insprück *via* Amergau. It rained in torrents all day. The stage from Posenhofen to Wilhelm was most tedious, along a villanous cross-road, although the scenery on the shores of the Wormsee was beautiful, even seen through an unceasing torrent of rain. What majestic country-seats wealthy Englishmen might form on this lake! The grounds, indeed, are in many parts already made by nature; for we drove through

miles and miles of forest, which had all the air of a nobleman's park. Last night we slept at Murnau, and started at seven A.M. this morning for Ober-Amergau. The morning was keen and cold, but without rain. Three miles from the village, there is one of the steepest hills in Germany—to surmount which an extra pair of horses was indispensable. These proved the innocent cause of a row that might have had a tragic finale. Before starting from Munich, my friend had agreed with the proprietor of the carriage for a certain sum per day, to cover every expense; but the driver insisted that he should pay a florin and a half for the hire of the extra horses. This was refused, and our Jehu very quietly revenged himself by undoing the baggage, and throwing the portmanteaux on the road—provoking enough, certainly. My companion waxed very wroth, and was proceeding to use the "argumentum baculinum," when I interfered, and deeming, with wise Jack Falstaff, discretion in such a case to be the better part of valour, persuaded him to pay the money, and punish the fellow by curtailing his "drinkgeld" at Inspruck. This was accordingly done, and we reached Amergau at one P. M. I can hardly blame the driver, for in all probability his master would have made him accountable for the florin and half

had he paid it. However, he certainly was not very refined in his way of extorting payment.

The inn was quite full, but we found lodgings at a cottage in the neighbourhood.

The Amer is a beautiful fishing stream, flowing through a grassy valley, with green and pastoral banks, and water as clear as the fountain of Vaucluse. The bottom is full of dark green weeds, in which the finny tribe find food and shelter. Herr Von Steigler—a respectable and well-informed man, who once held office under the Government—is the proprietor of the fishery, that is to say, he rents the river at so much per annum. As an old servant of the Crown, he is still rather tenacious of his dignity, and requires a little fair speaking to engage his civility. I had learned his history from Callander, who was twice here during the summer, and from whom I carried a note of introduction. This, with a respectful salutation, was all that was requisite. The rules of the fishery are these:—The angler must be accompanied by the servant of Herr Von Steigler, who carries a barrel on his back, into which all the fish exceeding a quarter of a pound in weight are put, and kept alive until deposited in reservoirs, where they remain at the disposal of purchasers. A gratuity is of course given to the servant; and the angler must pay for all the

fish that die, at the rate of twenty kreutzers per pound, and a like sum for such as he may choose to purchase. When the barrel becomes too crowded, the fish are put into a small bag-net (two or three of which the lad carries in his pocket) and dipped into the river until the conclusion of the day's sport. This is all fair and reasonable enough, seeing that nothing is demanded for the permission to fish. All trouts under a quarter of a pound are restored to the river. Before sunset I tried my luck for half an hour, in the stream above the bridge, where I caught six, only two of which, however, were deemed worthy of the barrel; they may have weighed six or eight ounces each. I found an English gentleman and his wife eagerly pursuing their sport. They had stopped for the day on the way to Munich. The lady had caught thirty or forty trout with the bait in the course of the forenoon. I stood by her side for a few minutes, admiring the praise-worthy patience with which she eyed her float, but I confess it was not without a feeling bordering on disgust, that I saw her bait her own hooks, and this, too, although she had a servant along with her. Surely woman's hand was never made for so barbarous a use!

AMERGAU, *September* 5.—I have now been five days at Amergau. The weather, with the exception

of one day (the 2d), has been intensely cold, with almost constant rain. During the last thirty hours there has been an absolute deluge, and it now pours as if the fountains of heaven were unloosed. The tops of the hills that bound the valley are covered with snow, and the hurricanes of wind, rushing down from their frigid summits, almost carried away the roof of my cottage. I lay awake for two hours last night, in fear and trembling. I have been in consequence a close prisoner, quitting my cottage only to repair to the inn for dinner, and returning forthwith, to enjoy the warmth of my comfortable stove. Can it be that winter has already set in? The natives say no; but I wish I were well out of the Tyrol. Meantime, I am fortunate in having a snug shelter from the fury of the elements. Time passes smoothly enough, although I have no books, except a German primer and a copy of Sallust; the latter is a school prize, gained by one of the sons of my host. Hammering over the Catiline Conspiracy has been an agreeable and profitable pastime. I like the family with whom I lodge exceedingly. It consists of an old man and his wife, who is an elderly woman, fat and spheroidal as an orange, with a countenance "round as the shield of my fathers," and the very picture of good nature. The children are three in number, two young lads of nineteen

and fourteen, and a rosy coy maiden coming between. In the evenings, I join their domestic circle down stairs, and while away an hour in the enjoyment of music. The Tyrolese are essentially a musical people. The elder of the two boys plays on a rude guitar—the sister and younger brother accompanying him with a song. I delight in the wild and warbling notes of these children of the mountain and mist. Their manners, too, are so simple and natural—there is none of the affected bashfulness of civilization—nature, all nature. I ask them to sing, and no sore throats are pleaded in excuse—they comply with a cheerfulness that delights me. The song is occasionally varied by a waltz between the little brother and his sister; away they go, twirling and whirling, without one particle of "gaucherie." The father sits half asleep with pipe in mouth—his roseate partner, her ample back resting against the stove, listening with a mother's joy to the music of her offspring. Unfortunately, I cannot communicate with them in words, but where there is a mutual disposition to please, kind feelings may easily be reciprocated without the aid of language. In return for their entertainment, I sometimes contribute my mite, by whistling Scotch tunes. The other night I went over all the well-remembered strains of my boyhood, and though

lame and limping was the performance, it had a willing and delighted auditory. The Tyrolese don't appear to understand whistling, and the old lady sat listening to me with a face redolent of smiles of approbation. "Wha'll be king but Charlie" was her especial favourite, and as such I treated her to an encore! It was well that none of my countrymen were behind the scenes to criticise the performance. As it was, I had the whole field to myself, and was as patiently listened to as if Paganini himself had been fiddling before them.

Last night, two young village lads joined the party—one of them brought his guitar, and played a number of airs, simple, plaintive, and full of harmony, in concert with the son of my host. The presence of a stranger did not in the least embarrass him. From sundry tokens that passed between his young companion and the rosy Crescens, methought I could spy the seeds of a nascent attachment between them. At nine o'clock I bid them all a "gute nacht," and ascend to my little chamber, more gratified by the artless music of their tongues, than by all the fashionable concerts and Italian *recitativos* I have ever heard. The family are very religious, and my chamber being exactly over theirs, I hear their nightly devotions before retiring to rest. The economy of the household strongly reminds me of the exquisite picture

of a "Cottar's Saturday Night," as painted by the Bard of Nature—

"Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
The Saint, the Father, and the Husband prays,
Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing,
That thus they all shall meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise
In such society, yet still more dear,
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

"Compared with this how poor Religion's pride!
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Religion's every grace except the heart;
The POWER incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole:
But haply in some cottage far apart,
May hear well pleased the language of the soul,
And in his book of life the inmates poor enrol."

There is much in the Tyrol to remind one of the Highlands of Scotland. The character of the scenery and of the climate is the same—the peasantry of both are simple, primitive, and hardy—rich in the peculiar melody of the mountain, and possessing the same ardent attachment to their religion and country. Strangers alike to the vices and wants of the populous city, they lead a life of hardy enterprise—tending their flocks on the mountains' side—cultivating the scanty soil of their romantic valleys, or seeking in foreign lands a subsistence denied them at home. It is with sorrow I must add,

that the natives of the Tyrol are much better off in respect to the comforts of life, than those of my native land. In all this village, though situate in a remote and scarcely travelled mountain-pass, I have seen nothing approaching to poverty or want. The houses are substantial, and—with the exception of the dunghill attached to many of them, clean,—the children are not ragged, neither is food wanting in their homes. The government, by a wise regulation I think, has provided against a pauper population, by enacting that no marriage shall be solemnized until the would-be-husband has deposited a certain number of florins (I forget the amount) with the proper authorities—in whose custody it remains, at yearly interest, as a fund to meet the exigencies of the widow and children, should they be left in poverty by the death of the husband and father. Here is an incentive to the young to be industrious and frugal, and, from what I can learn, it does not appear that the number of illicit amours is increased by this apparently hard law.

On the 2d, the day was beautiful, and I accompanied Mr Palmer, an English gentleman (and the only person with whom I can communicate in the village), on a fishing expedition to Unter-Amergau, a village on the Amer, two and a half miles lower down. The greyling abound in the streams there; and all my efforts were directed against that wariest

of fish. We fished until five P.M., but without success on my part. My companion, however, did catch one—a fine fish of two lb. The angler knows only half of his craft if he cannot find a plausible excuse for his empty basket. Either the sun is too bright—the breeze too gentle—there is electricity in the air—or the fish are "expecting a *grow* in the water," &c. To which of these causes our failure might be attributable, I do not know: most probably to the two former. Certain it is, I caught only a dozen trout, about which I was little solicitous. Even they were very shy. But there are none in the river above a pound weight, and but few weighing so much: hence there is little excitement in catching them. I would rather kill a single greyling than a cart-load of trout. The method of fishing for these is one I have not before seen. A handful of living grasshoppers is thrown in at the head of the pool, and if while they float down, the greyling are seen to rise, the angler immediately commences with an artificial grasshopper, taking care to stand as far from the bank as possible. In this way Mr P., who has been here for four successive summers, succeeds in a dull, windy, or wet day, in killing from three to six. But although I caught nothing, I enjoyed the day exceedingly. The valley is beautiful—the sun was bright—and the waters of the Amer flowed in crystal purity at my

feet. In size it is about twice that of the Gala in Roxburghshire; neither rock nor stone is to be seen in its whole course, and the vicissitude of a waterfall is unknown. Onward it rolls the noiseless tenor of its way—neither meeting nor surmounting obstacle: hence the Amer is but little emblematical of the life of man, to which poets have compared rivers in general. Its streams glide past without a murmur, and the pools are so still, and motionless, and clear, that without a ripple on the surface, it is in vain to fish them.

I was attended by Tobias, Herr Von Steigler's fisherman, a lad of fine active person, exceeding intelligence, and an enthusiast in his vocation. It was surprising how soon he ascertained my stock of German, which may amount in all to about thirty words; by a dexterous combination of which, he contrived to express himself in intelligible phrase, anticipating with intuitive quickness the questions I desired to ask;—not like my landlady, the worthy *Frau* Gasl, who overwhelms me with a volley of words, and speaks the more the less I appear to understand.

At six o'clock I regained the inn, having walked five miles to and fro, in addition to the fatigue of fishing many hours. As soon as the weather shall settle, I hope to have ample revenge on the greyling for their sauciness on my first trial.

The day before yesterday the village was enlivened by a fair. Although it rained all day, I went out for an hour to see the style of goods displayed, and the people that had collected. Little stands, protected by wooden roofs, were pitched in the principal street, on which the various kinds of merchandise were paraded. The peasantry had crowded from all directions,—sturdy well dressed men, and large sinewy women with but little feminine grace to boast of. I sauntered about among the stalls, and bought some Tyrolese stockings of curious manufacture. Cotton goods of the most homely description—ready-made shoes, and sundry knick-knacks, formed the whole wealth of the market, and might all have been bought, I imagine, for £50 Sterling. The whole scene had very much the character of a Scotch fair, with one exception, that there was not a single drinking-booth to be seen. The wheel-of-fortune—that mystic circle that has oft beguiled me of my scanty pence in days of yore—was, however, displayed by an itinerant gambler, round which the eager peasants were staking their kreutzers. There was also the peep-show, into which I had a great curiosity to pry, only that my so doing would have attracted too much attention. As it was, my Greek capote made me the object of general wonder. I could not resist, however, paying 2d. to see an entertain-

ment exhibited by some travelling mountebanks. The sign of a Negress painted as large as life over the door, was the chief source of attraction to the multitude, and to me also. I entered, and was entertained by feats of tumbling, juggling—a stag leaping over two horses at once, &c. &c., and lastly by the sight of a little Mulatto girl. As the most remarkable part of the entertainment, she was reserved to the last. The wife of the mountebank gave first a rapid biographical sketch of the little girl, at the conclusion of which she withdrew the screen, and displayed her in all her grinning charms, and bedizened with tinsel finery, to the astonished gaze of the Tyroleans. I felt really sorry for the poor little girl, thus to be made the object of a general stare; however, she did not seem at all sorry for herself, but, on the contrary, I thought shewed off her gay person with no small degree of satisfaction. The whole assemblage closely approached to see if her skin was actually natural, or only painted. For myself, I fully expected a trick, but the formation of the mouth and lips satisfied me she was of African blood, although evidently one remove from a perfect Negress—*i. e.* one of her parents was a European. What a fortune might be made by importing a thorough-bred Negress, and exhibiting her in the Tyrol, where so much interest was excited by this Mulatto girl!

Nine P. M. *It cleared up at three o'clock, and I* went out to see the effects of the deluge. The whole valley was overflowed, and the channel of the river lost in the expanse of waters. Dined at the Inn on fresh trout. Herr Fyffer has a reservoir of live trout close to his house—so that the traveller, at any hour or season, is always sure of a dish of fresh fish. This custom prevails over most part of Switzerland and the Tyrol. I often wonder it has not been introduced into Scotland. What more simple than to have a wooden box with holes at either end, placed within the influence of a running stream, where the fish might be kept indefinitely, not only not falling away, but actually growing in size and good condition? There is a lid on the top secured by a padlock, and the fish are removed by a landing-net, or the hand, if the reservoir is a small one. Even salmon might be kept for a few weeks in this way, and trout all the year through.

Sept. 8.—A fine clear cold day. Drove with Mr P. to Ettal, once a flourishing convent, two miles from the village, now converted into a far more useful establishment, namely, a brewery of most excellent beer. The church, however, is left untouched, and preserves all its original gorgeousness. The organ is a fine powerful instrument, whose deep-toned reverberations, reflected from the

venerable walls and arches, produced a grand effect.

At two o'clock we returned to Amergau, to be present at the distribution of prizes to the pupils of the village-school. The church was the place chosen for this ceremony, and I could not help admiring the good policy of attaching a certain public importance to a matter that passes off too quietly with us. The children were all dressed in holiday-garments—the boys and girls separated from each other by the central passage of the church. In front was a raised platform, occupied by the school-master and a venerable old priest; and behind, there was a figure of the Virgin as large as life with the infant Saviour on her knee, bedecked with finery, and covered with garlands of flowers. On the right of the platform stood a band of trumpeters. I was for some time at a loss to discover what might be *their* part in the ceremony. The number of children was between forty and fifty, and the proportion of the sexes about equal. The body of the church was filled by the parents or friends of the young academic aspirants, all dressed in their gayest attire. After a long exhortation by the aged priest, who had not a single tooth in his head, the more immediate business of the day commenced. I shall not soon forget the expressions of eager and delighted interest that I remarked among the

spectators, just upon calling over the names of the children: indeed, I often thought I could select from the crowd the father or mother of the little urchin who was walking up to receive his laurels, purely by the radiant glances of *one* face over all the rest. The prizes consisted chiefly of books, and were all piled up on the table with a slip of paper containing the names of the parties inserted in each. Besides books, there were a few pieces of cloth sufficient to make a waistcoat or pair of trowsers—these were given to the children of the poorest class. When a name was called, the happy owner stepped from the ranks—walked up to the priest, received his prize—kissed the hand of the old man, and retired to his place, amidst a loud flourish of trumpets. A similar honour accompanied his march down the passage—hence the use of the band. The effect was really most inspiriting, and I will pledge myself that the memory of that flourish will go down to the grave with most of those to whom it did honour this day. It was amusing to watch the great difference of demeanour among the children. The future character of the individual might be determined by his bearing on the occasion. Some went blushing, tremulous, and slow; others with a brisk step, and assured air, and returned to their places with the motto on the brow of "Palmam qui meruit ferat." Two or three were so timid

and reluctant of glory, that they had to be almost dragged to their laurels; but by far the greater portion comported themselves with all due and becoming propriety, exhibiting in their extreme neither *amour propre*, nor *mauvaise honte.*

The children ranged from five up to twelve years of age, were generally of fair complexion, and with a cast of countenance very much like Highland children. A prayer from the old priest concluded the business of the day. It was a pretty sight to see the felicitations with which the children were met by their parents and friends in the crowd, when the meeting was dismissed. The little boys might be seen in all parts of the village throughout the remainder of the day, strutting about with their trophies in their hand. I was beguiled of sundry kreutzers by their accosting me, in all the confidence of assured merit, and extending either a book or a piece of cloth, exclaimed, as they put it into my hand, "Mein preis."

While leaving the church, I was called to see a patient said to be *in extremis*, and straightway accompanied the messenger to the house, taking along with me Herr Steigler, who acted as interpreter in most atrocious Latin. I found the poor woman suffering excruciating pain, and distended almost to bursting with abdominal dropsy. The only remedy applicable to her case in the scanty

stores of the village apothecary, was cream of tartar, an ounce of which I immediately carried to her house,—administered a dose, and left instructions that it should be repeated every two hours until relief followed. I am just returned from my evening visit; she received me with smiles of gladness—the most effectual relief had followed the third dose, and she is now in comparative ease. The success of this simple treatment has travelled all over the village, and, the husband of the poor woman testified his gratitude by kissing my hand at least a dozen times.

It is a pleasant thing to pass through life with the reflection that our transit has not been altogether without benefit to our fellow men. To me the practice of medicine among the poor has always been a grateful occupation. In the case of the rich, where a man's exertions are stimulated by the hope of reward, he can derive comparatively little inward satisfaction.

It is probable my fame will spread far and wide, from the alas! only momentary relief this poor woman has experienced. She herself and her sanguine family have established it as a certainty that she is to become well under my care. I have done all in my power to make Herr Steigler moderate their fond expectations. The dropsy is a mere symptom of a mortal disease from which she never can recover.

The river has subsided. To-morrow I make a descent on the greyling. Yesterday afternoon I killed sixteen or eighteen fine trout with a small Findhorn salmon fly, and had I remained a few hours, I might have caught several dozen; but the trout do not afford sufficient excitement.

Sept. 12.—One more unsuccessful day at Unter-Amergau. I tried in vain to coax a greyling to his ruin—not one would budge. The weather has been very fine, and I have been enjoying long solitary walks by the foot of the hills that skirt the valley—penetrating occasionally along a rivulet descending a steep and rocky glen.

Amergau is a delightful abode. With assurance of fine weather, I do not know a more enjoyable residence. The more I see of the Tyrolese, the better I like them. After the artificial life of the large city, it is a pleasure to see man in a state of comparative nature, and therefore of innocence. I see the villagers pouring into church every morning at seven o'clock, many of them of very advanced age, tottering, feeble, and decrepit, with a stick in the right hand, a bible or psalm-book in the left. All mountaineers are piously disposed. They have little to divert contemplation, or to corrupt the mind. The dweller in the large city has only the works of man before him—here man and his works sink into in-

significance before the majesty of the Creator. In such a valley, it is impossible to elevate the eye without sensibly feeling the presence of the Deity. His hand is seen in the mountain—his voice is heard in the thunder.

In spite of the severe and ever-changing climate of the Tyrol, the inhabitants live to a great age. I have seen more octogenarians in this village than during the last two years of my life.

A few days ago, Herr Von Steigler introduced me to a young medical student, a native of Amergau, who has been for three years prosecuting his studies at Munich. I find him a very intelligent youth—he talks Latin extremely well, and accompanies me as interpreter and assistant. My dropsical patient is in a poor state, and the brightness of her hopes has passed away. I have several other patients, and more than once have had the tender of a fee—that is to say, my assistant has been asked "What was to pay?" My reply has always been 1000 florins. This is a clencher, and my patients go smiling away. To a quiet Englishman, fond of trout-fishing, and who can put up with homely fare and solitude, I do not know a more agreeable residence than Amergau. He might kill, without any sort of fatigue, two or three dozen trout daily, or three times the number, if he gave up a whole day to the river. Besides the fishing,

he would have a good opportunity of acquiring the language. There is no such sharpener of the wits as necessity—were a man to pass three months here, he could learn to make himself understood tolerably well in German.

I had intended to go away to-morrow, but the unexpected arrival of the Callanders this afternoon, has made me change my purpose.

MUNICH, *September* 23.—Left Amergau on the 16th, to the great sorrow of my excellent hostess "Frau Gasl," and the modest *Crescens*. The preceding day Callander caught four large greyling. This was rather galling to a fisherman of my repute. His joy on the occasion was great, and loud were his notes of triumph. But I declared the victory to be an inglorious one, inasmuch as it was not with the fly, but the natural grasshopper, that he ensnared his victims. This was neither more nor less, I averred, than bait-fishing—an amusement, if such it may be called, to which I never condescend! It was no bad idea, however, on his part, to substitute a real for a very awkwardly made artificial grasshopper, and had the idea occurred to me in time, I will not swear that I should not have adopted it also.

On descending to the level of the Wormsee, the difference of temperature was most perceptible, and

the few days I remained at Almanshausen were soft and delightful. A great change has, however, lately taken place, and the bleak monotonous plain of Munich is now visited by as keen and cutting a wind as I recollect to have felt in the month of September.

Yesterday I accompanied Mr Erskine to the "Dead-house." No stranger should pass through Munich without visiting this establishment. Although there is little ground for admiration in any point of view, nevertheless, as exhibiting a national peculiarity, in a forcible and striking manner, it ought to be seen. The bodies of all persons, of whatever rank (the Court alone excepted), who die at Munich, are conveyed to the dead-house, where they remain exposed for a period of twenty-four hours, previous to interment, with the view of guarding against the chances of living inhumation. A constant watch is kept in each apartment; and I had understood that an alarm apparatus was attached to each body, so constructed that the slightest movement consequent on resuscitation, should cause the violent ringing of a bell. I could, however, discover no traces of such an apparatus. There were ten bodies exposed on the occasion of my visit—seven children and three adults. The public are not allowed to enter the apartments of the dead, but a clear view of each inmate is easily

had through glass doors. It was a sight capable of exciting mingled emotions; but certainly horror would be the predominating feeling in the breast of one unaccustomed to scenes of death. For myself, I derived rather a sober pleasure from gazing on the beautiful and placid expression of some of the children—two of them, in particular, who lay extended on the same stand, stretched side by side, decked in white muslin, with rich garlands of flowers wreathed round their brows, and their pallid faces smiling in death.

Of the adults there were two aged persons, male and female, evidently of the upper class of society—dressed in their ordinary clothes, stretched in coffins laid side by side, and supported on an inclined plane. From the ease of attitude, and exceeding calmness of expression, I could hardly help fancying them an aged couple comfortably indulging in an after-dinner sleep. The remaining adult was a middle-aged female of the lower class, and lay extended on a plain board, without flowers or decoration of any sort: it was sad to see the distinctions of wealth in the dwellings of the dead!

A great crowd of persons, of every age and sex, was passing in and out, but I could not perceive that the silent yet speaking proofs of mortality before them, awakened any thing like grave and

serious reflection. Strange the love of the horrible implanted in the human breast! I hardly ever saw a man, or even a woman with an infant in her arms, pass by the Morgue in Paris, without stepping in, and returning with a disappointed air if there were no suicides or dead bodies exposed. Before I quitted the dead-house, the old lady was brought out for interment, and while the Priests arranged the order of procession, &c. the coffin was laid down outside the door, her naked face exposed to the gazing scrutiny of a multitude of persons. I was struck by seeing a boy not above eight years old, poke his face so near as almost to touch that of the corpse; he seemed to have none of the horror and awe that a child feels, or ought to feel, at the sight of a dead body. No good can come from familiarizing youth with such scenes as these. The bravest heart has a certain mysterious dread in the presence of death; and this feeling, which pre-eminently distinguishes man from all other animals, should never be blunted without valid reason, or unavoidable necessity. I admit, indeed, that nothing is more horrible than the idea of burying a person who is not dead, but, after all, how seldom does such an occurrence take place? and what guarantee does exposure in the dead-house give, unless the body shall be kept until

signs of incipient decomposition have declared themselves? for these are the only certain and unequivocal tokens of death.

I should be slow to condemn an institution which is based on a regard to the interests of humanity; but forbid it Heaven that a near relative or friend of mine should be thus exposed to the gaze of idle curiosity!

Nine P. M.—Passed all the forenoon in the Glyptothec and Pinacothec;—the latter was not open during my visit last year. It is a vast and valuable collection, and contains one most remarkable picture by Rubens—"The Last Judgment," hanging in the centre room, on the left-hand side. Angels are seen casting the guilty into hell—fiends rising to seize their victims—clutching them with savage delight, and fighting amongst each other for their prize. At the first glance, the whole looks to be a confused and meaningless mass of figures, shapeless and unintelligible. It is easy, however, by a little attention, to individualize the details of the group. I have never seen any thing more horrible; there are demons of every shape, and expressions out-fiending fiends—some vomiting fire on their victims—others scourging them with scorpion lash—some coiling round them in shape of loathsome serpents. What expressions of horrid agony! Even the devils, to the savage delight of inflicting tor-

ture, themselves shew fearful proofs of suffering. One huge bloated woman is hurried away on the back of a fiend—I can fancy the artist to have intended her as some hag of noted infamy—near to her is the husband (probably) with a face of unutterable woe, having his loins devoured by a demon in the shape of a wild beast. What a subject for a man to conceive! Rubens, one would think, must have served an apprenticeship in hell, or must have dwelt there in imagination at least, for months. I could fancy few things more difficult than to invent such a number of masterly devils, and such ingenious modes of torture. One face to the right, and near the bottom of the group, can never be forgotten—it is green—a living gangrene—and uniting an expression of utter horror of mind to the most dreadful bodily torture. These are not fit subjects for the pencil. The same labour, and half the amount of thought bestowed on this picture, would have given birth to many others, on which both the eye and imagination might dwell with satisfaction.

There is another by Rubens in the same room, of a similar character, but on a larger scale. Here the Redeemer is seen passing sentence—angels are summoning the dead with the trumpet. The artist has introduced himself and two of his wives—sad Dutch *fraus* they are, with no lack of flesh and fat—a negro is seen rising also. This

picture borders on the horrible. A large fiend carrying off two women, has a matchless expression. Another is biting the hand of the angel that hurls him down.

Have engaged a seat in the Eilwagon, which starts at eleven A.M. to-morrow for Würtsburg—a journey of thirty hours.

WURTSBURG, *Sept.* 25.—*Ten* P.M.—Arrived here at seven P. M. yesterday. The road was bleak and uninteresting, and the wind piercingly cold. To-day my face is all chopped and swollen. I must have perished from cold, but for my Athenian capote and tartan plaid. The coach was full all the way, but my companions, two women and one man, being Germans, and not speaking French, my tongue had a holiday. The rate of travelling was good, the best, indeed, I have seen on the Continent; seven miles an hour; there was no delay beyond what was absolutely necessary, the Eilwagon being a government concern, and the bearer of the mails. The baggage was all registered before starting, and entered on the way-bill. When the clerk asked me what value I put upon my effects, I replied 200 florins (£20), under the impression that a per-centage would be charged proportioned to the amount. He expressed great surprise, and

said I had better say £100; that to this amount the Government would be responsible: and yet I paid nothing, except a trifle for over-weight. The Eilwagon has another great advantage, for the traveller is always sure of getting a seat—the Government binding itself to send him on: A number of vehicles of different sizes are kept in the Court, and one large or two small ones dispatched according to circumstances. We crossed the Danube at Ingoldstadt, about seven P. M., and passed several fields of unripe and even uncut oats on the road. Since the beginning of February, I have been in a perpetual harvest. On the 2d of that month, I traversed a field of cut barley on the plain of Abydos, in Upper Egypt. Moving gradually northwards ever since, the operations of harvest have always been before me—in Greece, Turkey, up the Danube, Austria, &c.

On reaching Oxenburg, the last stage from Würsburg, we entered the valley of the Maine, where the temperature was perceptibly milder. The banks of the river are covered with vineyards; these add nothing to the picturesque—for the vine looks well only when metamorphosed into the purple juice, and circulating on the well-polished mahogany; but as evidence of a milder climate, they were pleasing to the eye.

On arriving at the post office, the clerk read over the names, and called the baggage of each passenger, which was handed to him accordingly. This is an excellent plan, and no man (as is frequently the case in England) can, either through accident or design, carry away more than his own.

This, though a second-rate inn, has the advantage of being only six steps from the post office. I supped in the saloon with a young officer and two students—not one of whom took either salt or mustard with his veal cutlets. This is a striking peculiarity in the habits of foreigners (particularly Germans), contrasted with the English. Thinking at first that it might possibly be from inadvertence, I pushed a salt-cellar across the table to the officer, but he touched it not. I recollect at dinner at Trounstein, the Theologus helped himself to salt only as a favour begged of him by me. It makes me think lightly of a man who has so mawkish a palate. I have more than once nearly choked a young German student, by helping him to some of my cayenne—a little parcel of which I carry in my waistcoat pocket, to give piquancy to the watery soups of Germany. One youth bawled out "Fier, fier," and seemed to think flame was actually to issue from his mouth.

Spent all of this day in the society of my excellent friend the Baron, whom I found in his Danube garb,

seated upon his legs, and tranquilly blowing out clouds of smoke from a long Turkish pipe. I had taken him by surprise, having arrived several days sooner than my last letter led him to expect. The Baron was overjoyed to see any one who knew or cared anything about Greece. He feels sadly out of his element at home, as the matters that most interest him are subjects of profound indifference with all the members of his family and friends. He is tired of doing nothing, and longs to get back to the fatiguing duties of cavalry officer. His family received me with much hospitality and welcome, and I am just now returned from their chateau, where I dined and supped. The Baron's father is one of the ancient noblesse of Franconia, which was formerly an Ecclesiastical Duchy—Würsburg being the capital and seat of government. The Palace of the reigning Bishop is a superb edifice, equal, I think, to the Thuilleries, but now standing empty. It has been assigned as a residence to the Dowager Queen of Bavaria, but she has never yet made it her abode. It was Napoleon who secularized the Ecclesiastical Duchies. Franconia was annexed to Bavaria, but the inhabitants do not seem much attached to their new master; more especially the nobles, who have necessarily lost much of their ancient consideration by the transfer.

The Baron conducted me this forenoon through

the General Hospital—a vast and elegant pile endowed by one of the late reigning bishops. It contains twenty-eight wards, with twelve beds in each, remarkable for extreme cleanliness and comfort. I am surprised that a town of only 25,000 inhabitants should have so large an establishment. After dinner (during which, by the way, I had an opportunity of drinking Stein and Johannisberg wines in the highest perfection) we drove to the Dead House, some short way out of the town. There were only three bodies exposed, and upon the chest of each was placed a nicely-poised frame of wood supporting a leaden bullet connected with the end of a bell-rope; the smallest expansion of the chest by inspiration suffices to upset this frame, and the sudden fall of the bullet causes a bell to ring violently. As there were no spectators, I begged of the guardian to shew me the operation of the contrivance, which he did at once by merely disturbing the equilibrium of the frame.

Have engaged a place in a vetturino, which starts at six to-morrow morning for Shaffenburg.

FRANKFORT, *Sept.* 30.—Left Würsburg at six A.M. on the 26th. My companions were both Germans: one a Prussian bagman, on whose account we deviated from the main road, stopping at

various villages until he had transacted his affairs. This was not pleasant, but a man is always learning something from travelling, and another time I shall bargain that the vetturino is to take the nearest road. Dined at Esselbach. Before sitting down, two remarkable looking persons arrived. The gentleman, a tall fine looking man, in a handsome Tyrolese dress, green jacket, knee-breeches, open neck and waistcoat, short lacing boots reaching up to lower part of the calf, with rich cut handle of knife and fork of deer horn projecting from his breeches-pocket. The lady was dressed in a black velvet spencer, voluminous puckered gown, very short, and displaying a pair of remarkably handsome feet and ankles. Her beautiful dark-brown hair was braided, and fastened by a black velvet ribbon knotted on the forehead. A gold chain wound many times round her neck, and a bunch of keys hung from her girdle. I have seldom been more struck with a female figure—her age may have been twenty-six, and her height not less than five feet ten. Her elegant carriage and fine countenance, added to her peculiar dress, gave her quite a Diana Vernon appearance. I had supposed the husband to be one of the principal Jägers or Huntsmen of the King. At dinner I sat directly opposite to the lady, and was inwardly regretting my ignorance

of the German, which prevented me from entering into conversation, when, to my no small surprise, on handing her across a dish, she declined the civility by saying—"No, I thank you, sir." Here was a challenge which I was of course not loath to accept, and we immediately entered on a conversation in English. On asking how she knew me to be an Englishman, particularly through the disguise of a Greek capote and Turkish cap which I wore at the time, she said she *suspected* me before sitting down to dinner, but that my politeness in offering her the dish before helping myself, made her certain. Verily, this was complimenting me at the severe expense of her countrymen! In a few minutes I had her whole history. She and her husband are Tyrolese singers. They had been three years in Great Britain on a professional speculation, during which they visited most of the large towns of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and frequently had the honour of singing before his late Majesty at Windsor. She expressed the greatest affection for the British people, and said she never was so happy as during her stay amongst them; her husband and she are now returning to their native mountains, carrying with them a moderate independence, with which they intend to establish an hotel in the town of Schwartz, six hours' drive

from Inspruck, in the Austrian Tyrol. She spoke English with surprising fluency and correctness, and might indeed have passed in all but her dress for a handsome Irishwoman. The husband, on the other hand, could hardly make himself understood at all in English. He knew enough, however, to tell me he had "gut, ser gut wife, inside and outside," by which he doubtless meant the charms of her mind were not inferior to the graces of her person. Her name is Madame Daboorga. I promised to visit her should I ever be in the Tyrol, and was really sorry when the rumbling vetturino drove up to the door; for there was a beauty and blandness in her countenance and manner, such as I have rarely met with. I was pleased, moreover, to hear a foreigner talk in such enthusiastic terms in favour of my country.

Shortly after quitting Esselbach we entered a fine forest, great part of which is enclosed as a royal *chasse.* It was eight P.M. before we reached Schaffenburg. To me it was matter of wonder we arrived at all, for two such miserable and famished-looking animals as our horses I have seldom seen. The one was stone-blind, with a purulent abscess discharging from both eyes; the other had but one sound eye, and his knees were quite raw —the skin to the size of a crown-piece having been

entirely rubbed off by a recent tumble. There is no animal of God's creation so much to be pitied as a vetturino horse. No sooner is he arrived after one long journey than he is forced to set out on another. His toil is never regular; from the accidents of travelling he may have three days of rest and six of fatigue: he begins his meal on his return home, and hardly knows if he shall have time to finish it. The cupidity of his master never allows him to decline a job, no matter how exhausted or unfit his horses may be. Forty miles is the usual distance he travels per day; from noon until two o'clock he generally stops for food and repose; but the poor animal cannot eat immediately after a stage of twenty miles, and how is the process of digestion to go on during a five or six hours' trot on the road after his meal?

My sheets at Shaffenburg were damp. I suspected as much on first lying down, but sleep overcame me before I could muster resolution to rise and throw them off. The consequence was, that in the morning I could hardly speak from a load of cold: however, I prosecuted my journey to Frankfort along a flat uninteresting road, stretching across a semi-barren plain, and lined with a double row of stiff and interminable poplars. Much tobacco is cultivated here, judging from the quantity

I saw suspended from the roofs, and hanging all over the walls of the cottages to dry. I reached Frankfort at one o'clock on the 27th—put up at the Hotel d'Angleterre, and next day was glad to exchange the noise and bustle of a huge German Inn for the quiet and comfortable house of my old and trusty friend Macalister of Glen-Barr. Two days of rest, with the kind nursing of my agreeable hostess, have diminished my cold, and to-morrow I proceed on my way. The weather, though dry, is extremely cold, and I am anxious to get fixed somewhere for the winter.

MAYENCE, *October* 2.—Left Frankfort yesterday by water, in a large boat crowded to excess with German cockneys—of whom there were at least 200 on board—I being the only Englishman. The day was fine, but the voyage was tedious and dull. The Maine is a slow, sneaking river, and creeps along with scarcely perceptible current. There is no scenery of any interest on the shores. We were six hours in reaching Mayence, although we had the assistance of four horses in addition to the current. The passengers were of the middle class:—sober, respectable, and well-dressed citizens. Almost all the ladies were working: the gentlemen smoked; one old pair played cards: a young

couple made love—rather too conspicuously, sitting hand locked in hand, and looking unutterable things at each other. I discovered a Frenchman in the crowd, with whom I talked the hours away. We passed some of the largest rafts I have ever seen. One in particular, which appeared to be a quarter of a mile in length, or it may have consisted of two or three in contact with each other. The fare was only 1s. 3d.; but I had to pay 2s. for carrying my effects to the inn—Hotel d'Hollande, an indifferent house, but well situate for convenience of steam-boats.

Mayence is full of excitement at this moment, and nothing is talked of but Gutenberg—a statue of the illustrious man having been erected within these few days. Workmen are still employed, completing the railing round the pedestal. The statue is a majestic one in bronze by Thorwaldsen—the countenance is thoughtful—the attitude easy. He stands with a Bible in the left hand, reposing on the breast, and holding some types in the right-hand. If there be a fault, it is that the cap covers too much of the brow. Well may the Duchy of Darmstadt glory in having given birth to the immortal inventor of printing—if, indeed, the honour belong to him; but I rather think the Dutch claim the paternity of the invention; and, if I mistake not,

have erected a statue either at Leyden or Hāārlem to *their* supposed inventor. In front of the pedestal is the following inscription :—

JOHANNHEM GENSFLEISCH
de GUTENBERG,
Patricium Moguntinum,
Aere per totam Europam collato
Posuerunt Cives
1837.

Crowds of admiring citizens and strangers are constantly collected round the statue, and the tobacco shops are full of snuff-boxes exposed at the windows, with an engraving of the monument on the lid. No other box is now in use among the Darmstadians. I shewed my respect for the great man by purchasing one also—price only one shilling.

On the opposite side of the pedestal is an inscription, of which the following is a copy, *verbatim et literatim* :—

> "Artem, quale Græcos latuit, latuitque Latinos
> Germani sollers extudit ingenium,
> Nunc quidquid veteres sapiunt sapiuntque recentes
> Non sibi sed populis omnibus id sapiunt."

I think Gutenberg might have had a better epitaph. The above seems confused, and hardly good Latin, if I might make bold to criticise what has doubtless been duly revised and approved by the learned. On the two remaining sides of the pedes-

tal are bronze reliefs, representing Gutenberg engaged with his types. On the whole, it is a very elegant monument, and highly creditable to the Darmstadians.

At twelve o'clock to-day, I drove to Wiesbaden. The Bridge of Boats here is 605 paces across—not straight, like the bridges of the Danube, but describing the small segment of a large circle, the convexity looking, of course, against the stream. There is a very high pontage exacted from carriages; to avoid which, I hired a car on the Nassau side of the river. An hour's drive brought me to Wiesbaden; the road is lined with vineyards for the first part of the way, but it is feared there will be no vintage on the Rhine this season. The grapes are little larger than peas, and any I have seen at dinner have been as sour as verjuice. The Rhine wines, at least all those of a moderate price, are, in my opinion, detestable. I have tasted none at the inns, to compare with the beer of Bavaria.

Weisbaden is a beautiful watering-place, but I saw only the lifeless image. Although the season is so little advanced, all the visitors had departed. I put up at the hotel of the "Quatre Saisons"—an odd enough name for a house which has only *one*, and that but a short-lived, season! However, it is a magnificent establishment, and has a saloon large

enough to dine three hundred persons, but I had it all to myself. Where now was the sparkling eye, the gouty toe, the joyful laugh of convalescence? All, all gone. It was, indeed, the "banquet hall deserted," and I felt a sort of melancholy come over my spirit, to be the sole occupant where less than a month ago, hundreds had been daily assembled, and while I inscribed my name in the book, I had almost written *ultimus*. A dinner of at least a dozen dishes was set before me, and the landlord, who was most civil and communicative, waited upon me in person. He told me the season had been the very best ever known at Weisbaden—that had his house been double the size, he could have filled it twice over—that three hundred persons had frequently sat down to dinner in that very saloon—that a great number of English nobility had honoured him with their patronage—that the cures effected by the waters were beyond number, and almost beyond belief; as *one* instance whereof, he quoted the case of a distinguished Irish Peer, late Governor of an important West India Colony, who arrived almost upon crutches, and departed in dancing condition.

After dinner, he conducted me to the baths (forty-three in number) pertaining to his establishment. They are clean, large, and comfortable.

I tasted the waters here, and afterwards at the fountain, where it bubbles up from the earth at the temperature of 52° Reaumur, equal to 146° Fahrenheit. In the fountain, the water is of a brown rust colour, but on taking it up in a tumbler, it is transparent and colourless. The taste is very peculiar—acidulo-saline, I should say, although neither acid nor salt is very perceptible—it is by no means unpleasant when hot, but when drank cold, has a vapid and disagreeable taste, or is what, in Scotland, we call *wersh.* The qualities are essentially stimulant, and its use highly extolled in all cases of chronic gout and rheumatism, and contracted or paralytic limbs.

The walks are numerous and beautiful, but the acacias raised their tufted tops in vain—I met no one—the Courçal where recently the song and the dance had reigned supreme, was now the abode of silence and solitude. Such are the mutations of a watering-place—such, too, is the life of man! Nothing durable in this world of change—nothing certain but uncertainty.

At three o'clock I set out for Mayence, much gratified by my short visit, in spite of the disadvantages under which it was made. Above the door of mine host of the "Quatre Saisons" is the following inscription, to comfort the invalid on his entry:—"Curæ vacuus hunc adeas locum, ut

morborum vacuus abire queas—non enim hic curatur qui curat."

COLOGNE, *October* 4.—Sailed from Mayence at six A.M. yesterday. The steamer was crowded with passengers and carriages—of the latter I counted ten, and of the former, at least three-fourths were English. I could hardly persuade myself I was not in an English boat. This was the first time since leaving Paris, eighteen months ago, that I had seen such an assemblage of my countrymen; and, strange to say, I found myself less at home than if they had been all foreigners. John Bull is certainly a strange specimen of humanity, when contrasted with other nations. It is impossible for one moment to mistake him—he has an air and manner peculiar to himself—he enters the saloon of the hotel with a sturdy step and straightforward look, taking no notice of the salutation that foreigners usually make when a stranger enters. John says to himself, "I don't know the fellows, then why should they bow to me? or if they choose to do so, that is no reason why I should bow to them." You can read his supreme contempt for foreigners, and every thing foreign, on his brow. He has an unconquerable antipathy to taking off his hat, either in saluting on the street, or entering a public room. Hence,

from a neglect of this easily adopted custom of the Continent, he gets the credit of being a mannerless cub. In England, a gentleman never thinks of taking off his hat, except it be to salute a lady; whereas, all over the Continent, the custom prevails from the highest to the lowest rank. I recollect one day walking with the Baron de Würsburg in the gardens of Schœnbrun, and being in doubt as to the direction we ought to take, the Baron addressed himself for information to a private soldier who was standing sentry, at same time taking off his hat. An English sentinel would have thought he was insulted by such a mark of respect; and yet it is in despotic countries that these observances are attended to, and perhaps it is a wise policy. The lower orders are flattered by the tokens of respect from their superiors, and being thus treated to the *shadow*, are content, perhaps, to forego the *substance* of power. How an English bar-maid would stare, if my Lord this or that were to take off his hat, and make her a profound salutation, in walking past her little realm! Yet so it is throughout the Continent; and the Englishman who, from ignorance, or more likely from thinking it humbug, neglects this formality, is at once set down as entirely deficient in the breeding of a gentleman. At first, I felt some difficulty

in conforming to a habit that, with our notions of things, does border on the ridiculous, but a little practice soon rendered it easy and familiar, and I now find it not a whit more difficult to doff my hat to a French *blanchisseuse*, than to an English Countess.

Besides his manner, which is sufficiently characteristic, there are other marks which distinguish an Englishman,—such as a greater freshness of complexion, a stouter make, and a cleaner person. The latter is especially characteristic, for the English gentleman is always shaved and clean,—the foreigner is seldom so. I often wonder and regret that *we*, who are unquestionably *respected* above all other nations on the Continent, should have so little the art of making ourselves *liked* also. Yet such is the influence of mere manner upon strangers, that, as a people, we are popular nowhere. The Englishman who mixes much with foreigners, cannot fail to find this out. Indeed, it has often been told to me by men with whom I have been on intimate terms. By way of compensation, however, it is flattering to find, that wherever we go, the power and honour of our country are well known, and duly appreciated. Every foreigner, except a Frenchman, readily admits that England is at the head of the civilization of Europe, and the opinion

entertained of our integrity as a nation, may be gathered from the confidence reposed in us as individuals. With us there is invariably a disposition to distrust the foreigner: as respects the English abroad, it is quite the reverse. Judging from my own experience, I should say this feeling was carried too far. I have gone into a tailor's shop, in a town where I was an utter stranger, and ordered articles of clothing, which have been made and sent to my inn, and even left there, without previous payment. This of itself is proof of what I advance, and is but one of many similar ones I might adduce. That such may not be the case in Paris or Brussels, where crowds of worthless English resort, and where disgraceful gaming and other transactions take place, need be no matter of wonder; but the farther the Englishman goes from home, and the more he deviates from the fashionable thoroughfare of his country, the more will he find himself respected and confided in. I have had proofs of this in my wanderings over many lands, and others have doubtless found it so also.

With regard to the impressions which we carry away of the different nations of Europe, they are, I think, often erroneous, purely on account of that unfortunate exclusiveness of character, and reserve of manner, which render us liable to be treated

with less kindness and cordiality than we should otherwise meet with. I sat beside an Englishman one day at a *table d'hôte* in Germany. We entered into conversation: he asked me how I liked the Germans? I replied, "Very much; that I had always found them a plain, unaffected, civil, and, generally speaking, an honest people." At this he expressed great surprise, and added, that he had travelled and resided much amongst them, and that he disliked them more even than the French, for they had the same intense hatred of the English, without the good manners to conceal it. Now, I for one deny that the mass of the French have a hatred against the English. The causes of former bitterness and animosity are daily growing more remote, and the present generation of both nations may mix in familiar intercourse, without fear of unpleasant collision. Because the editor of a French newspaper pens a spiteful and ill-natured article against England, it does not follow that, in so doing, he represents the feeling of his nation. I have traversed France from one end to the other, and have resided ten months in the capital—a great part of the time in a French family—mixed much with the people, and yet, in all this time, I never witnessed a single proof of latent jealousy or ill-will against my country,—

with one solitary exception, indeed, which happened, too, in the "Chambre des Pairs:" I had got a ticket of admission from the Duke of Montebello, to be present at one of the sittings of the trial of the celebrated Fieschi and his associates, and in the gallery to which I was conducted, and which contained twenty-five persons, there was one old grey-headed Frenchman, who finding me to be an Englishman, had the impertinence to make some disrespectful remarks upon England. I told him, that when I wished his opinion on the honour of my country, I would ask it; until then, I begged he would hold his peace. He did so, and spoke not another word. Our dispute excited considerable attention among the other gentlemen present, in justice to whom I must say, that one and all seemed to be of opinion that the abuse of the old man was both unjust and ill-timed; for when he interposed his venom, I was speaking to a gentleman two removes from where he sat. But now, back to the point. I asked the gentleman what foreign country he *did* like? He replied, "Switzerland." And why? Not, that the Swiss were an agreeable people—that their mountains were sublime—their valleys were beautiful; but because he felt so *much at home* in travelling in Switzerland. Verily, I thought it strange that a man should go

abroad to find himself at home. No, no. The Englishman may depend on it, that when he carries away a disagreeable impression of a foreign people, he owes much of it (although of course he is not aware of it), to his own unbending manner, and over-consciousness that he is the subject of an Empire over whose dominions the sun goeth not down.

But it is chiefly the summer tourist, or the man who has never quitted his home, till arrived at an age when prejudice of country, manners, &c. are too deeply rooted to be shaken, who is so conspicuous and distinct a character amongst foreigners. He who has been much abroad, and who has chosen the season of youth for his travels, soon acquires a different *manner*, at least among strangers; he forgets, or leaves behind him, the usages of his country, and wisely endeavours to become one of the new family into which he has entered, in preference to standing altogether aloof, as is too much the fashion with our summer-touring countrymen. But I forget I am on the Rhine—a much over-rated river, in my opinion. The day was extremely favourable for the view, and I sat upon deck anxious to admire what I had heard so enthusiastically extolled. I was disappointed—grievously so. Many, indeed, were the ejaculations,—" Magnifique!"—

"Superb!" and, "Oh, how beautiful!" &c. "Is not that divine?" But, to my eyes, there is too much of sameness in the character of the Rhine. The range of hill is monotonous, and the eye wearies of the everlasting vine. The old castles are, indeed, highly picturesque, and these give to the scenery its chief and peculiar charm; but there is little wood, and none of imposing age or growth.

But to be enabled to judge of the beauties of the Rhine, one should stop, and linger, and scramble on the banks. It is impossible to appreciate scenery when one is rushing down the river at the rate of twelve miles an hour. As well might one read all Shakspeare in a day, and then discuss his beauties. On the whole, however, judging from the rapid *coup d'oeil* I have had, I should say that its banks are not to be compared with the Hudson for boldness and majesty of outline, or for grandeur and gorgeousness of wood. Neither is there any part of its course, from Mayence to Coblentz, so striking, romantic, and precipitous, as the shores of the "dark rolling Danube" between Drenkova and Orsova. It may be that a personal loss jaundiced my vision; for in the steam-boat some barefaced and most accursed thief stole my plaid of the Cumming tartan. According to my use and wont, I had carefully folded, and deposited it in the corner of the cuddy, from

which it had been, with a matchless effrontery, carried off probably by some passenger who had gone ashore at Bingum; for it was immediately after we called there that I missed it. I summoned the waiter, conducteur, and steward, and had the vessel searched fore and aft; but, alas! in vain; it is gone for ever! and the loss of it has touched me nearer than a more serious affliction might have done. It had been my cloak by day, my blanket by night, during the last two years and more:—had been with me in the crater of Vesuvius—on the top of the Pyramid—at the Cataracts of the Nile—and among the swamps of the Danube. Where is it now? Gracing probably the shoulders of some fat German *frau*! I waited here all this day, in the fond, but delusive hope, that the servants of an English family of rank, who landed at Bingum, might possibly, in the confusion, have mistaken it for the property of their mistresses; but the family has just arrived, and no tidings of the plaid. Would I had caught the culprit in the act of landing with it! Meantime, may its fringe be converted into Scorpions' tails, to sting to madness the devilish thief! I take comfort, however, from one reflection, that Niagara is left me. The loss of that faithful companion, and oft tried friend, would have afflicted me tenfold more.

Cologne is the dirtiest town in Germany, or in the world, probably; the same remark may well be applied to the inn—Rheinberg by name—where I lodge. Both are a disgrace to the Prussian Empire. I spent the forenoon in sauntering through the town. The Cathedral, if completed, would be the finest Gothic edifice in Europe. The bridge of boats here is only 455 paces in breadth; at Mayence it is 605. To-morrow morning I descend to Rotterdam. The climate is mild, dry, and delightful; very different from that of Munich and Frankfort; if it continue for a fortnight or three weeks, the vintage may yet come to something.

HOLLAND—THE HAGUE, *October* 7.—Sailed from Cologne at seven A. M. on the 5th. Great crowd of passengers; as usual, the majority English. The day was showery, and the banks of the river were totally without interest. We reached Nimeguen, the first town on the Dutch frontier, at ten P. M. I was struck to find myself all of a sudden in a bed-room with carpet, four-post bed, curtains, &c. I had not been similarly lodged since quitting England.

Yesterday morning we resumed our voyage, and reached Rotterdam at half-past two P. M. Set out

immediately with Mr Palmer, for the Hague. The distance is fourteen miles, and the travelling excellent. There were four seats in the diligence, but only one compartment, holding comfortably twelve persons. The horses, three in number, were harnessed abreast. Singular country! A dead level, intersected by canals in every direction. On either side of the road are immense meadows, greener than emerald, divided by long straight ditches, fed from a canal the surface of which is several feet *above* the level of the road. The ditches supply the place of fences, and are also sources of irrigation. Numbers of black and white cows were grazing on the fields, in pretty and picturesque groups, forming good subjects for the pencil of Paul Potter.

Arrived here at seven o'clock, and put up at the "New Doelen." What a striking contrast with the inns of Germany! There was no one in the lobby. At length a waiter made his appearance, abstracted and confused, as if he had awoke from a trance. He conducted us to the public room, which had a grate and fire-place, carpet, mahogany table, &c. It might have been the room of an hotel in London, so thoroughly English was the air of the fitting up, &c. Dined, and slept profoundly in a most sumptuous bed.

This morning we drove to the village of Schevelyn, three miles from the Hague, on the sea shore. The road lies through an avenue of elms or poplars. The village is entirely inhabited by fishermen and their families. We encountered an old dame sitting in a little cart, laden with fish, and driving a four-in-hand team of dogs to market, cantering along at the rate of six miles an hour. A few hundred yards from the village, there is a large hotel built close to the beach, for the accommodation of bathers, who flock here in great numbers, but the season is now over. The country in the neighbourhood of the hotel, presents a remarkable appearance. Although built almost on the beach, the view of the sea is shut out by the number of sand hillocks that skirt the shore. These, desolate as they appear, are not without their use, for they act as natural barriers against the encroachments of the sea. The roots of a tough grassy weed growing upon them, bind the sand, and prevent its being blown away by the wind.

While breakfast was preparing, we walked down to the beach. About fifty boats had just come in —singular looking craft, as broad at the bow as at the stern ; they were all aground outside the surf—the fishermen wading in up to their necks, and landing the fish. A host of women—the most fantastic

amazons I ever beheld, were on the shore receiving the spoil, selling a portion to purchasers on the spot, and dispatching the remainder to market on the heads of the carrying women. After a most delicious breakfast of fresh sea fish—a luxury long a stranger to me, we returned to the Hague by a different road, and visited a palace of the King in the neighbourhood of the town. Royalty in Holland appears under a very unostentatious garb. The palace in question might be the residence of an English Alderman, or less important personage. There is little worth seeing in the interior, which is chiefly remarkable for chaste simplicity, and some curious Japanese tapestry. To-day I wandered all over the Hague. It is the prettiest town in the world; pretty as regards human ingenuity and cleanliness; the latter is carried almost to an extreme; and yet it is a pleasure to behold such streets and houses, especially after the abominations of Cologne. The pavement consists of small oblong bricks, smooth and regular, placed perpendicularly, and forming an absolute Mosaic. The houses are also of brick. There is no stone in Holland, except a blue slate, which is used for pavement. Each house has a bell and knocker. The streets remind me of the High Street of Leamington, only the latter is not so nice and tidy. Servant girls are

scrubbing and mopping all day, and pumping up water on the windows, as high even as the third storey. We are so pleased and struck with the Hague, that we intend going to Amsterdam this evening.

AMSTERDAM, *Oct.* 8.—Nine P. M. Left the Hague at half-past four P. M. yesterday, and arrived here at ten. The diligence was large and comfortable, and lined throughout with black velvet. There were twelve passengers, all of whom, or nearly all, smoked cigars. The only inconvenience of the Dutch diligence is, that there being but one door on either side, a person from the two backmost seats cannot step out without sprawling his legs over those seated in front.

On entering Amsterdam, we proceeded at a walking pace almost the whole way to the Bureau. On inquiring the reason, I found it was owing to the trembling of the houses, caused by the rapid motion, of a heavy vehicle, the whole city being built upon piles. After breakfast I stood for an hour at the window, looking at the people passing on the way to church—a highly respectable population of well-dressed, sober, bulky citizens. The town has a severity of aspect not to be met with in Catholic countries on the Sabbath-day. I at-

tended church afterwards, and heard an excellent sermon in *English* from a *Dutch* clergyman; from the circumstance of his praying devoutly for King William and the rest of the House of Orange, and not for our Victoria, the congregation must have been Dutch also. The Dutch are more like the English than any other people of Europe. I should say the chief difference was in the sallower complexion and broader build of the Hollander.

After service we drove through a great part of the town, accompanied by Mr B. H. Shröeder, a young Dutch merchant, who speaks English remarkably well. Indeed, all the gentlemen of Holland are familiar with English. Amsterdam is a vast city, intersected every where by canals:—differing, however, from Venice in having streets as well as canals, with generally a row of handsome trees lining them. It is singular that trees should grow to such a size here, when the roots must be bathed in brackish water. At Rotterdam the canals are fresh;—here, being all supplied by the Zuyder-Zee, they are necessarily salt, or, at all events, brackish: hence there is no fresh water in Amsterdam. Each house has a cistern for collecting rain; when these are exhausted, as frequently happens, water is imported from a distance, and at

very little expense, owing to the facilities and cheapness of canal-carriage. The houses are all of brick, and in many situations, from the sinking down of the piles, whole streets even may be seen inclining greatly from the perpendicular, and looking all awry; but I believe they seldom fall. There is an air of much commercial wealth here even on the Sunday, and of cleanliness also, although not carried to the same extent as at the Hague. Hackney coaches do not stand in the streets: this is an inconvenience in so large a city, more especially as there are no gondolas on the canals. It is not the fashion to travel by water. The *traineau* is more in use than the wheel-carriage—*i. e.* the body of a carriage mounted upon skates. This is as clumsy to look at, as it must be disagreeable to ride in.

Having seen all the finest parts of the town, we set out for Sāārdem—an hour's drive only after crossing the Zuyder-Zee. We might have gone all the way in a small steamer, which plies several times during the day, but a carriage left us more masters of our time. The road is a dead level as usual, stretching along a massive bulwark erected against the encroachments of the sea. There is neither hill nor stone in all Holland. Singular country indeed! wrested as it were from Ocean. This is no metaphor, but literally and actually true.

The ingenuity and perseverance of man have here achieved an everlasting monument;—that is to say, so long as he relaxes not in his vigilance; for were Holland left for a single year to itself, it would again become the property of the element from which it has been conquered. But *Mynheer* Dutchman takes care of this. There are sluices and dams, flood-gates and barriers, every where—all under the immediate control and superintendence of the government.

Sāārdem is a perfect curiosity. I never saw such a gem of a village. It is clean, and trim, and tidy, even to the ludicrous. One cannot help fancying that it is inhabited solely by old maids. The wealthy citizen retires here from the fatigues and bustle of Amsterdam. We visited, of course, the famous hut, once the abode of Peter the Great, when he was learning the craft of ship-building. It is made of planks of wood, and, to preserve it from decay, is enclosed by an outer building. Alexander of Russia was here. A small plain stone placed by himself in the wall, records his visit in these words—

"PETRO MAGNO—ALEXANDER."

We had a delicious fish dinner of perch, dressed *à la water souchy*. There was the celebration of

an annual fair at Sāārdem, which lasts for ten days or a fortnight. In the evening we strolled out to see what was going on—stalls of all sorts of merchandize were displayed, which rather surprised me, the day being Sunday—a vast crowd was in the streets, and amongst them a number of handsome women, tall, large, and well complexioned; but the Dutch women are very clumsy about the feet and ankles, more so even than my own countrywomen.

At seven o'clock we returned to Amsterdam, highly gratified by our day's occupation, and much indebted to young Schröeder for his exceeding politeness. No traveller should visit Holland without breakfasting on fish at Schevelyn, and dining on ditto at Sāārdem. The latter is the Blackwall of Holland, and the *water souchy* perch may almost vie in flavour with the white bait. To-morrow we return to Rotterdam.

Rotterdam, *October* 9.—*Ten* P. M.—Left Amsterdam at seven A. M. this morning. The diligence, as usual, quite full—all men—women do not appear to travel in the coaches; the higher classes have their own carriages—the lower orders travel by the canal-boats. Every part of Holland is accessible by water; the boats start with the utmost regularity, and travel about five miles an hour.

On the other side of Häärlem, we traversed a narrow part of the Zuyder Zee, by an artificial bulwark stretching across it. The meadows near Amsterdam are as green as those of Rotterdam, and the water which irrigates them is brackish. Between Häärlem and the Hague, the road is lined by gentlemen's seats and summer villas; many of them having an inscription such as "mine luist," "my repose," or some similar appellation, indicative of the quiet and contented ease of the proprietor. I have at length found a country which knows how to appreciate rural retirement. The Dutch must be a domestic people—those who take such pains to embellish their homes, cannot be fond of quitting them. Here the houses are nicely and tastefully built, and the grounds laid out with evergreens, shrubberies, and parterres of flowers. We passed two splendid seats, one of which had an undulating park (a rare thing in Holland), stocked with deer and fine timber. I suppose we met at least thirty gentlemen's carriages on the road this morning—handsome comfortable vehicles, with smart livery-servants sitting on the dickey; they were the proprietors of the country seats probably, going into town for business. One sees everywhere in Holland the tokens of wealth and abundance, and yet the puzzle is, whence comes the prosperity of the Dutch nation? Assuredly they have it not

at home—the whole country is either green grass or water—hence, they have no agriculture, neither are they a manufacturing people. The magic word *commerce*, yields a ready solution of the problem. Herein is the source of Holland's riches. The products of her colonies in the East and West Indies, make up for the nakedness of the land at home.

At one o'clock we reached the Hague, and repaired immediately to the Museum, which was shut on the former occasion. It contains a curious and extensive collection of Chinese and Japanese articles, and likewise a Picture Gallery, which I had only half an hour to inspect. The most striking picture in the collection is one by Paul Potter, representing a cow lying down, and a bull standing beside her, both the size of life, and exhibiting nature transferred to canvass. I verily believe if a living bull were introduced, he would walk straight up to this masterly painting. The expression of the cow is inimitable—so sedate, so motherly, and so perfectly indifferent to all but her own comfort; the cold dew on her nose, too, one could almost wipe it off! The attitude of the bull is spirited and good, but his expression is too raised and wild, and more that of a savage beast, than one of the graminivorous family. Doubtless he is enamoured of "crummy," but even then, his expression is an exaggeration of nature.

At two o'clock we started for Rotterdam. The facilities of travelling are immense in Holland—coaches start almost hourly on all the great roads, and invariably with the stroke of the clock. It is only a commercial nation that thus knows the value of time. There are a number of windmills on the road, used chiefly for sawing wood, and pumping water out of the meadows; the lower part forms the habitation of the miller. Such windmills I have seen in no country. All nations of the earth, England not excepted, should come here to study the art of cleanliness—for nowhere else is that domestic blessing carried to such an extent.

We arrived at the hotel just in time for the *table d'hôte*, at four o'clock. There were two tables, at the larger of which about thirty persons, all English, were assembled. I dined at a smaller one, with two French ladies, a Russian Count, and a Dutchman. It must provoke foreigners to see their country thus in a manner usurped by the English. A young Prussian traveller complained to a friend of mine, that during three days he staid at the Golden Stag at Munich, he could find no one in the inn with whom to speak German! the lodgers were all English. We raise the prices, too, at the hotels—every thing soon doubles in the track of John Bull—and this is one very natural grudge that foreigners owe us. At the "Hotel d'Angleterre" of

Frankfort, there are two *tables d'hôte* daily—one at two o'clock, at three francs, the other at four o'clock, at four francs. On arriving at the said hotel, I asked the waiter the hour of dinner. He answered, "four o'clock." "What!" said I, "do you not dine before four o'clock?" "Oh yes, we have a *table d'hôte* at two o'clock, but it is not for the English!" To it, however, I went, and a better dinner no man could possibly have desired; and yet the English submit to pay an additional franc for a dinner perhaps not so good.

It is really too absurd in my countrymen to tolerate this sort of folly. We only get laughed at by the innkeepers, who pocket our cash, and we give offence to foreigners by our exclusiveness. How can we be liked, when we take every pains, and even go to some expense, to avoid contact with the people we come to live amongst? I do not deny the *right* of the English to dine at any hour they choose; but I charge them with folly in submitting to the imposition of an extra franc, and also with a total want of cosmopolitism, in not conforming to the usages of the country. Whatever may be the faults of the French character, as citizens of the world they are certainly far our superiors. The Frenchman, go where he may, knows how to adapt himself to change of circumstances and persons,

and he does so with a grace that is sure to make him welcome. The Englishman does not do so: and hence the dislike entertained against us by many of our colonies. The Maltese, Ionian, and Canadian subjects of England, are all discontented and grumbling,—not because they are harshly ruled, *politically* speaking, for they well know the benefit their respective countries have reaped under the British sceptre; but solely because we look down upon them, and draw a line of separation which they cannot pass. We are either deficient in the tact, or we do not choose to be at the trouble of conciliating their affections. With regard to our immense Indian population, the same reasoning does not apply. With *them* prejudices of caste and religion have such an influence, that they reject every thing like social communication with the white man. *Justice*, and a non-interference with their religious observances, are all *they* require. We give them these, and they are satisfied. It has often been matter of wonder to me, that in England,—the freest country on the face of the earth, America not excepted, there should be the greatest number of gradation in society, and the most impassable gulf between the two extremes, and even the intermediate links of the social chain. It might almost be set down as a rule, that in proportion as

the power of the state is absolute, so is the distance between master and servant, or, in other words, the upper and lower classes, diminished. In Turkey, for example, there is not half the servility in the manners of the people that there is in Britain.—Nay, the very slave from Ethiopia is on a much more familiar footing in his master's house than the chief domestic in England. In the absolute governments too of Germany and Italy, the servant and master are on comparatively equal and companionable terms. I lived once in a house in Paris kept by two old maids, where the two men-servants were Negroes from the Isle of Bourbon and I have often been struck and pleased with the perfect ease and familiarity of the said grinning Negroes in the presence of their mistresses. In the island of Martinique I had opportunity of witnessing the much greater kindliness of manner with which the French masters treated their slaves: and yet the political servitude was far more severe in the French than the English Colonies; and probably too the treatment, as far as regarded food and clothing, was better under us. Yet such is the effect, particularly on uneducated minds, of kindness of manner, that I do verily believe the slaves of an English would gladly transfer themselves to a French master. It is, in my opinion, a great mis-

take to suppose, that obedience and gentle treatment cannot go together. This may, indeed, be true on board a man-of-war, but in domestic relations, I believe the very reverse. The Reform Bill has done a good deal in amalgamating the different classes of society, but as yet the amalgamation is chiefly political, and has had but little influence on the social economy.

It is my firm belief, that next to the Chinese, and the Americans perhaps, England is the most prejudiced nation on the face of the earth. How is this weakness to be accounted for? Is it to be found in her proud and pre-eminent station among the kingdoms of the earth,—or haply in her insular position, which, to a certain extent, excludes her from general intercourse with the rest of Europe? Hardly. The consciousness of superior power ought *not* to foster prejudice—but, on the contrary, should induce an enlarged toleration; and as for our sea-girt shores, the failing is not confined to those only who have never left their homes. It is to be found I believe in the blood—a certain something not analyzable. Providence has, it appears, fixed with an immutable stamp certain moral characteristics on certain races, which they are destined to retain in spite of circumstances the most favourable for their effacement. The Arab

is still the Arab, and the Greek the Greek—although for centuries they have been in contact with the Turk, whose nature is as different from theirs as the poles are wide asunder. Nothing has ever changed the character of the Jew. Though scattered among all the nations of the earth, the Hebrew lineaments and the Hebrew character remain unchanged. No doubt this character was peculiarly stamped by the Almighty; and so is it to some extent with the Englishman:—English he will ever continue, glorying in the land of his birth, and wedded even to its prejudices. But the goodliest tree is not without excrescences, which, however they may mar the beauty of the stem, take nothing from the value of the timber; and John Bull, prejudices and all, if weighed in the scale with other nations, will be found neither wanting nor deficient in all the sterling features of character. I take the Dutch to be very like us in disposition—more cold I should say even than we are, and less accessible to the stranger,—a people whom we would respect rather than love—remarkable for loyalty, habits of industry, frugality, and perseverance, but possessing little enthusiasm or imagination. I can hardly fancy a Dutch Milton or Byron; and as for Holland producing a Taglioni, the idea seems absurd; and yet her annals may be rich in both for aught I know.

By the way, there is one grievous eye-sore in all the Dutch towns, namely, reflecting mirrors fastened outside the windows of almost every house, enabling the family within to see all that is passing in the street without the members appearing at the window. Whether they sit spying all day, I do not know; but the inference that they do, is a fair one: else why have they glasses there? This is an idle, inquisitive, gossiping occupation, and one that must lead every stranger to carry away an unfavourable impression of the domestic character of the Dutch.

ROTTERDAM, *October* 10.—The steamboat "Batavia," started for London at eight o'clock this morning. I accompanied Mr Palmer, who sailed by her, on board, but did not like the style of accommodations. She is, besides, a favourite, and therefore to be avoided. The crowd of passengers was prodigious. I preferred taking a berth in the "Giraffe," a mail-boat, and a guinea cheaper, which sails to-morrow morning.

I passed all the forenoon wandering alone through Rotterdam. It is a curious and an amusing city to saunter through,—canals, and ships, and streets, and trees, are all blended together in harmonious confusion. He who has been in every town of Europe, will find much to interest and excite him here.

Where else than in Holland can a man step from his bed-room into a ship, and embark for America or India? Holland is certainly one of the most interesting countries of Europe, and has peculiarities belonging to no other. Indeed, it is one great peculiarity. I would advise all my countrymen who are so eager to rush up and down the Rhine, to pause in their haste, and make a short tour in this country. Woods, and castles, and hills, and rivers, are every where to be seen; but we have not the daily means of observing the triumph of man over the element of water, on such a scale as Holland presents. As a prolonged residence, it must be dull, and damp, and foggy, and, I should imagine, unhealthy; and yet intermittents are little known. The economy of the canals is so well regulated, that the waters are seldom stagnant or offensive, —hence the immunity from fever.

As for field sports, Holland can have none. Riding across the country is out of the question. A single hour would suffice to drown a whole field of fox-hunters, hounds and all. Snipe and wild duck are the only species of game bird to be found. I was at first puzzled how the sportsman was to make his way across the meadows, unless he carried a small boat along with him. But a Dutch gentleman told me that nothing was easier than to traverse all parts of the country with the assistance

of a long pole, by means of which the broadest ditches are easily cleared, and even canals twenty-two feet in breadth. The last assertion was rather staggering, but my informant was too respectable to deceive me.

There are a number of Jews here. I wandered through an open market-place full of their commodities,—old clothes, old iron, consisting of hoops, hinges, locks, crooked and rusty nails, broken pokers, and trumpery of every sort, were displayed on the ground. The city is every where intersected by canals, many of them crowded with shipping; cargoes were loading and discharging without a particle of noise or bluster. The numerous bridges are raised to let the boats pass; but this constantly recurring process offers little detention or delay to the public; the division being a mere slit, of width sufficient to let the mast enter—hence it is opened with expedition and ease. The effect of a severe winter, by freezing the numerous canals, must form a serious interruption to business.

In the course of my saunter, I stumbled on the statue of Erasmus—that great man who is said to have "laid the egg of the Reformation afterwards hatched by Luther." It stands on an arch crossing one of the canals, is about 10 feet in height,—a long loose robe enveloping the person, and the head bending over an open book held in the hand.

According to the guide book, the original statue was of wood—the present is of bronze, and was erected in the year 1622.

The system of non-intercourse between Holland and Belgium is a serious inconvenience to the traveller. I find it impossible to enter the Belgian territory without first being provided with a passport from the British Ambassador at Brussels, to obtain which a delay of many days is necessary. Hence in order to reach Boulogne (my present destination), instead of traversing the Netherlands, I must cross over to London, and go from thence to France. True, there is a steamer from Rotterdam to Dunkirk, but from the appearance of the vessel it is fit only for carrying cattle. To-morrow I embark in the "Giraffe," to bid adieu to a country, remarkable only, in the flippant language of Voltaire, for "canaux, canards, canaille." I do not wonder that the French philosopher should have characterized the Dutch as a nation of canaille; for no two persons of the human race can be more essentially distinct and different than a Frenchman and Dutchman. They are the very antipodes to each other, both morally and physically considered.

The Exchange is a fine large building. I entered its court a little after the merchants had assembled, and was surprised to have a demand of five stivers made upon me by the door-keeper.

A gentleman who was retiring, had the politeness to explain in French, that all persons entering after a quarter past three o'clock, had to pay the same. This is one more proof of the punctuality of the nation. A great number of merchants were assembled in the court,—earnest, orderly, and business-like men. It might have been the Exchange of London. I observed a large sprinkling of the Hebrew race amongst them. Under the arcade, a quantity of small bags, containing samples of wheat, barley, oats, pease, and seeds of every description, were displayed. Each person, as he passed, put his hand, mechanically as it were, into his favourite bag, took out a few seeds, putting some in his mouth, and scattering the remainder to a flock of pigeons innumerable that filled the area, and doubtless take no small interest in the corn transactions of the Rotterdam Exchange. Among many things that amused, one thing in my ramble surprised me. namely, to see many of the draught-horses shod literally with pattens! the hoofs being raised fully three-quarters of an inch from the ground; a practice at once cruel and absurd, and reflecting on the common sense of the nation.

This hotel, the Pays Bas, is not a well-regulated establishment. The sum of one guilder (2s.) per day for servants is charged in the bill of each traveller—hence, they are quite independent of the

visitors; and a more saucy set of fellows I have seldom encountered. The landlord is a bustling, civil, well-meaning little man, but he wants authority, and does not maintain proper discipline among his domestics. The charges of living, too, are high, very high, as they are all over Holland, which is quite as dear a country to travel in as England.

LONDON, *Ship Tavern, Water Lane, October* 12. —Left Rotterdam at nine A. M. yesterday, in the "Giraffe," and after a smooth run of thirty hours, I trod once more on British ground. It was without experiencing any strong filial emotions, that I approached on this occasion my father-land. Very different were my feelings the last time I landed from a foreign shore. I had been twelve months cruizing in the West Indies, and travelling in America, having during the time experienced many ups and downs, moral as well as physical; but my object was gained. I had left home on crutches, and was returning with the free use of every limb. We had been only twenty-two days in crossing from the New World to the Old; but meeting with an easterly wind in the mouth of the Channel, I was glad to leave the packet in a pilot-boat, which agreed to land me at Plymouth. It was a clear, cold, starry night—the

2d of October—I remember it well; there was no other passenger. The profoundest stillness reigned in the harbour as we entered, and the deep silence of midnight was broken only by the town clock, which was in the act of striking twelve when I stepped upon the quay. With what elastic step and bounding heart I then trod the British soil! A seaman conducted me to an inn; the door was locked, but there was a light in the coffee-room. I knocked, and presently the door was opened by a rosy polite bar-maid, who welcomed me with a smile, shewed me into the coffee-room, and asked what she should bring me for supper. I shall never forget that moment. What a transition from the huge crowded inns of America, where the servants are all blacks, or if you do chance occasionally to meet with a "free-born American" in the capacity of waiting-maid, she is a stern republican damsel, whom you must call "Miss," and speak to in a tone of supplication rather than of command? Here I was in a snug English coffee-room, waited on by a nice pretty Englishwoman, who, far from thinking it a degradation, was delighted to serve me. I felt bewildered with joy, and seizing the smiling Hebe in my arms, impressed a glowing kiss upon her lips. It was the patriot's kiss—pure and fervent, and might have been impressed before the whole bench

of Bishops. The lips of the bar-maid were to me as the sacred soil of my country, with the additional advantage of being more agreeable to press than the cold stones of the quay. In that girl I beheld the personification, the representative, as it were, of all that was dear to me in England,—for she was all I had yet seen of my country. On the present occasion, however, the case is widely different. I left my home in perfect health, and after wandering over half the earth, now return to it shattered to pieces. My approach, moreover, has been too gradual for any strong outbreak of feeling. It is only after a long sea-voyage, that one can fairly appreciate the delights of returning home. To embark at New York and land at Plymouth, is literally to make but one step from the New World to the Old; for the voyage does nothing in the way of preparation.

There is another reason which damps my joy on the present occasion—for dear to me as is the whole soil of Britain, there is one part of it that peculiarly claims my love. It is in a country beyond the "silver Tweed," where I have "garnered up my heart." Scotland! land of my fathers—cradle of my birth—home of my youth! to thy "rugged strand" I would now, with pilgrim reverence, bend my steps. Scotland!—

"I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings far or near,
Ye never were forgot.

The fount that first burst frae this heart,
Still travels on its way,
And channels deeper as it rins,
The luve of life's young day."

Scotland, I have seen loftier hills, and wider valleys, and mightier rivers, than thou can'st boast of; but never have the fragrance of the mountain breeze, the evening stillness of the lone valley, nor the rushing music of the broad waters, been so grateful to my senses as among thy hills, and vales, and bounding torrents. Scotland! if I am never again to tread thy welcome heath, an exile now bequeaths thee his blessing. As I drew my first breath in thy mountain bosom, so shall my last sigh be devoted to call down a benediction upon thee. May peace, and plenty, and prosperity prevail over the length and the breadth of thy land. May no civil wars or deadly strifes disturb thy quiet homes and peaceful glades. May thy sons ever continue honest and brave—thy daughters virtuous and fair—and, above all, may thy free and enlightened people long continue to glory in that "righteousness which exalteth a nation."

After clearing the custom-house (where by the way,

I found a great improvement in the deportment of the officers), I secured a room in my old quarters, the "Ship," in Water Lane, and proceeded along the ceaseless stream of humanity to Covent Garden. What a place is London! The oftener I visit it, the more I am astonished by its crowded streets,—incalculable wealth,—beautiful equipages, and more beautiful horses. London is the greatest moral wonder of the universe—the centre of the civilized globe. Nothing is wanting here; in this most huge metropolis, every man may gratify his taste,—the pious, and the profane,—the philosopher, and the fool. With the foreigner who should doubt, or deny the exalted position of England among the nations, I would not argue, but simply carry him to London, and drop him in Cheapside.

After a quiet social dinner at the Imperial Hotel with my friend Mr Palmer, I stepped into an omnibus, and returned to the "Ship." To-morrow morning I embark for Boulogne, intending in a few days to recross the channel, and winter in Devonshire. My inclinations would prompt me to return to my natal soil, and to the roof of her who watched over my childhood; but I am once more doomed to sojourn in the land of the "Saxon and stranger." The transition from Nubia to Edinburgh is too sudden, and caution must be used in approaching the north.

My wanderings have now come to a close, and this night I conclude my diary. What have I gained by all my peregrinations abroad? To this question I find no satisfactory answer. One regret has always been uppermost in my mind, namely, that the education of my youth had been—I will not say neglected, but so misdirected. Of what avail were all the days and nights I spent hammering over the Greek language? Or if I did derive any benefit, was it commensurate with the time and labour bestowed? Had the many valuable hours thus applied been devoted to the study of Natural History, more especially of Botany, Mineralogy, and Zoology, I might have added to the stores of useful knowledge already in possession of my country; whereas ignorant to a great degree of these subjects, I return as barren, so far as the benefit of others is concerned, as before my departure. I blame no one; it was the fault, not of individuals, but of the system which then prevailed. Thanks to the progress of human reason, or rather of common sense, things are no longer so. Far be it from me to underrate the advantages of a Classical Education, or to deny the refinement and elevation of mind that learning can bestow. But if I had one advice more earnest than another to give to parents, it would be to avoid the indiscriminate teaching of Greek to all their sons, without

reference to particular aptitudes, under the belief that they cannot be gentlemen when grown up without a knowledge of this language. Ridiculous and fatal error! Of the thousands of British youth who quit the walls of the universities well primed with Greek lore, how few retain in after life the knowledge of a language which even when acquired, can only be maintained at the expense of unremitting study? Let eldest sons, by all means, apply themselves to Greek; but those who have to push their own fortunes, should give their time and attention to subjects likely to prove of more practical use hereafter. The Russians are the most sensible nation of Europe in regard to the education of their youth. I have never met a gentleman of that country who could not speak several languages, and here is one secret of their skill and success in diplomacy—for in order to know the character of a people, you must begin by understanding their language. Latin, I admit, is a "sine qua non,"—it is easily learned, and not readily forgotten Besides the knowledge of it is indispensable to the understanding of the mother-tongue.

Of the modern languages of Europe, French is by far the most generally useful. Next comes Italian, which is current in the Levant, and all along the eastern and southern shores of the Medi-

terranean. Having a tolerable acquaintance with these two, the Englishman will seldom find himself much at a loss.

But although my wanderings are of no benefit to my country, they have not been without advantage to myself. They have given me some insight into human nature, and taught me that man's real wants are few. Believing this, I can dispense with luxuries for the remainder of my life. My gains in respect to health have been but partial and temporary,—more I could not reasonably have expected,—the seeds of a mortal malady are within me:—that they have not ere now ripened, I owe to an Egyptian climate, and the absence of hereditary predisposition. But I cannot disguise from myself that the "axe is laid at the root of the tree," that the "pitcher is broken at the fountain." But come Death, when he may, I think I can meet him with calmness. Meantime the knowledge that his dart is aimed against me, takes nothing from my happiness. I await in patience the summons that all must obey. A year sooner, or a year later, makes but little difference, and if my usefulness is to be at an end, I am little desirous to drag on a vegetating existence. In now taking leave of the active stage of life, it is consoling to think, that I carry with me the good will of many of my fellow men.

Others may rail at the world, and inveigh against its deceitfulness and ingratitude; for myself, I have found it a good world. In all countries, I have met with civility and friendship—from christian and heathen—from white man and black. He who passes through life, desirous not to offend, and willing to accommodate himself cheerfully to circumstances, will withdraw from its stage satisfied with himself, and pleased with his fellow men; and the fewer prejudices he carries along with him, the smoother will be his path. For myself, I can say with Brutus,

> "My heart doth joy, that yet in all my life
> I found no man but he was true to me."

Reader! If you have accompanied me thus far, I offer you my thanks. Forgive the egotisms of an Invalid, and bear in mind, that these notes were not penned from amid "the soft obscurities of literary retirement," but under circumstances frequently of no inspiring character. As they were written, I submit them to you. They pretend to nothing beyond a faithful record of what was done, and seen, and felt by me during the last eighteen months. Descriptions are given as they appeared to the eye:—impressions noted as they rose in the mind. I

have always endeavoured to adhere closely to truth—"Nothing extenuating—nor setting down aught in malice." To other merit I lay no claim.

In now taking leave of my Diary, I feel as if parting from an old and attached friend, who had been the constant companion of my wanderings,—had often cheered me in exile, and soothed me in sickness.—And should the perusal of it tend to lighten the tedium of an idle hour, or contribute to the amusement of a single reader, I shall not regret having submitted to the public the "Notes of a Wanderer."

PRINTED BY NEILL & CO. OLD FISHMARKET, EDINBURGH.